THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

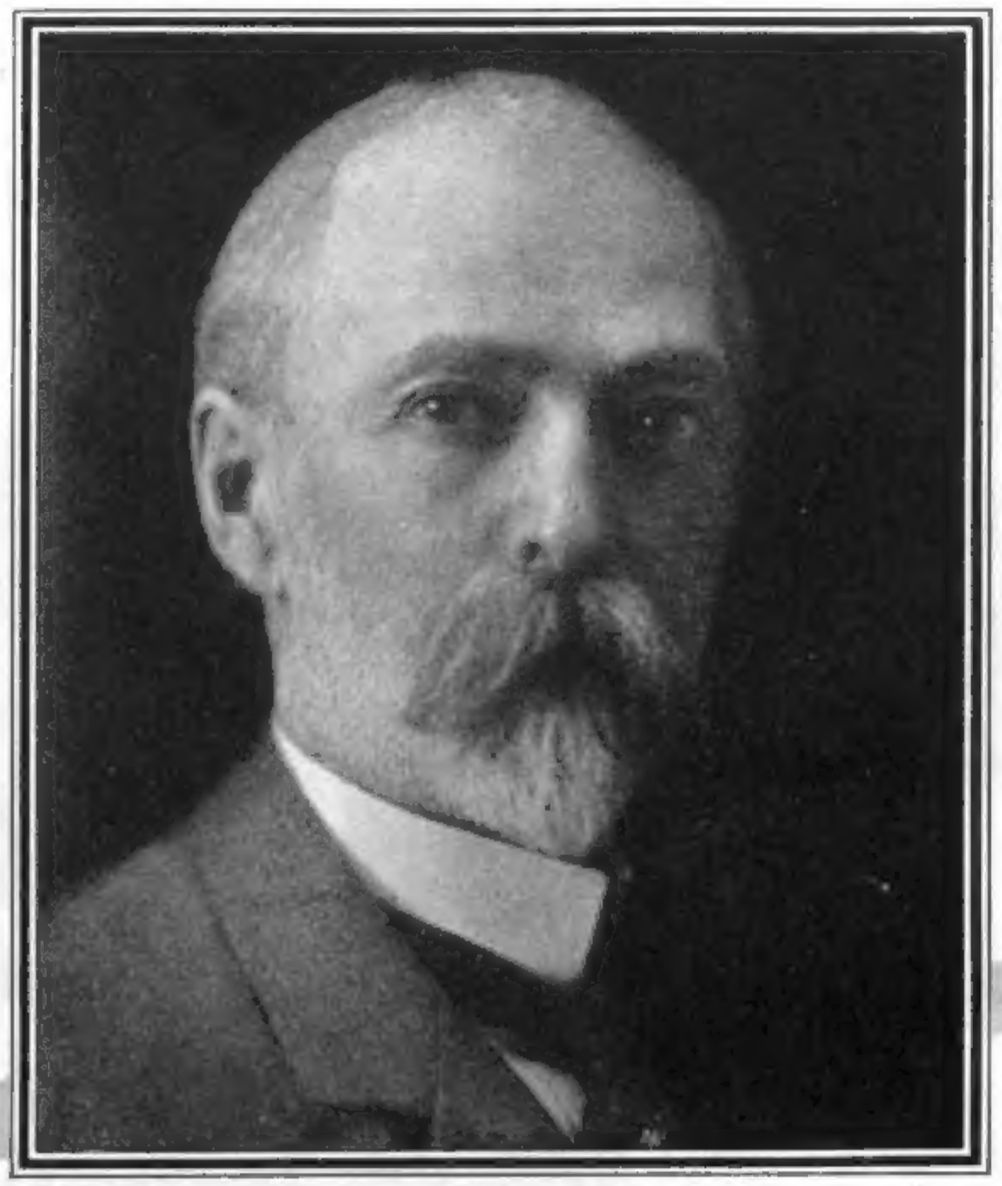
Vol. 194, No. 7. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

AUG. 13, '21 10 cents in Canada 5cts.

Samuel Merwin – Will Irwin – L. B. Yates – Maxwell Struthers Burt
Kenneth L. Roberts – Alice Duer Miller – Elizabeth Alexander

Kuppenheimer GOOD CLOTHES

—an investment in good appearance



Now $1.75; Was $2.50

My thirty years of watches

a Retrospect by Robt. H. Ingersoll

STARTING thirty years ago with a small clock for my inspiration, I have, with the help of my associates, developed an important industry in low-priced watches. During these thirty years we have made and sold over 60 million watches—the means by which 60 million people tell the time.

I feel this to be an achievement of high character. The economic value of 60 million watches in the possession of 60 million people, millions of whom probably could not otherwise have afforded a watch, is almost beyond the power of the imagination to grasp.

I attribute what we have accomplished, in a large part, to the principles and ideals we believe in and work for. I have made business an ideal—a part of my religion, if you please; and my great animating thought has been to deal honestly with the millions of men and boys who buy our watches, and to make the name "Ingersoll" stand for absolutely honest treatment. We have expressed our ideals in the slogan: "Giving all we can for what we get instead of getting all we can for what we give."

Certain hard-headed business men have spoken of our policy of ideals in business as "sentiment." You can call it anything you like: business, sentiment, idealism, or what-not. It may be all of these, but, at least, it gives us a motive that is bigger and broader and deeper than money; and it makes the millions of men and boys who carry our watches happier and more efficient in their work and more faithful to it.

We have tried to make our business a democratic one; and the more successful we have been in applying this ideal, the greater the business has grown. The more we have put into our watches in quality and service, the more we have taken out in sales.

Measured by the standard of its service to mankind, its tremendous part in the advancement of civilization, the watch is one of the most important inventions of history; and I have the satisfaction of having guided to its fulfillment my dream of making the Ingersoll watch practically universal.

Robt H Ingersoll.

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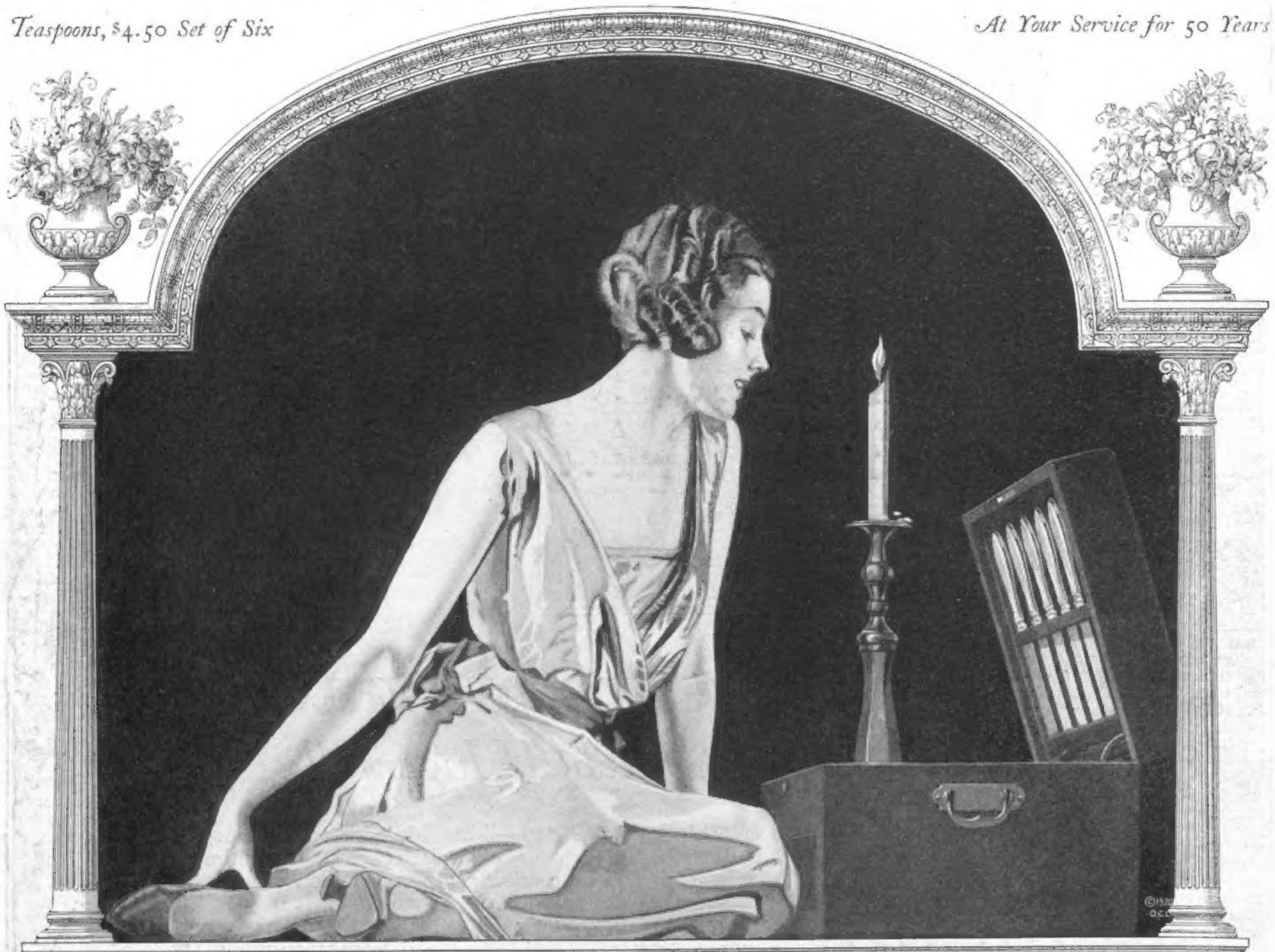
Teaspoons, $4.50 Set of Six

At Your Service for 50 Years



"COMMUNITY, candle light and a MAN! *There's* a new recipe, Barbara! Last night a thunderstorm, your lovely gift of COMMUNITY, and Jack arrived simultaneously. Of course the lights went out. Jack got a candle and we gazed at the COMMUNITY together * * Jack said he could look at it—with me—forever.

Constance

P. S.—Men are so *inconsistent!* For when the candle burnt out Jack never even *offered* to light another."

ADAM DESIGN

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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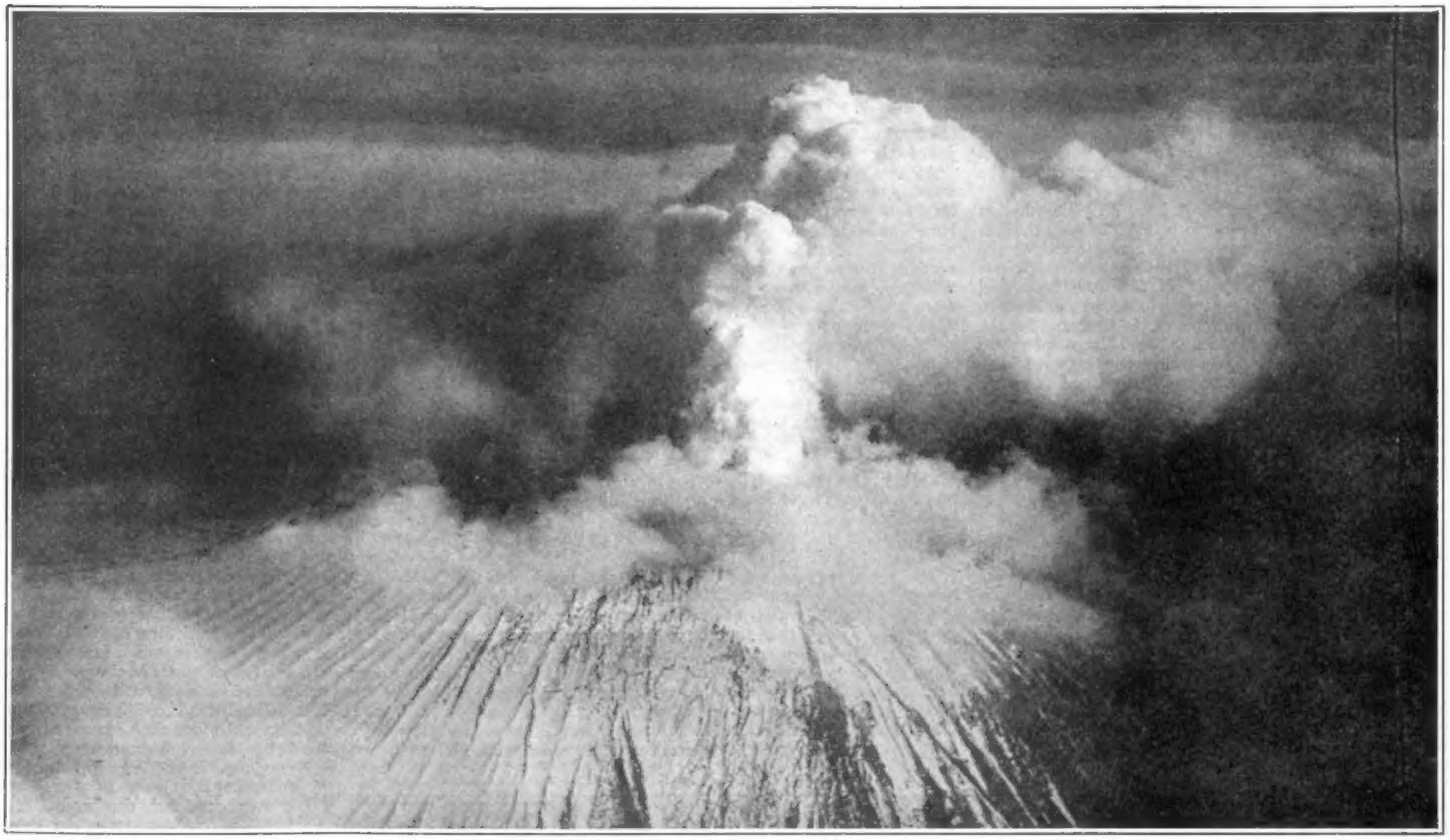
Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio, at Decatur, Illinois, at Chicago, Illinois, and at Indianapolis, Ind.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 194 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., AUGUST 13, 1921 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 7

Italy From a Dirigible Window



The Top of Mount Vesuvius From the Air

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

THE person about to make a trip in a gas-supported airship, better known as a dirigible in the patois of the air, would do well, if he values his peace of mind, not to get into an argument with an airplane enthusiast just before starting as to the respective merits of airplanes and dirigibles. The airplane enthusiast, in his eagerness to convince everyone of the complete safety of airplane travel, represents every other form of locomotion as being fraught with danger. The dirigible, he tells you, showing the whites of his eyes in a nervous manner, is not trustworthy. It is apt to explode or catch fire or something. Walking, too, he considers unusually dangerous, for a walker is more than likely to fall down a manhole or be bitten by a dog or be struck by a golf ball. The only safe way to get anywhere, according to an airplane enthusiast, is to travel by plane.

Similarly, a person about to make a trip in an airplane will be more at his ease mentally if he doesn't squabble with a dirigible expert over the comparative safety of dirigibles and airplanes. The dirigible enthusiast is positive that no method of travel is as safe as the dirigible, and it consequently becomes his sacred duty to convince his audience that the person who travels in any other manner is deliberately courting death. The horse and buggy, viewed by our ancestors as the absolute apex of conservative locomotion, is regarded as positively murderous by the lover of the dirigible, because of the constant danger of a runaway horse or of being struck by an automobile, a locomotive, a bolt of lightning or a falling house. He places the airplane in the same dangerous class with the horse and buggy. If it starts to fall there is nothing to hold it up. If he is reminded that the same thing is true of suspension bridges, skyscrapers and stepladders he agrees heartily and declares that a dirigible is safer than any of them. Usually he can produce figures to prove his contentions, as can the airplane enthusiast. Consequently, the best course that one can pursue is to fly first and talk about it afterward.

Unless one has been frightened half to death by some particularly gloomy and fluent talker, the prospect of traveling in a dirigible causes no more rippling sensations along the backbone than would the prospect of ensconcing oneself in a big steamship or settling down for a short stay in a large hotel on the crest of a Swiss Alp.

The trustfulness with which one regards a dirigible as a means of locomotion is probably due to its comforting size and to its well-known habit of staying in the air until it is hauled down by main force. R-34, the British dirigible that flew from England to America and back again in 1919, is longer than the twenty-thousand-ton steamship Minnesota or the sixteen-thousand-ton transatlantic liner Nieuw Amsterdam. In fact, there are only about twenty transatlantic liners afloat that are longer, and at least ninety so-called great liners are considerably shorter than the R-34. Skeptics and cynics may stand on the edges of the audience and announce loudly that the bigger they are the harder they fall.

Such announcements do not alter the fact that size generally breeds confidence. And for years to come air travelers will feel more comfortable mentally when they climb aboard something that looms over them like an impending thunderstorm than they will when they crawl into an airplane that looks no more imposing in midair than a couple of shingles.

The airplane is as safe as the dirigible, but the dirigible looks safer. There will be accidents to both of them forever, just as there will always be accidents to automobiles, oil stoves, baby carriages and Sunday canoeists; but the person who refuses to travel on them because they're unsafe should, to be consistent, refuse to walk down his cellar stairs or stand on one leg to pull on his trousers. He is as apt to fall down and break his neck while engaged in either of the latter forms of endeavor as he is while traveling by plane or dirigible.

Air travel, in addition to being safe, is more than likely to be dull and monotonous. In dirigible travel the dullness and monotony are accentuated by the sluggishness of the travelers' imaginations. There is obviously nothing to worry about, so they are forced to occupy themselves by playing cards and dozing and eating and hoping that somebody

will create a diversion by getting seasick. The general effect is little more exciting than a summer hotel during a heavy rainstorm, when all the vacationists sit around together and look bored.

Some time ago the United States Government purchased the dirigible Roma from the Italian Government. The Roma is a small ship as dirigibles go nowadays, for she is only four hundred ten feet long—only about as long as the battleship Maine, which started the Spanish-American War. She is, however, a semirigid dirigible, as distinguished from Zeppelins and ships of the R-34 type, which are rigid dirigibles; and a small semirigid ship can lift as heavy a load as can a considerably larger rigid ship. Moreover, a semirigid dirigible can be built for less than half the amount that must be spent to build a rigid dirigible of the same size. If, therefore, they can be built sufficiently large and navigated as easily they ought to be more interesting to transatlantic and transpacific air lines than rigid dirigibles.

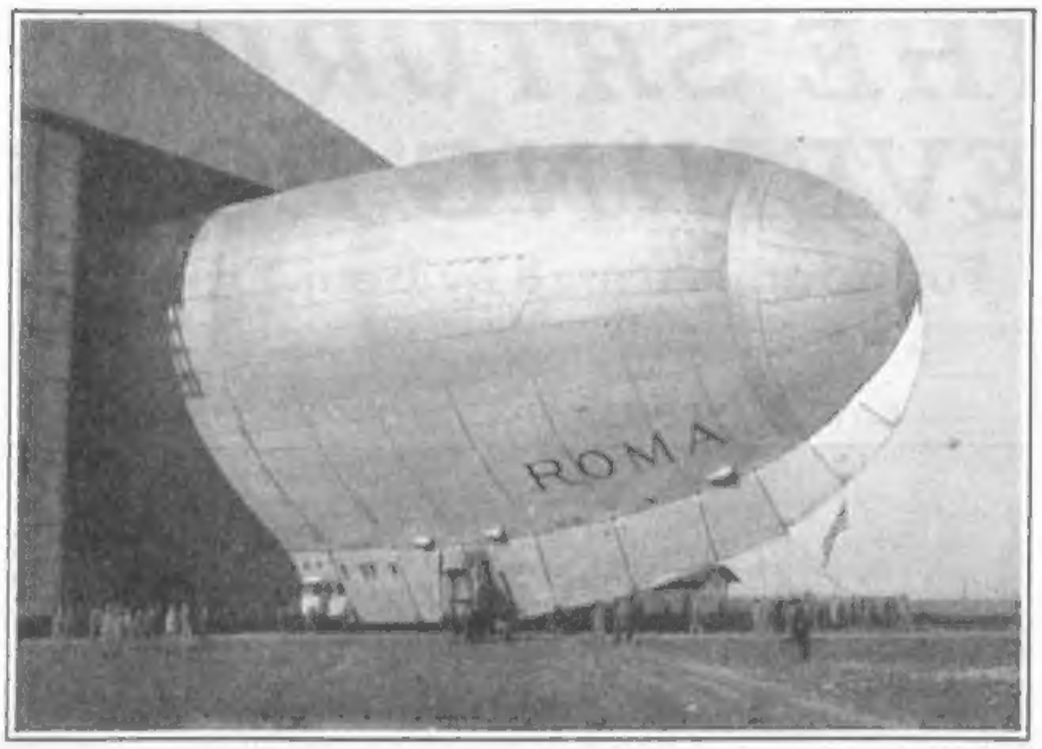
The chief difference between a rigid and a semirigid is this: A rigid dirigible possesses a rigid framework of metal. A number of balloons are placed inside this framework, and when the balloons float upward they carry the framework with them. A semirigid is a number of balloons covered by an envelope of fabric. A rigid dirigible always keeps its shape; a semirigid must have air let into its envelope here and there during a flight so that it won't lose its shape and possibly buckle in the middle.

The Germans who have studied the dirigible question have always scoffed with loud guttural scoffings at the idea of semirigid dirigibles large enough to compete with Zeppelins. They claimed that nobody could build semirigids which were both large and practical. The Italians claimed that it could be done. There seems to be more potency to the Italians' claims than to those of the Germans, for the Italians built the Roma, which is plenty large enough to compete with a Zeppelin. As to her practicality, I have traveled all day in her in company with fifty-three other people, and eaten a five-course dinner in her while cruising noisily above the Tyrrhenian Sea, and returned to the starting point on schedule time; and that ought to be sufficiently practical for anyone.

A Look at the Roma Fore and Aft

NOT only did the Italians confound the Germans by building and flying the Roma, which has a gas capacity of one million two hundred thousand cubic feet, but they are further confounding them by declaring that they can build and fly a semirigid dirigible with a gas capacity of three million five hundred thousand cubic feet. They have even started to do it, and if they are successful they will have an airship whose useful load will exceed that of any Zeppelin yet built or of any of the big British rigids. This article, however, is not intended to set forth the advantage of any one type of dirigible over any other type, but to give a plain and unvarnished account of a dirigible flight from the viewpoint of one who has never felt any particular craving to travel at a greater altitude than the top of a Fifth Avenue bus.

After the American Government had purchased the Roma from the Italians the air service of the United States Army sent three officers and five noncommissioned officers to Rome to take delivery, as the technical phrase has it, of the ship. The Americans were instructed in the mysteries of the craft, and then the Italian Government arranged, for the benefit of the Americans, a long demonstration flight from Rome down to Naples and back to Rome again. The exact date of the trip wasn't announced until the last moment, for the Italians insisted on having perfect weather for it. They waited patiently for a day when the glaring baby blue of the Italian sky should be unmarred even by a cloud as small as a man's hand, and when the waters of the Mediterranean should be unruffled by the smallest capful of wind. The Americans couldn't quite make up their minds whether the Italians were so careful because they wanted to be sure that all the passengers would enjoy the trip or because they didn't wish to run the slightest risk of wrecking the ship in rough weather and losing the two hundred thousand dollars which the United States paid for it.



The Roma Half-Way Out of Her Hangar. The Cockpit for the Navigators is Bisected by the Shadow of the Hangar. The Four Small Windows Just Forward of the Cockpit are the Windows of the Passengers' Cabin

At any rate, their patience was finally rewarded by weather reports which indicated that the next day would be cloudless and windless; and the next morning found a large concourse of air travelers gathered at the Ciampino aërodrome, which is a twenty-minute automobile ride south of Rome along the New Appian Way. The distinction between new things and old things in Rome is a bit more delicate than in most parts of the world. The Appian Way proper is over twenty-two hundred years old, whereas the New Appian Way is only about nineteen hundred years old; so new that the corners have scarcely had time to become rounded, so to speak. An early morning automobile ride along the New Appian Way is particularly interesting to Americans because of the massive aqueducts of the Roman emperors, which parallel the road, and also because of the gayly painted wine carts which creep slowly into Rome from the outlying vineyard towns, followed on foot by drivers who take long and frequent pulls on pot-bellied bottles and sing hoarsely between pulls. Every small town in Italy produces its own more or less delicate and more or less delicious brand of wine.

The Roma was housed in a huge hangar, which also housed one of the Zeppelins which Germany delivered to the Allies, as well as a very small semirigid dirigible. The Zeppelin was larger than the Roma, and her outlines were not so softly rounded; and the three enormous silver-gray ships, floating motionless in the dimness of the cavernous hangar, looked less like air transports than they did like gigantic father and mother air fish with their monstrous offspring nestled beside them. The Roma is shaped like a huge perfecto; and from stem to stern, along her underside, runs a v-shaped structure of canvas which looks like a keel. Inside this keel are the platforms for the crews who run the engines, the cockpit for the ship's navigators and the cabin for the passengers. Both the cabin and the cockpit are very small, and under the center of the ship. Forward from the cabin and backward from the cockpit stretch long, narrow, inclined walks, extending to the extreme ends of the ship. They are made of the thinnest boards, and are very narrow; but the crew scurries up and down them constantly with the utmost nonchalance. If one falls from them there is nothing between him and a vast expanse of vacancy except a thin wall of canvas. Yet the moral effect of this thin canvas wall is so great that frail women prance carelessly along the Roma's narrow board walks when she is half a mile in the air.

If the canvas were removed it would be impossible to get the average woman out on the board walks unless she were first sandbagged.

The ship has six forty-five-hundred-horse-power Ansaldo motors, three on each side. They stick out on each side of the canvas keel at appropriate intervals, and my personal observation leads me to believe that two or three of them are usually on strike when they are supposed to be running. However, the Roma can navigate—move forward and steer up and down or from side to side—on only one motor. When all six motors are going smoothly it is possible for her to make seventy-five miles an hour. On long trips she travels on four motors and is supposed to make about sixty miles an hour. If all the motors stop she floats peacefully around until they have been repaired. It is her ability to do this that makes dirigible travel so much more popular than airplane travel in certain circles.

Tuning Up for the Voyage

MOST people seem to lose sight of the fact that once a dirigible gets into the air she would have great difficulty in getting down until she could locate an army of willing helpers to pull her down. This might easily be quite as disadvantageous as coming down too soon.

Roman society was anxious to make flights in the Roma *en masse*. Those who were unable to, because of lack of space, got quite bitter about it. From this it can be seen that a dirigible journey under normal conditions has no aspects over which anyone can unduly exercise his worrier.

One of the great drawbacks about a ship like the Roma is the fact that any government or company which maintains it is also obliged to maintain a small standing army to handle it. When the doors of the Ciampino hangar were thrown open a nattily clad Italian officer blew a fish horn and one hundred sixty sturdy Italian enlisted men shuffled in. These one hundred sixty men laid hold of ropes on each side of the Roma and worked her slowly and carefully into the bright sunlight. The English rigid dirigibles are moored by the nose, so that the only formality connected with getting them off on a flight is that of disconnecting a swivel coupling. The British dirigible R-33, for example, is moored to the top of a lattice steel mast one hundred feet in height, and has ridden out winds of forty-five and fifty miles an hour. Only two men are required to release her, while eight are needed to reberth her on her return. She has made two night flights from this mooring mast and back to it again. But when the Roma comes out of retirement every male in sight has to drop everything and wait on her. Consequently it seems peculiarly appropriate to refer to the Roma as she.

Having got her safely out of the hangar, the crew tuned up her engines for upwards of an hour, while everyone stood as close to her as possible and held on to his hat. Occasionally, as an engine got into tune, a hat would be torn from its owner's grasp and whisked in the general direction of the Alps. At length, however, the tuning was completed and all passengers were ordered aboard. The passenger list was a large one, so large that all available passenger space on shipboard was so crowded with distinguished persons that whenever one turned around he usually drove his elbow into somebody's stomach and whenever one

(Continued on Page 63)

In the Cockpit of the Roma—Left to Right, Captain Mabry, Prince Wigge of Denmark, and Mr. Johnson, Ambassador of the United States to Italy; Kenneth L. Roberts in the Background

The Little Matter of Living

By SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

GOLDIE stood before the long mirror fastening her belt of brown leather and smoothing the suit that was a shade or so darker than horizon blue. The mirror had appeared but recently. The frame was only a strip of oak, but the glass was good; and good to Goldie's eyes was the picture it offered—a boyish figure, carried and dressed with the gift of smartness, a prettily poised head crowned with abundant hair, a face nearer the round than the oval, but fresh, young, vivid, with blue eyes under thinly arching brows.

A long time back—more than half a year—that face had been pert, the hair tortured into projecting puffs and curls, a touch of rouge on the cheeks and of carmine on the rather full lips; that would be the period of selling tickets at the Parthenon Picture Palace and of chewing gum and slanging certain aggressively susceptible men with an exuberant pleasure in taxing the elasticity of our richly responsive old language. But the newer Goldie—the Marigold C. Green of the insurance agency at the Beach Hotel—was a self-contained young woman, alertly businesslike, nearly always slow and quiet of speech, quick to sense and copy the tone of the prosperous folk that parked their expensive cars on Simpson Street and the Lake Drive and themselves chatted urbanely in the hotel lounge and sipped tea and studied their road maps. That lounge was Goldie's world now. She liked the glass-topped tables and the wide chairs and the gay chintzes. She had begun lately to think that one or two wicker chairs and a valance and curtains of chintz about the window would improve this little old bedroom of hers.

She pushed aside the armless yellow rocker and moved to the window. Her eyes—she was fastening on her bracelet watch now—took in the familiar prospect of upper Hazel Avenue. It was eight o'clock in the morning, and June. The narrow front yard—ill-kept, dandelions running wild and a ragged fringe of weeds around the nasturtium bed, a picket or two missing from the old-fashioned fence—was usually irritating to her instinct for order. But she was barely aware of it now. Instead she looked out under slightly knit brows at the big soft maples that shaded the street. They were beginning to turn vermilion, the maples, and to their color the fresh youth in Goldie's veins responded keenly.

The screen door slammed below and her long-legged brother, Anderson, strode out through the gate swinging his high-school books on a strap. Goldie's eyes followed him. He would hardly have opened one of those books. From the back yard came faintly the shouts of the twins, girls of eleven with yellow pigtails and thick legs. Shortly the stout Hungarian person in the kitchen would be pushing them off to school. It was one thing she did well.

Goldie felt in her pocket, drew out a much-folded note, opened it and read deliberately, two or three times, the penciled message:

> Will you keep open the evenings of the eleventh and twelfth, youngster? That will be our only chance until next month. I miss you wonderfully. Just thinking of you brings me to life any time, anywhere. Odd, isn't it! I've fought you, too, like the devil. But I always lose. I don't know the answer, but I recognize a fact when it hits me in the face. It must be your downright native brains that I feel so strongly—and your charm, of course. There does seem to be something in facts. B.

She refolded the note and glanced at the calendar of the Motor Universal Insurance Company that hung beside the dresser—the little old dresser of what used to be termed golden oak. To-day was the eleventh. The color was mounting in her cheeks; mounting into a hot flush.

She gazed a moment longer at the maples. Then with an abrupt decisiveness she moved over to the washstand and burned the note in the soap dish. She stood again before the mirror; studied her face until the color had subsided; then started downstairs.

A thin voice called, "Goldie!"

II

THE girl hesitated on the top step, then went to the side bedroom. Mrs. Green, fat, heavily querulous of face, lay propped against two pillows.

"Thought You Might as Well Have the Truth All at Once. Let's Go Down to the Grill Room"

"Tell Sophie to bring my breakfast up here," she said. Goldie inclined her head. "I don't feel at all well this morning. One of my headaches. And"—as Goldie moved away she raised her voice—"I wish you'd call up the doctor." Goldie stood, thinking, just outside the door. Crisply she asked, "Will he come?"

"Now, Goldie, do you think it's exactly kind to bring up things like that when you can see I'm not well? There's a—there's a new one we might try—Doctor Hamming. I think it is—over on Filbert Avenue."

Goldie considered; finally agreed.

She was closing the door when her mother added: "Tell Sophie I want some of that strawberry jam with my muffins."

On the stair landing Goldie dropped into the chair by the telephone. The morning sunlight came in gaudily through the half windows of crudely colored glass and lay in splashes of red and green and yellow on the lathe-turned banisters. She watched it, fingering the telephone book. Mamma clearly had never known what life was about. She had drifted down the years, her capacity for self-pity increased anew after the birth of each child. Goldie remembered distinctly the arrival of the twins. They had quite filled Mrs. Green's universe. She hadn't worked since, and papa had never complained; had just kept more and more wearily at the everlasting treadmill while the hair thinned off the top of his head, the narrow burnsides and the cropped mustache became grayer and the wrinkles deepened across his forehead and between his brows. He had no plan of campaign in the battle of life; no major strategy, or minor; hardly tactics even. He had just fought on, growing rapidly—of late—more irritable, less accessible. Sometimes when Andy and the heedless twins were shoveling in enormous quantities of food he stared at them with a puzzled expression and nervously corrected their table manners. But it wasn't the table manners. Goldie saw through that. Something had to be done about families.

She called up the new Doctor Hamming, and then said with a quiet little snap in her voice, "The bill is to be sent to me at my office. Marigold Green, Beach Hotel."

Briskly then, as usual, she went on downstairs. But at the dining-room door she stopped short and caught her breath. There sat papa, head on hand. She glanced at her watch. It was ten minutes past eight. As far back as she could remember he had caught the 7:56 into Chicago; always every week day. Usually he went out through the front gate a few minutes ahead of Andy; thin, slightly bent, walking with a quick nervous stride.

He looked up with a frown of self-consciousness that brought all Goldie's reserve to the surface. He had hardly touched his breakfast. The two fried eggs and the strip of bacon lay cold on his plate, the coffee was but half drunk.

Quietly Goldie seated herself and rang the hand bell. She said "Good morning, papa," much as usual. Her native tact restrained her from questioning. She knew that he looked up a second time, and picked up his fork and made a pretense of eating. Then Sophie brought in her eggs and coffee.

"Have you heard from Percy lately?" Mr. Green asked listlessly.

For one brief moment Goldie stared at her father; then bent over her plate. Percy was her older brother.

"No," she replied in the smoothly quiet manner that was her youthful gift. "Haven't you?"

He was silent. She sipped her coffee. When he did speak it was huskily.

"I've had——" He found some difficulty with this sentence; began again. "There's a little matter——"

He glanced from the kitchen door out to the hall and lowered his voice: "I've had to meet a good many unexpected demands lately. I just noticed I'm out of cash this morning."

"Oh," she broke in, "I have plenty! I'll get my purse."

"I'd just as soon your mother didn't hear," he said; but she was already returning from the hall.

"Here's a ten—or more if you want it."

"Sh-h-h—please! That's too much. A dollar or so'll be enough. Just for lunch, and for the train—that is, just for the train and a little lunch."

This was getting on her nerves. She tossed the ten-dollar note on the table and turned again.

"Aren't you going to finish your breakfast, my dear?" he asked.

"I've had plenty." Increasingly of late she had felt impelled to rush out of this depressing house. Now the impulse was of commanding strength. "It's time I got to my desk."

III

IN THE back yard stood a portable garage that smelled of fresh paint and that housed a small, very new car of the model known as a sedan. The garage fittings were new as well; an oil container of steel, with a faucet; on a narrow workbench a row of tire tools, pliers, wrenches, neatly laid out, a bundle of snowy cotton waste, square tins of grease for cups and gears; hanging on the wall, an oiling chart.

All of it, garage, car and equipment, she had bought out of her own earnings with a fine thrill of independence. Eagerly she had gone at the business of greasing and oiling, tightening body bolts, changing tires and adjusting the simple carburetor. It was still an experience of fresh memory, all within the past five weeks. She was never happier than when of an evening she could don those overalls and work like a boy with rubber hose and polishing chamois and wrench.

The purchase had seemed reasonable. Her income was modestly growing. She paid her board weekly to papa, who accepted the money with a rather distressing self-consciousness. She knew that she could make money, for she had the great gift that is called personality. That was power, of course, over men. She could draw them and sway them. And she did; found a joy in exercising her gift without hesitation or scruple, with only a roughly spirited sense of fair give and take.

Men should be able to look out for themselves. Most of them did; always excepting P. Heigham, the Percy of the conversation with papa.

Perce was an oddity; a little young man with small features and rather prim habits, always on some busy committee of the Y. M. C. A., a regular usher in church, concerned about the drink evil and the short skirts of the modern girl; a fearful little man, timid about life, with faith in repressive measures sweepingly applied, and always, everywhere possible, protecting his sister.

For a moment, even now, she smiled faintly at the thought of Perce as her protector. She felt, in her keen sense of the savage battle of life, hundreds of years older than Perce. He knew nothing whatever about women. He used regularly to carry a box of chocolates in calling on that curious Slosson girl, in the old-fashioned manner. She sang for a time in the volunteer double quartet at the Second Church, and later filled in at the public library while Miss Henrietta Brown was traveling. And then she ran away to Mexico with an assistant cashier of the Eighth National Bank, in town, leaving Perce to his own bewildered thoughts. After that he sensitively let girls alone.

But papa hadn't heard from Perce lately. She swung open the doors that gave on the alley, and then stood with a pretty foot on the running board, trying to think this out. It meant, of course, that he had stopped sending his weekly money order. She had a small struggle at this point with her own strongly practical instinct, and with an almost irritating sense of responsibility. It was she who had decided that Perce needed a shaking up after his years of humdrum bookkeeping. How like papa he was—a regular little old man!—and had used all her tricks of personality in persuading Mr. Hibbard, his employer, to send him out as a salesman. Perce didn't know of that. He had been gone nearly four months now, ranging from St. Paul and Duluth southward through Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, and even into Louisiana as far as Shreveport.

It was momentarily intriguing to consider what experiences might have befallen the timid Perce during this long period of knocking about. There would have been shocks. No telling how they would affect him. Such a lot of them, and over such a long period of time.

Finally Goldie, with an abrupt setting of her slim shoulders, stepped up into the car and drove away. Her quick youth was finding refuge in resentment. Hot words crowded to her lips and had to be fought back.

"I can't be expected to carry the whole family. It wasn't me that brought the twins into the world, or Andy, or Perce. And this—it's like a weight on me, dragging me down. May get my nerve—take all the pep out of me. It wouldn't help, God knows, for me to quit work and do the cooking. And I've certainly got a right to this car. I guess I earned it!" And finally, to tell the whole truth—and not without a twinkle in the big eyes—this: "Dam'f I ever bring anybody into the world!"

Then slowly the warm color rose again into her face. She felt it burning, and set her teeth and stared straight before the car as she drove through Simpson Street past the stores and the post office and the two banks and the office of the Weekly Voice of Sunbury—she advertised regularly in the Voice now—and on down to the hotel by the lake.

She felt some small relief at the sight of the enormous structure with its three wings, each six stories in height, radiating from a central tower, built of yellow brick, with roofs of red tiling. It stood over the old little frame and brick houses of Sunbury as boldly, if not so beautifully, as a great Gothic cathedral over some village in France. Perhaps it was in fact a monument to the actual faith of the new, amazingly prosperous America; a place, strangely, of worship.

IV

FROM her glass-covered desk by the corner window—always clear, that desk; not a sheet of paper in sight; only the ink-and-pen stand, the telephone and the sloping standard of mahogany and glass that bore her name as local agent for the Motor Universal—Goldie commanded both the spacious lounge and the street outside.

Here, within, flowing casually, sometimes noisily, always amusingly, in and out through the wide doors that gave on Simpson Street, moved the prosperous upper class of America; a financial and manufacturing and brokerage and salesmanship upper class; a really ruling class that toured on deep upholstery over costly rubber tires and ordered lavish meals and scattered a great amount of small change among the hotel pages and at the news stand and in the barber shop downstairs. Groups of them gathered all day before the clerk's desk at the further end of the room, or settled comfortably among the wicker tables, sipping tea or lemonade or ginger ale, and smoked cigarettes endlessly—arguing, now and then, the merits of their favorite brands—or drifted in and out of the still more spacious dining room, where fat columns of yellow marble supported a ceiling that was massive with mahogany beams and gilded panels.

They came, these naïvely ruling folk, from the great city to the south and from other great and little cities beyond. They came because the hotel was here, and because they had automobiles and felt that they must go somewhere. They had appeared with the hotel and would pass with it—or with the last of the gasoline supply. The hotel, in its turn, was here because these rulers had automobiles and money to spend; money that they felt an ingenuous pride in spending conspicuously and largely.

To these folk old Sunbury was a mere stopping place for luncheon or dinner or the night, a blue dot on the touring map, a nothing. They were by no means all that used to be implied by the term "gentlefolk"—were, indeed, rarely that. The women too often spoke with badly placed voices; cackled or whined; and nearly all above a certain age ran to fat. The men were usually fat, too, and aggressively self-important; given to scolding the pages, or—worse—joking with them, and to talking around their cigars and to spending hours relaxed in the barber chairs having their faces steamed and massaged and their nails done by the girls down there. The mental interests of men and women alike were two—automobiles and drink. At least their talk was mainly confined to these two topics; with, in the case of the men, a third interest that was sometimes frank, oftener furtive—girls.

Goldie's keen eyes, as in midafternoon her work slackened, took in the familiar scene, and then wandered to the street outside her window, where stood the familiar double line of automobiles. They ran to-day, even more than common, to special bodies made by experts in coach work and to the fittings known among the trade as refinements—bits of silver and nickel and glass fastened on here and there; oddly shaped mud guards designed to appear different; detached steps in place of running boards; tonneau wind shields, gay slip covers, extra mirrors and spotlights, smart leathern trunks strapped on behind, in the closed cars vases of cut glass for flowers, varnish glistening brightly over twenty to thirty coats of gay paint. Where did they all come from? And how did so many individuals contrive to carve so much prosperity out of the commonwealth? Every day they poured out from town along the Lake Drive. On Saturdays and Sundays the roadways were unbelievably crowded. They crawled in nearly unbroken lines northward and southward, parking for blocks about the hotel and making miserable the lives of the extra traffic officers and charging the air that blew in fresh and sweet off the great lake with the heavy odor of gasoline and with the subtler carbon monoxide.

It was a new America, luxuriously pagan, given to jazz dancing and pocket flasks and continuous aimless motion. But it was the only America Goldie knew. She was but one little pagan of the swarming generation ground out through the vast machine of the public schools, presented with a ready-made civilization that had all but forgotten its own sources. Of mental background she, like most of the others, rulers and ruled, had next to none. The classics of earlier, other lands were hardly even names to her. Foreign countries were known only through the war, and didn't matter. England was a place hated with a fiery bitterness by some of her schoolmates. The older, simpler America of Longfellow and Emerson and Louisa Alcott and even the now quite mythical Lincoln was dead and very nearly forgotten. It didn't matter, either. This new land, of which she was a vital little citizen, borne carelessly, exuberantly along on a full mental and emotional tide of mechanical music and motion-picture virtues and villainies and saucy and snappy magazines, was all vividly of the careless and confused present. And she liked it; took it instinctively, without religion as without tradition, without fear or hesitancy, for what it was; met it with a clear hard head.

Even the crude men that hung during so much of each day over her desk she tolerantly liked. She understood so clearly that they were but children of a larger growth. They were easy to handle so long as you didn't drink or ride with them. They ran almost perfectly to type. She knew after one glance what each would say. They contributed definitely to the rather pleasant sensation of being in touch with actual life, out there in the main current, that had come to mean more than a little in Goldie's swiftly expanding life. And she knew how to sell insurance to them.

One of these men was sitting now on a corner of the desk—it was by this time past five, her closing hour, but she was waiting on. William P. Dittemann, nephew of former Mayor Dittemann, himself vice president of World-wide Motors, and married to that wealthy beauty, the former Mrs. Phil Vanderdam, of the North Side, New York and Paris.

"Trying out a new car," he was saying. "The bottle-green one across the street—no, the roadster. Runs like a breeze. At sixty-five you'd swear you weren't going over forty."

"Pretty lines," mused Goldie.

"Neat, I'll say. Come out, if you like, and I'll drive you up the shore. Pick up a little dinner somewhere."

Goldie smiled vaguely, gazing past him now, watching the door.

"You can go as far as you like," he added.

"That," observed the girl, looking abruptly up at him and letting slip for the moment what might be termed her earlier manner, "has some of the earmarks of a wise crack."

"Well, you're a wise kid."

"Too wise to be driven."

"H'm!" said he. And again, "H'm!"

A slender man came in from the street, glanced over toward them, brushed away the page that reached for his hand bag and walked briskly to the clerk's desk. Goldie's eyes followed his every movement. Then she found her color rising again, and looked down.

"Well," said Mr. Dittemann, "I'll toddle along. Nothing doing here, I take it."

"Not a thing."

She must make a great effort to control this miserable color. Life seemed lately to be sweeping her away from familiar landmarks at an alarming speed. "Alarming" was the word. But the experience was thrilling as well. It carried her, with momentary promises of joy, out of all this family business.

At heart she was fatalistic about it. There were, in the life of any vigorous person, deep and swift currents to be negotiated. She knew all that; knew that you had to strike some sort of terms with actual living. Most of the girls she knew—the girls, that is, who had jobs in the city, who had tasted the comfort of financial independence and knew the world—recognized an occasional clandestine love affair, more or less serious, as within the range of normal human experience. They talked freely enough about such matters.

Certainly she didn't want to marry—not yet; probably not for years. She firmly intended to make money and keep free. Her one fear was that she might fall in love. Indeed, something startlingly like that age-old calamity seemed almost to be happening to her right now. She closed her eyes, breathed quietly and deeply. She simply mustn't flush like this. It wouldn't do to lose the cool poise that had seemed her peculiar gift. It wouldn't do to let any man—even this man—think her in love with him.

He moved over among the tables to speak to someone there. Her eyes swiftly followed. She wanted to make sure it was a man. She fairly caught herself at this, and wondered, with a momentary bitterness that was painful, if she could already have come down to that sort of nervous jealousy. It seemed incredible, yet ——

And now he was approaching her desk. She sensed rather than saw him. She was trembling absurdly. There was going to be some difficulty about looking up. She clasped her hands tightly in her lap. And now he stood over her, a tall man, not very young; a man with strong lines in his face and with deep-set eyes that had fine wrinkles about them and that at times looked tired or patient.

"Is it all right about dinner?" he asked quietly.

It had been his speech that attracted her at first, the soft r's and the pleasantly modulated voice. Since the beginning of the acquaintance her own speech had changed. She knew that. She had even bought an abridged Webster and hidden it in a bureau drawer at home. Often she looked up words he had so easily used.

She inclined her head.

"I couldn't stand it," said he. He was fingering the telephone standard. He had strong hands. "I'm supposed to be over in Indiana on business."

"Is that safe?"

"Perhaps not. But I couldn't stand it."

This wouldn't do—not right here in the lounge.

"Listen!" said she. "I'll put my car in the hotel garage and walk a block or two up the Lake Drive. You can pick me up there."

Along the drive she loitered, ten minutes later, now gazing out over the lake that was streaked under the slanting sunlight in yellows, greens and blues, now glancing back at the automobiles that rolled endlessly up from the south.

There was his! Not one of the gay roadsters, but a seven-passenger touring car of a good make. A family car. You could tell. And here stood she, the sometimes irrepressible Goldie Green, meekly waiting. She knew every detail of that car—the bore of the cylinders in fractional inches, the number of the motor, for the acquaintance had begun with an insurance policy.

He swung in by the curb. Silently she slipped in beside him, and they sped northward.

V

THEY drove for dinner to a remote road house a few miles inland and not far from the Wisconsin line. There was less chance of being seen by acquaintances here than at the shore resorts.

Goldie found herself pausing at the doorway of a screened-in porch and swiftly surveying the rows of tables. She caught herself at it, and colored yet again. She had noted that same slyly demure pausing and looking on the part of other girls and women at various of the road houses that lined the better known automobile highways. It meant, of course, that they were with other women's husbands, or without their own.

The forthright quality in Goldie's nature resented this furtive note. Still it seemed to be a part of the modern drift. Of late she had taken to reassuring herself rather heatedly with the assertion that you had to be furtive

on occasion to meet the hypocrisy of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. Will had talked this way once or twice, and with what she felt to be sincerity. Certainly you had to live your life somehow, be honest with your heart.

She liked the way Will marched straight in among the tables. He wasn't afraid of them. His only thought seemed to be to protect others—his others and herself—from the shabby tongues of a prurient world. She wished these misgivings wouldn't keep on demanding attention. Heaven knew she had fought him, as he had fought her. Mentally she had given him up a score of times. Yet here they were, furtively meeting again; adventuring again the deep currents; touched with a warmth that was rather terribly real; that did seem to have sincerity and dignity and wonder in it.

That was the devil of trying to make up your mind. They would be sitting through a leisurely dinner, the sort he knew so perfectly how to order—she had learned much from his way with a menu card—their hearts reaching subtly each toward each, with glances and covered smiles and quite unnecessary little broken sentences. It couldn't be her fault that she flushed and trembled, or his that he had fought her in vain. She couldn't look ahead. It was rather black there.

No such lively girl as Goldie could have grown up among the less restrained young folk of the town without passing through certain experiences with the opposite sex, men as well as boys. But always until now she had controlled the situation. A vigorous mental health had always made itself felt. But this was different. It always came down to fatalism. Sooner, perhaps, than she dared believe she might find she had been awakened to a new world of experience. All that would simply have to be taken as it might come. It would be, after all, life; and you couldn't escape life—not very well. Most folks didn't try to nowadays. She was oddly close to tears. She couldn't give him up, not as she felt now. She wanted to get away from these lights and the people. His deep patient eyes were on her now. She had to lower hers. She wanted to be in the car with him, over by the dark lake, his arm about her.

Later—there by the lake—she asked soberly, "Where are your family?"

"They're still in the East. I have to go for them next week. What a puzzle it is, this little matter of living!"

A careless sentence of Elsie Whitaker's was racing around and around in her brain. Elsie had a good job with Western Coal and Iron and knew her way about. She was pretty in a demurely brunet way, with bright eyes and softly pleasant manners and with a wide acquaintance among men who owned good automobiles. She had said: "Play with these men, use them, but don't let yourself fall in love with them. Tears you all up. Remember, if it ever comes to a show-down, the wife just about always wins."

The wife just about always wins!

It was impossible to think clearly, of course, with her temple against his cheek and his hands infolding hers. A confusing fact about these misgivings was that no matter how sharply at times they drove her away from him, always, after only a few days of separation, they gave place in her thoughts to glowing memories, and a warm, strong need of him. That again was the devil of it.

"Will ——"

"Yes, dear?"

"I want you to drive me back." He was silent. She added inadequately, "I don't want to be out late."

He hadn't looked for this, of course. She was disappointing him, and she was sorry. For she knew that he drew deeply from her; that through the mysterious chemistry of what is called vaguely love her fresh young womanhood quickened his tired soul. He had spoken beautifully of this revitalizing process. And she longed to mother him. It was so plain that he, like papa, had been for years on the treadmill. How on earth could people expect to harness emotion permanently like that—make a work horse of it? It seemed to be the American idea, and it didn't seem to work.

Without a word he released her, started the car and headed south. He would do that. He had never for a moment taken the advantage. It had been a comradeship from the beginning, never a pursuit. As they rode along now she felt tenderly, sensitively near him. She snuggled close, slipped an arm within his and rested her cheek against his shoulder; even let the tears come—he couldn't see them.

"Well," she murmured—they were drawing rapidly nearer the outskirts of Sunbury—"I've simply got to think."

"Of course, dear."

"We can't drift this way."

"It's tearing us to pieces, of course." He slowed the car. "I sometimes wonder if we're not just four-flushing, both of us."

"I know. I've thought of all that too. But I've got to think. I've got to!"

"But meantime we're drifting straight on. Why not admit the facts?"

"Of course, I know myself well enough. I'd rather act deliberately than go on like this. I'm not ordinarily weak."

"No, you're not. It's serious business."

"Will"—she withdrew her arm, straightened up—"you're right enough. Let's decide." He waited. "Not now. I can't. You're steering straight into that tree, Will! Give me one more day. Until to-morrow night."

"We can meet at the same place—on the Drive, 5:30."

"No, it's getting too serious to take those chances, and we'd better not have dinner together. Listen! I'll walk up to the corner beyond the Arts Building, say, at 7:30 sharp. Nobody'll see us there, and it'll be dark. I'm going to play fair, Will. I won't tease you, and I can't go on torturing myself. Stop over there under the tree. We'll settle it. We'll either go on or quit."

"I wonder if we can quit."

"I don't know. I can't talk any more to-night, Will. I'm tired. Good night, dear."

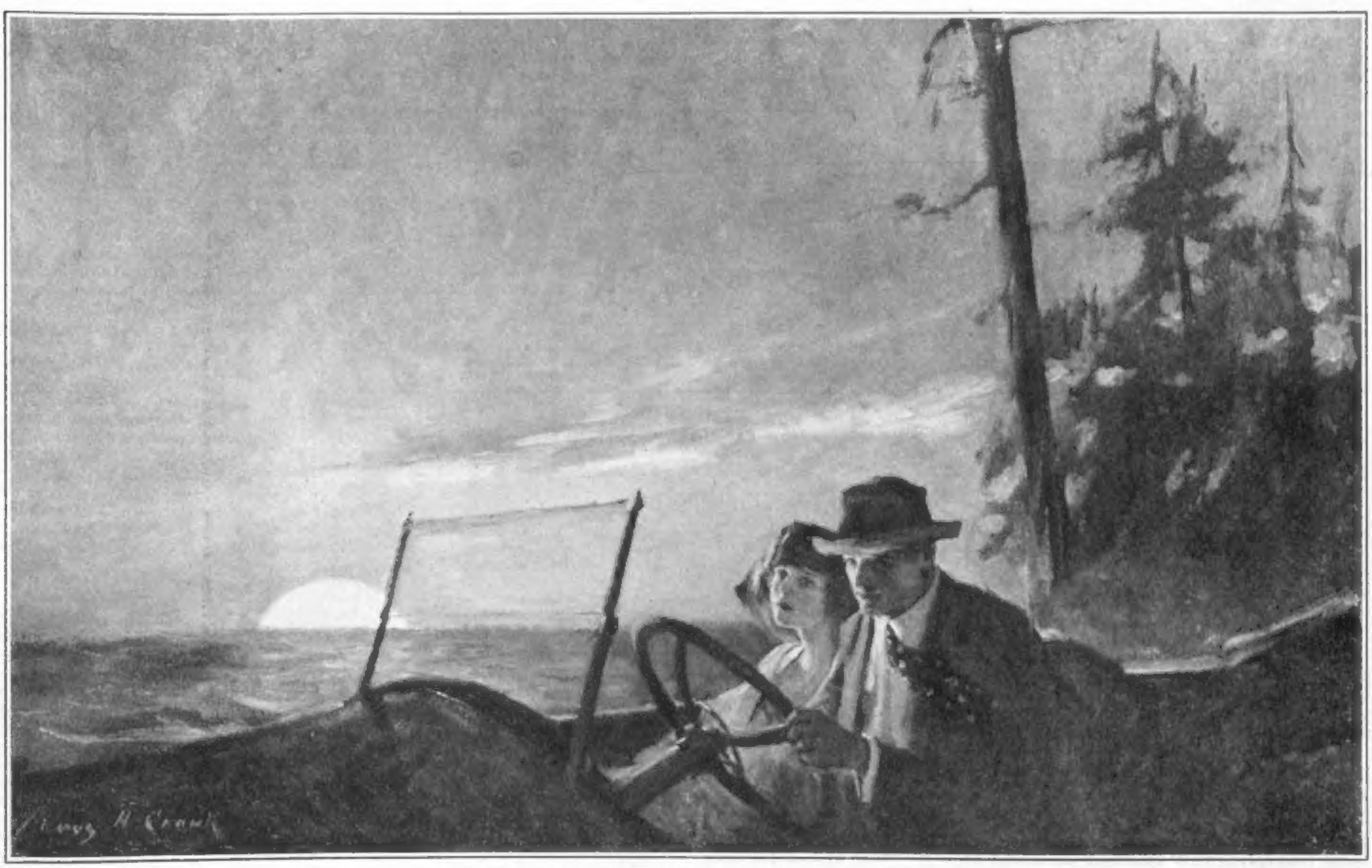
She slipped out of the car quickly before he could kiss her, and for a moment looked soberly up at him; then hurried over toward the hotel garage.

VI

GOLDIE tossed and dreamed that night. At the desk during the forenoon she repeatedly told herself that she was painstakingly thinking it out; but the currents were growing stronger. She felt that. Even were she to decide through an effort of will against him it was a question whether she could, once they were together, hold the attitude. Life had taken on a new warm coloring.

She found herself glancing over now and again at May Wilson, the news-stand girl, softly wondering if the apparently sensible May had ever lived through an hour of wild beauty, and then questioning whether she herself exhibited outwardly the glow that now illuminated heart and brain. It seemed as if they must have perceived it—May and the clerk over there, and the guests that began crowding in toward noon. She even fancied that the pages were observing her closely. When the deep-toned chime in the big clock by the dining-room door struck ten she fell to musing about Will; closing her eyes and trying to recall his image to the inner vision; trying to imagine what he might be doing, picture him at it. He would be dignified in his office. It would be interesting to know whether his secretary was pretty. She hadn't before thought of that. At eleven and twelve she tried again, and at two. It was pleasant to hold him imaginatively near.

(Continued on Page 44)



It Had Been a Comradeship From the Beginning, Never a Pursuit

HITTIN' THE GRIT

By L. B. Yates

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

IT WAS the moon of the fisherman, and springtime was merging very gently into summer. In shady spots, such as the disciples of Izaak Walton love, speckled beauties were rising to filmy lures. The sun was just tipping the trees and the haze of morning still hung upon the waters. Ideal, you will say. Well, it was! And as I plied my rod the silence was unbroken, save above me on the narrow road that wound its way down the mountain side came the hoof beat of a horse advancing at a trot. Most travelers through this sparsely settled district were mounted, but this horse was attached to a vehicle. The rattle of wheels on the rocky pathway evidenced that fact.

I did not have long to wait until the vehicle rounded the bend and jogging at a swift pace down the little stretch of roadway that followed the creek for a few hundred yards came to the ford. Here the driver waited until he had reached the center of the stream and then drew rein.

"Take a drink, Sister Jane, an' cool your tootsies," he enjoined as the mare buried her nose deep in the clear swirling water.

Evidently he had not observed me yet, because he pulled his broad-brimmed white hat down over his eyes, drew forth a newspaper from underneath the cushion of the seat, opened it and settled down to read.

Intent upon watching the newcomer, I forgot my surroundings for the moment, and the first thing I knew my foot slipped on a moss-covered stone and I went headlong into the stream. After this misadventure I was wringing the water out of my clothes as best I could and had almost forgotten anyone was present to witness my mishap, when the voice of the stranger broke upon my ear.

The Philosophy of Happy Hamlin

"OH, IT'S you, is it?" he drawled. "I thought it was some Hard-shell trainin' for the total immersion stakes. It's a good thing it's June instead of January."

There was something in that voice that I recognized. I looked again and realized I had been addressed by my sometime friend Happy Hamlin of the circus.

"What brings you here?" I queried. "Who in the world would have thought of meeting you away up in the mountains? Have you left the circus business?"

Mr. Hamlin straightened around in the buggy. It was not his custom to answer questions direct.

"Are they bitin' pretty good?" he parried.

"They'll take anything from a hunk of soap to a soldier button," I responded.

"Ah," breathed Mr. Hamlin with a long-drawn sigh of appreciation, "it's a pretty likely spot. I might of knowed that some wise guy would've gumshoed in here. Wait a minute! I always carry a old fish stick myself."

He picked up the reins, guided his mare to my side of the creek and left her to graze upon the lush grass that covered the bank, then dug deep under the seat of the buggy. In a few seconds he drew forth a rod case, and with the air of a connoisseur jointed together a work of art in split bamboo and lancewood.

"I'm a good deal like the feller that couldn't get drunk unless his licker was served on a silver tray, dolled up with cut glass an' other fixin's," he explained as he cast his eye appraisingly along its slender length. "When I go fishin' I'm what you might call a epicure. Everythin' has got to be right. Say, lookahere! Lamp this fly! Talk to me an' tell me somethin'. Did you ever see the beat of it? Them feathers is from a woodcock's wing. When you couple it to a silk line it's like feedin' candy to a girl or walkin' down Broadway countin' your bank roll in plain sight of the populace. I calls it the Come-on King. Never fails. If there's a fish in the whole surroundin' territory he's yours."

I wanted to ask Mr. Hamlin the why of his advent, but refrained. That would all come in good time. "I make all my own fishin' tackle," he explained as he deftly made his first cast, guiding the slender line with all the artistry of an old master.

The fly lit in a little pocket of calm waters just on the edge of the swirling stream. Almost instantaneously there was a silver flash as a speckled beauty struck and leaped high in the air. Calmly and deliberately Mr. Hamlin played his fish. His angling was entirely divested of the haste or excitement which usually denotes the amateur.

"Fishin' is a good deal like everythin' else in this world," he philosophized as he reeled in some of the slack line. "Some folks can't wait. Whenever they see a dollar in sight they've got to grab it, an' so lose the capital prize. The minute a fish strikes some folks want to throw him clean over their heads onto the bank, an' nine times out of ten Mister Fish bids 'em good-by."

I watched with interest as Mr. Hamlin landed his catch in the most approved style, and waited until he had unjointed his rod and returned it to the case.

"I wouldn't want nothin' better than to stay here all day," he exclaimed, "but I got to be hikin' on. That's the worst of the circus business. She moves every day, an' if the swift-footed Mercury in front goes to sleep the show is liable to get ahead of him instead of him ahead of the show.

"But say," he continued, "you're all wet! Better jump into this rig an' ride over to Manville with me. Stoppin' there, I suppose."

I told Mr. Hamlin that I was, and hastened to take advantage of his hospitable offer.

"I didn't know that circuses visited out-of-the-way localities like this," I hazarded as we jogged along. "When I last saw you you were with a big railroad show."

"Quit the rails and went to hittin' the grit last season," explained my circus friend.

"Yes?" I assented, not a little puzzled.

"I can see that you don't get me, brother," vouchsafed Mr. Hamlin. "That's what we call attractions which travels out in the jungles in horse-drawn vehicles. Some folks calls 'em hit-the-grit caravans an' others of the profession seem to favor mud shows for a title. But they all come under the general headin' of wagon shows. Just now I'm twenty-four hours ahead of the mighty Hillard & Hankins Circus, Wild West Menagerie and Hippodrome."

"Oh," said I, "I think that's the show I saw at Clarksboro last week."

"Ah," breathed my companion with sudden interest, "was we doin' any business?"

"I went to the night show," I evaded. "Possibly there was a big crowd in the afternoon."

"I'll gamble there wasn't a corporal's guard," retorted Mr. Hamlin with absolute conviction. "I told the old man that we wouldn't get horse feed at that tank. I says to him, 'Gov'nor, if you was to talk to them folks about anythin' but hogs and hominy they'd have you arrested for spreadin' sedition.' But, you know, when he bows his neck he's off to the races."

A Strictly Moral Show

"'HAPPY,' says he, 'I like you, but sometimes you make my head ache. You think, I suppose, that I oughter play a summer engagement on a lot about a block and a half from Broadway. Folks is all the same wherever you finds 'em.'

"'Mebbo so, gov'nor,' says I. 'That's mebbe so. But you must remember it ain't like it was in the old days when we was carryin' somethin', an' if we got the crowd on the lot we didn't give a hoot whether they ever went near the ticket wagon or not. No, sir-ree! If you want to play a hick hamlet like that you'll have to turn back the clock.'"

"I thought you carried a good many things now with the show," I interrogated.

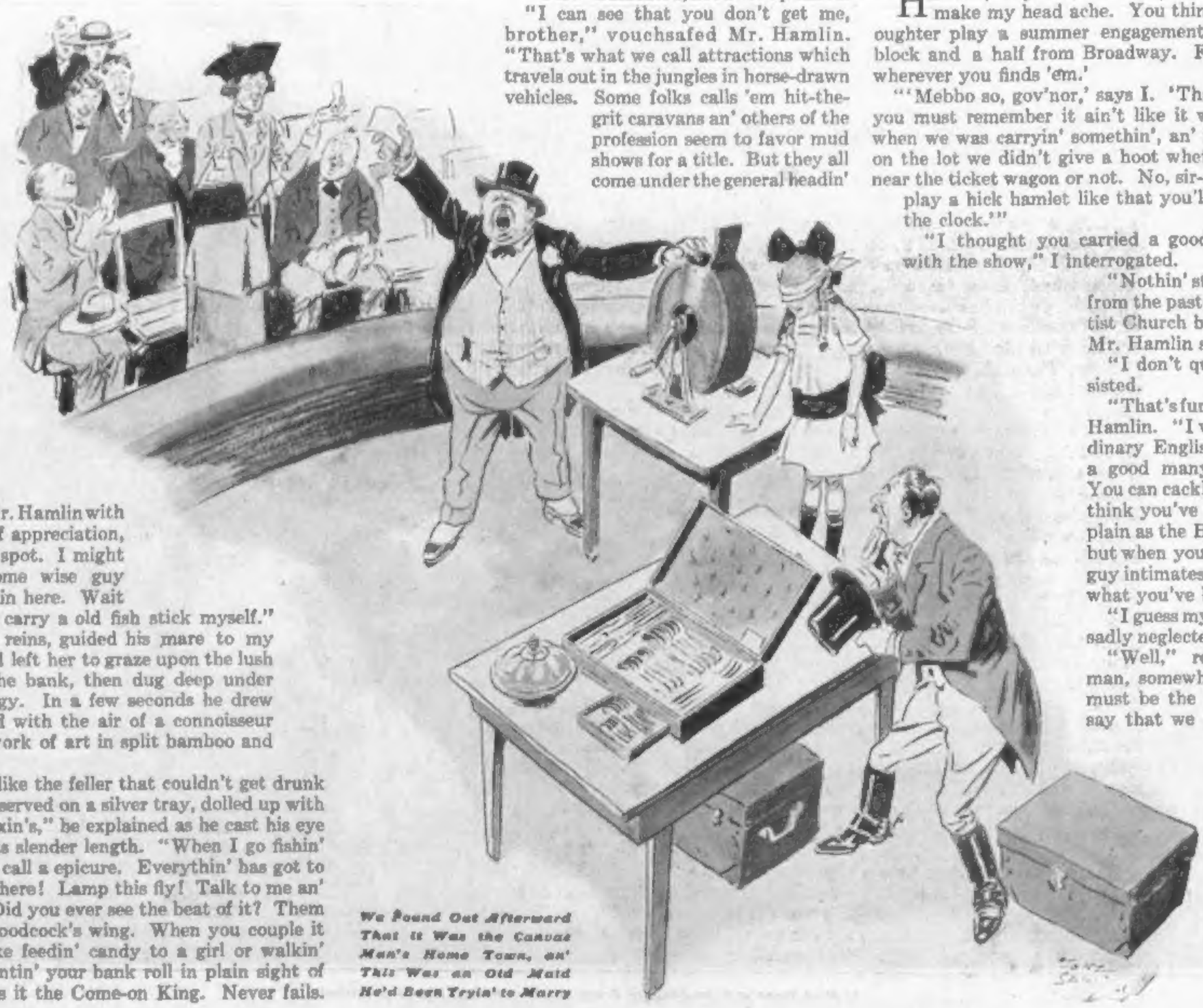
"Nothin' stronger than a letter from the pastor of the First Baptist Church back home," averred Mr. Hamlin solemnly.

"I don't quite get you," I persisted.

"That's funny," responded Mr. Hamlin. "I was talkin' plain ordinary English. But you're like a good many of them towners. You can cackle half a day, an' you think you've made everythin' as plain as the Book of Revelations; but when you get all through the guy intimates that he don't know what you've been talkin' about."

"I guess my education has been sadly neglected," I apologized.

"Well," resumed the circus man, somewhat mollified, "that must be the how of it. When I say that we don't carry nothin' I mean that there ain't no more dancers, no fortune-tellin', no short-card artists, no tea agents, no soap sellers, no shell men, no paddle wheels, an' if the guy in the red wagon found he was thirty cents over at the end



We Found Out Afterward That It Was the Canvas Man's Home Town, an' This Was an Old Maid He'd Been Tryin' to Marry

of the day he'd advertise for the owner in the local paper. Oh, boy," sighed Mr. Hamlin, "them was the days! Chicken an' pie twenty-one times a week."

My companion took from his waistcoat pocket a fat, heavy, open-faced gold watch and regarded it almost lovingly.

"I call that a pretty good kind of a old clock," he volunteered reminiscently. "Carried her for close to twenty-five years, an' she ain't never saw the inside of a watch hospital yet. The guy that bought her in the first place must 'a' weeded his bank roll some."

He'd Roped Him Around the Neck an' One Front Paw. Then He Put Spurs to His Cayuse

"Bought it secondhand or traded for it?"

"I didn't do neither," retorted Mr. Hamlin. "Good Lord, man, I'm talkin' about twenty-five years ago! That watch were a gift—a tribute, as you might say."

"Yes?"

"Yes, sir, that watch was give to me by the gov'nor himself the first season I joined out. When the blow-off come, an' the band had played Home, Sweet Home, the main squeeze calls me into the wagon.

"'Hap,' says he, 'you bin a pretty good boy, an' you're a credit to the profession. I've had my eye on you, an' you're a real trouper. Now,' says he, 'help yourself!'

"He pointed to three water buckets standin' in the corner. They was just full of watches. Everythin' from a cheap silver super to a split-second timer."

Chuck-a-Luck

"'TAKE the kinks out of yer fingers an' help yourself, Happy,' says he. 'An' be sure you pick out a good one.'

"I was young in the game then, an' wasn't wised up. 'Why,' says I, 'I never seen three buckets full of watches before!'

"'No,' says the old man, 'I guess you didn't, Hap. It's wonderful how absent-minded folks are that come to the circus! There's more watches falls out of pockets than you have any idea of. Why,' says he, 'do you know, Happy, I have to keep two hired men to pick 'em up! Folks is that careless!'

"'An' don't you never find the owners?' says I.

"'Hardly ever,' says the old man, shakin' his head solemn. 'Sometimes a citizen makes a squawk, but it ain't often. The boys that finds 'em turns 'em in to the wagon, an' we carry 'em until the end of the season.'

"'An' what do you do with 'em?' I inquires.

"The old man rubbed his chin kind of reflective-like. 'Well,' he drawls, 'I put 'em to some good use. Mostly I sells 'em and dedicates the proceeds to the home missions.'"

Mr. Hamlin chuckled. "You know," he said half apologetically, "I was with that show two seasons before I knew that the old man had been stringin' me. Say, in his quiet way he was a comedian."

"What class of town is, as a general rule, the most profitable for an attraction of your kind, Mr. Hamlin?" I interrogated.

"The next town," responded the oracle of the circus promptly. "If it wasn't that there was always a next town to alibi on there wouldn't be no such thing as what the highbrows calls the itinerant showman. It don't matter how bad business is, or whether the canvas is full of holes or the treasure chest full of nothin' in particular. They always think that they're goin' to do business at the next stand. That's the gospel of the circus, and mainly the reason why half of 'em spend all winter diggin' up a bank roll so's they can follow the birds just as soon as snow melts."

"A queer philosophy," I ventured.

"Nothin' queer a-tall about it," returned Mr. Hamlin. "There are just two kinds of people in this world—sure-thing players and gamblers. But once you get a guy interested in the circus game, he's inoculated with a malady which there ain't no antidote for. If he ain't got sand in his sugar and sawdust in his soup he figures there's somethin' wrong with the commissary department."

"I've always been curious to know how you happened to get into the circus business."

"Everybody asks the circus man that question," he replied. "I was waitin' for you to spring it. You see, I don't come of circus folks. Most of 'em was born in it, an' their fathers an' mothers have been connected with the big top in some capacity for many generations; but I got in by accident, you might say."

"Yes?"

"Yes, sir. When I was about fourteen a little old wagon show come to town, an' I made a date with a girl who lived next door to take her. On the way out to the grounds I lost the only dollar I had through a hole in my britches pocket. Gee! I didn't know what to do. I discovered my loss when we was about halfway there.

"But I was always a believer. I knowed somethin' would turn up, only I couldn't figger just how, so I kept walkin' along, talkin' foolishness till we got to the lot. Luckily we was early, so I didn't have to buy the tickets right away.

"Well, I stalled around an' finally we come to where a lot of men was standin' around a little table gamblin'. I didn't understand what game they were playin' then, but now I know it was chuck-a-luck. Some of the players was winnin' an' some was losin', an' a man was standin' behind the table with a big pile of money in front of him. Whenever anybody won he'd shove the money across to him an' rake in the losin's.

"'It's the old army game, my friends,' he would bleat. 'Twenty can play it as well as one. Get your bets down! All ready! Let 'er go again, Bill!' He kept talkin' all the time, but I noticed every once in a while he'd say, 'Put in the old iron, Bill! Now is the time, Bill! Put in the old iron!' An' whenever he said that, the feller he called Bill would pass around at the back of the crowd and pull some one of the players' coat tails. Then the feller would pass his hand back without turnin' from the table an' it'd be full of money. You see, he was a capper for the game. But they wouldn't trust him after he'd made a winnin', so when one of the cappers got the coin the big man would say, 'Put in the iron, Bill,' an' that was the office for him to go round behind an' get the money back. So he'd just pull the feller's coat tail an' the capper'd slip it to him without turnin' his head."

Hauled Up Before the Boss

"IN THE old days we used to call Bill the cleaner. Well, I watched the performance for a while, an' it struck me that it was about as easy a way to get money as I knew. So I waited until I seen one of the cappers win about forty dollars, an' sneaked up before Bill could get around an' pulled his coat tails. He put his hand back of him, of course, without turnin' his head, an' I copped the kale an' beat it. Say, that gal of mine and me took in that old show from the front door to the cook tent.

"Believe me, there was one holler when them wise guys found out that some outsider had looted the joint, an' at first no one ever suspected that I had any hand in it. But I guess I got to spendin' that money too brash, an' a Sherlock Holmes they had with th' outfit rounded me up. When they asked me where I got all that money I didn't have no alibi on tap, so I come clean an' told 'em.

"Well, they hauled me before the boss of the show an' told him their tale of woe. Here was me, a little bit of a towhead shaver, one arm loaded with sacks of pop corn an' candy, an' that little wisp of a girl I brought with me hangin' onto the other!

"The boss was a reg'lar human bein', an' instead of bein' mad as I thought he'd be, an' raisin' merry hell, he just give them gamblers the ha-ha for lettin' themselves be gypped by a infant in arms an' allowed it were the biggest joke he had heard since the last deep snow.

"Then he talked to me until I had told him all my story—about how I had lost the money an' had to get some more somewheres. I guess he must of took quite a fancy to me, because he told me that whenever I wanted to join out with the circus to let him know. I didn't need no second invitation. I climbed out of the winder that night an' joined the circus in the next town. I've been goin' ever since.

"It wasn't no particular bed of roses, either," resumed Mr. Hamlin, after a few moments' reflective silence, "because a mud show is never a palace on wheels. The reg'lar performers either go ahead in light wagons to the town they are goin' to play the next day, after the night performance is over, an'

Continued on Page 92)

"Well, They Hauled Me Before the Boss of the Show an' Told Him Their Tale of Woe"

Fifty-Two Weeks for Florette

By ELIZABETH ALEXANDER

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

He Patted Her Highly Glittering Hair and Adjusted a Pin

IT HAD been over two months since Freddy Le Fay's bill had been paid, and Miss Nellie Blair was worried. She had written to Freddy's mother repeatedly, but there had been no answer.

"It's all your own fault, sister. You should never have taken Freddy," Miss Eva said sharply. "I told you so at the time, when I saw his mother's hair. And of course Le Fay is not her real name. It looks to me like a clear case of desertion."

"I can't believe it. She seemed so devoted," faltered Miss Nellie.

"Oh, a girl like that!" Miss Eva sniffed. "You should never have consented."

"Well, the poor thing was so worried, and if it meant saving a child from a dreadful life ——"

"There are other schools more suitable."

"But, sister, she seemed to have her heart set on ours. She begged me to make a little gentleman out of him."

"As if you could ever do that!"

"Why not?" asked Mary, their niece.

"That dreadful child!"

"Freddy isn't dreadful!" cried Mary hotly.

"With that atrocious slang! Won't eat his oatmeal! And he's such a queer child—queer! So pale, never laughs, doesn't like anyone. Why should you take up for him? He doesn't even like you. Hates me, I suppose."

"It's because we are so different from the women he has known," said Mary.

"I should hope so! Well, sister, what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know what to do," sighed Miss Nellie. "He hasn't any other relatives as far as I know. And the summer coming on, what shall we do?"

"Nothing for it but to send him to an orphanage if she doesn't write soon," said Miss Eva.

"Oh, auntie, you wouldn't!"

"Why not? How can we afford to give children free board and education?"

"It's only one child."

"It would soon be a dozen, if we once started it."

"I'll wait another month," said Miss Nellie, "and then, really, something will have to be done."

The girl looked out of the window.

"There he is now," she said, "sitting on the stone wall at the end of the garden. It's his favorite spot."

"What on earth he wants to sit there for—away from all the other children! He never plays. Look at him! Just sitting there—not moving. How stupid!" exclaimed Miss Eva impatiently.

"I do declare, I believe he's fallen asleep," said Miss Nellie.

Freddy was not asleep. He had only to close his eyes and it would all come back to him. Memories that he could not put into words, sensations without definite thought, crowded in upon him. The smell—the thick smell of grease paint, choking powder, dust, gas, old walls, bodies and breath, and sharp perfume; the sickening, delicious, stale, enchanting, never-to-be-forgotten odor of the theater; the nerves' sudden tension at the cry of "Ov-a-chure"; their tingling as the jaded music blares; the lift of the heart as the curtain rises; the catch in the throat as Florette runs on to do her turn.

Florette was a performer on the trapeze in vaudeville. Her figure was perfect from the strenuous daily exercise. She was small, young and a shade too blond. First she appeared in a sort of blue evening dress, except that it was shorter even than a débutante's. She ran out quickly from the wings, bowed excessively, smiled appealingly, and skipping over to the trapeze seized the two iron rings that hung from ropes. Lifting her own weight by the strength in her slender wrists, she flung her legs upward and hooked her knees into the rings. Then hanging head downward she swung back and forth; flung herself upright again, sat and swung; climbed to the topmost bar of the trapeze and hung down again. Her partner ran on and repeated her monkeylike maneuvers. Then Florette held his hands while he swung upside down; he held Florette while she swung upside down. They turned head over heels, over and over each other, up and down, catching and slipping, and adjusting their balance, in time to gay tunes.

Sometimes the audience clapped. Sometimes they were too familiar with their kind of flirtation with death to clap. Then Florette and her partner would invent something a little more daring. They would learn to balance themselves on chairs tilted on two legs on the trapeze, or Florette would hang by only one hand, or she would support her partner by a strap held in her teeth. Sometimes Florette's risks were great enough to thrill the audience with the thought of death.

The thought of a slip, broken bones, delighted the safe people in comfortable chairs. They laughed, Florette laughed, too, for Freddy was waiting in the wings.

There were mothers in the audience who cooked and mended, swept and dusted, ran up and down innumerable stairs, washed greasy dishes, wore ugly house dresses, slaved and scolded and got chapped hands, all for their children. Florette, always dainty and pretty, had nothing to do but airily, gracefully swing, and smile. Other mothers spent their lives for their little boys. Florette only risked hers twice a day.

While the partner played an accordion Florette ran out for her quick change. Freddy was waiting, with her dress hung over a chair. He flew to meet her. His eager, nimble fingers unfastened the blue frock. He slipped the next costume over her head without mussing a single beloved blond hair. The second costume was a tight-fitting silver bodice with a fluff of green skirt underneath. Freddy had it fastened up in a twinkling. Florette ran out again and pulled herself up into the trapeze.

While Florette went through the second part of her act Freddy folded up the blue costume and trudged upstairs with it. Florette's dressing room was usually up four flights. Freddy put the blue dress on a coat hanger and wrapped a muslin cover about it. Then he trudged down the four flights again, with the third costume over his arm. It was a Chinese jacket and a pair of tight short blue-satin trousers, and Freddy was very proud of this confection. He stood as a screen for Florette while she put on the trousers, and there are not many little boys who have a mamma who could look so pretty in them.

Florette skipped out lightly and finished her act by swinging far out over the audience, back and forth, faster and faster, farther and farther out, until it seemed as if she were going to fling herself into the lap of some middle-aged gentleman in the third row. His wife invariably murmured something about a hussy as Florette's pretty bare legs flashed overhead. The music played louder, ended with a boom from the drum. Florette flung herself upright, kissed her hands, the curtain fell, and the barelegged hussy ran up to the dressing room where her little son waited.

Freddy had already hung up and shrouded the silver-and-green costume, and was waiting for the Chinese one. He pounced upon it, muttered about some wrinkles, put it into place and went to the dressing table to hand Florette the cold cream. He found her make-up towel, all caked with red and blue, which she had flung down on the floor. He patted her highly glittering hair and adjusted a pin. He marshaled the jars and little pans and sticks of grease paint on her shelf into an orderly row and blew off the deep layers of powder she had scattered. Then he took down her street dress from its hook and slipped it deftly over her shoulders and had it buttoned up before Florette could yawn. He handed her her saucy bright hat. He flung himself into his own coat.

"Well, le's go, Florette!" cried Freddy gayly, with dancing eyes. He had never called her mamma. She was too little and cute.

Then they would go to the hotel, never the best, where they were stopping. The room with its greenish light, its soiled lace curtains, the water pitcher always cracked, the bed always lumpy, the sheets always damp, was home to Freddy. Florette made it warm and cozy even when there was no heat in the radiator. She had all sorts of clever home-making tricks. She toasted marshmallows over the gas jet; she spread a shawl on the trunk; or she surprised Freddy by pinning pictures out of the funny page on the wall. She could make the nicest tea on a little alcohol stove she carried in her trunk. There was always a little feast after the theater on the table that invariably wabbled. Freddy would pretend that the foot of the iron bed was a trapeze. How they laughed! On freezing nights in Maine or Minnesota, Florette would let Freddy warm his feet against hers, or she would get up and spread her coat that looked just like fur over the bed.

When they struck a new town at the beginning of each week Freddy and Florette would go bumming and see all the sights, whether it was Niagara Falls or just the new Methodist Church in Cedar Rapids. Freddy would have been sorry for little boys who had to stay in one home all the time—that is, if he had known anything at all about them. But the life of the strolling player was all that he had ever known, and he found it delightful, except for the dreaded intervals of "bookin' the ac'."

The dream of every vaudevillian is to be booked for fifty-two unbroken weeks in the year, but few attain such

popularity. Florette's seasons were sometimes long, sometimes short; but there always came the tedious worrying intervals when managers and agents must be besought for work. Perhaps she would find that people were tired of her old tricks, and she would have to rehearse new ones, or interpolate new songs and gags. Then the new act would be tried out at some obscure vaudeville house, and if it didn't go the rehearsals and trampings to agents must begin all over again. Freddy shared the anxieties and hardships of these times. But the only hardship he really minded was the loss of Florette, for of course the pretty Miss Le Fay, who was only nineteen on the agents' books, could not appear on Broadway with a great big boy like Freddy.

However, the bad times always ended, and Florette and Freddy would set out gayly once more for Oshkosh or Atlanta, Dallas or Des Moines. Meals expanded, Florette bought a rhinestone-covered comb, and the two adventurers indulged in an orgy of chocolate drops. With the optimism of the actor, they forgot all about the dismal past weeks, and saw the new tour as never ending.

Freddy felt himself once more a real and important human being with a place in the sun, not just a child to be shushed by a dingy landlady while his mother was out looking for a job. He knew that he was as necessary a part of Florette's act as her make-up box. He believed himself to be as necessary a part of her life as the heart in her breast, for Florette lavished all her beauty, all her sweetness on him. No Johns for Florette, pretty and blond though she was. To the contempt of her contemporaries, Florette refused every chance for a free meal. Freddy was her sweetheart, her man. She had showered so many pretty love words on him, she had assured him so often that he was all in the world she wanted that Freddy was stunned one day to hear that he was to have a papa.

"I don' wan' one," said Freddy flatly. "I ain't never had one, an' I ain't got no use for one."

Florette looked cross—an unusual thing.

"Aw, now, Freddy, don' be a grouch," she said.

"I don' wan' one," repeated Freddy.

"You ought to be glad to get a papa!" cried Florette.

"Why?"

"Makes you respectable."

"What's that?"

"Who'd believe I was a widow—in this profession?"

Freddy still looked blank.

"Well," said Florette, "you're goin' to get a nice papa, so there now!"

Then the cruel truth dawned on Freddy. It was Florette who wanted a papa. He had not been enough for her. In some way Florette had found him lacking.

Tactfully, Freddy dropped the subject of papas, wooed Florette and tried to atone for his shortcomings. He redoubled his compliments, trotted out all the love words he knew, coaxed Florette with everything she liked best in him. He even offered to have his nails filed. At night, in bed, he kissed Florette's bare back between the shoulder blades, and snuggled close to her, hugging her desperately with his little thin arms.

"Flo," he quavered, "you—you ain't lonesome no more, are you?"

"Me? Lonesome? Whatcher talkin' about, kid?" sleepily murmured Florette.

"You ain't never lonesome when you got me around, are you, Flo?"

"Sure I ain't. Go to sleep, honey."

"But Florette ——"

Florette was dozing.

"Oh, Florette! Florette!"

"Florette, if you ain't lonesome ——"

"Sh-h-h, now, sh-h-h! Le's go to sleep."

"But, Florette, you don' wan'—you don' wan'—a pop ——"

"Sh-h-h! Sh-h-h! I'm so tired, honey."

Florette slept. Freddy lay awake, but he lay still so as not to disturb her. His arms ached, but he dared not let her go. Finally he slept, and dreamed of a world in which there was no Florette. He shuddered and kicked his mother. She gave him a little impatient shove. He woke. Day was dawning. It was Florette's wedding day. Freddy did not know it until Florette put on her best coral-velvet hat with the jet things dangling over her ears.

"You ain' gonna wear that hat," said Freddy severely. "It's rainin'."

"Yeah, I'm gonna wear this hat," said Florette, pulling her blond earbobs into greater prominence. "An' you put on your best suit an' new necktie. We're goin' to a weddin'."

Her tone was gay, arch, her eyes were happy.

"Who—whose?" Freddy faltered.

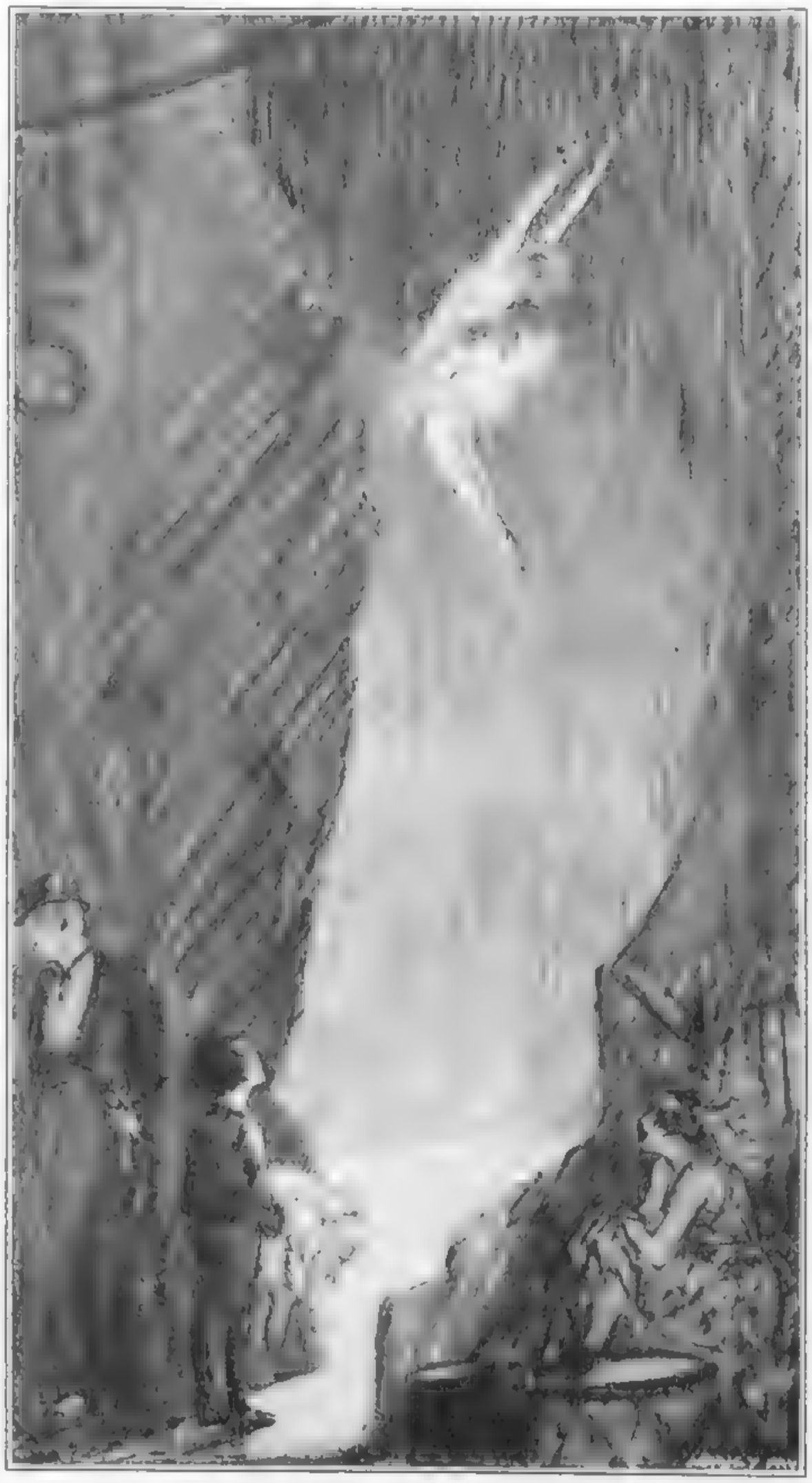
"Mine!" chirped Florette. "I'm goin' to get you that papa I promised you."

Freddy turned away.

"Sulkin'!" chided Florette. "Naughty, jealous boy!"

The new papa did not appear so formidable as Freddy had expected. In fact, he turned out to be only Howard, Florette's acrobatic partner. Freddy philosophically reflected that if one must have a new papa, far better so to call Howard, who necessarily encroached on Florette's time, than a stranger who might take up some of her leisure hours.

But Freddy received a distinct shock when the new papa joined them after the evening performance and accompanied them up to their room.



Florette Had Nothing to Do But Swing, and Smile. Other Mothers Spent Their Lives for Their Little Boys. Florette Only Risked Hers Twice a Day

Freddy had always regarded Florette's room as his too. He felt that the new papa was an intruder in their home. Alas! It soon became all too apparent that it was Freddy who was *de trop*, or, as he would have expressed it, a Mister Buttinski.

They were having a little supper of pickles and cheese and liver sausage and jam. Florette and the papa drank out of a bottle by turns and laughed a great deal. Florette seemed to think the papa very clever and funny. She laughed at everything he said. She looked at him with shining eyes. She squeezed his hand under the table. Freddy tried in vain to attract her attention. Finally he gave up and sat staring at the oblivious couple with a stupid expression.

"That kid's half asleep," said the new papa.

Florette looked at Freddy and was annoyed by his vacant eyes.

"Go to bed right away," she commanded.

Freddy looked at her in amazement.

"Ain't you goin', too, Florette?" he asked.

"No, you go on—go to sleep."

"Git into that nice li'l' cot an' go by-by," said the new papa genially.

Freddy had not seen the cot before. It had been moved in during his absence at the theater, and stood white, narrow and lonely, partly concealed by a screen.

"I—I always slep' with Florette," faltered Freddy.

This seemed to amuse the new papa. But Florette flushed and looked annoyed.

"Now, Freddy, are you goin' to be a grouch?" she wailed.

Freddy was kissed good night, and went to sleep in the cot. He found it cold and unfriendly. But habit, the much maligned, is kind as well as cruel; if it can accustom us to evil, so can it soften pain. Freddy was beginning to assume proprietary airs toward the cot, which appeared in every town, and even to express views as to the relative values of cots in Springfield, Akron or Joliet—when one night he woke to hear Florette sobbing.

Freddy lay awake listening. He had sobbed, too, when he was first banished to the cot. Was Florette missing him as he had missed her? Ah, if she at last had seen that papas were not half so nice as Freddys, he would not be hard on her. His heart swelled with forgiveness and love. He stole on tiptoe to Florette's bedside.

"Flo," he whispered.

The sobbing ceased. Florette held her breath and pretended to be asleep. Freddy wriggled his little thin body under the covers and threw his arms around Florette. With a gulp, she turned and threw her arms around him. They clasped each other tight and clung without speaking. They lay on the edge of the bed, holding their breath in order not to wake the papa who snored loudly. Freddy's cheeks and hair were wet, a cold tear trickled down his neck, his body ached from the hard edge of the bed; but he was happy, as only a child or a lover can be, and Freddy was both.

In the morning the papa was cross. He did not seem to care for his own breakfast, but concentrated his attention on Freddy's. Freddy had always been accustomed to a nice breakfast of tea and toast and jam, but Howard insisted on ordering oatmeal for him.

"Naw, Freddy can't stand oatmeal," Florette objected.

"It's good for him," said Howard, staring severely at his son across the white-topped restaurant table.

"I don' see no use forcin' a person to eat what they can't stomach," said Florette.

"Yeah, tha's the way you've always spoiled that kid. Look a' them pale cheeks! Li'l' ole pale face!" Howard taunted, stretching a teasing hand toward Freddy. "Mamma's boy! Reg'lar sissy, he is!"

He gave Freddy a poke in the ribs. Freddy shrank back, made himself as small as possible in his chair, looked mutely at Florette.

"Aw, cut it out, Howard," she begged. "Quit raggin' the kid, can't you?"

(Continued on Page 73)

THE ROUND TURN

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

THE ball shot from the full swing of Selby's racket, starting like a bullet and losing speed as it traveled—which is the way of lawn-tennis balls. Young Kerrigan, playing back court and caught out of position, raced toward the side line with all the speed of legs which once did ten-two in the hundred yards. The shot struck, bounding high with its top spin; Kerrigan missed it entirely.

As he went on with the impetus of his sprint he was forced neatly to hurdle the legs of Alice Beeman, lolling on the grassy bank by the side lines. The ball had bounded almost at her feet. However, this moment of confusion did not come before she had noted expertly two things—that Selby's shot had dropped at least two inches out of court, and that Kerrigan, racing toward it with his eyes on the ball, must have seen it as well as she. The match had shown that there was nothing wrong with Kerrigan's eyesight.

Yet in the light of what she had already observed, Alice was not surprised to hear Kerrigan call from behind her, "Perfectly good! Set!"

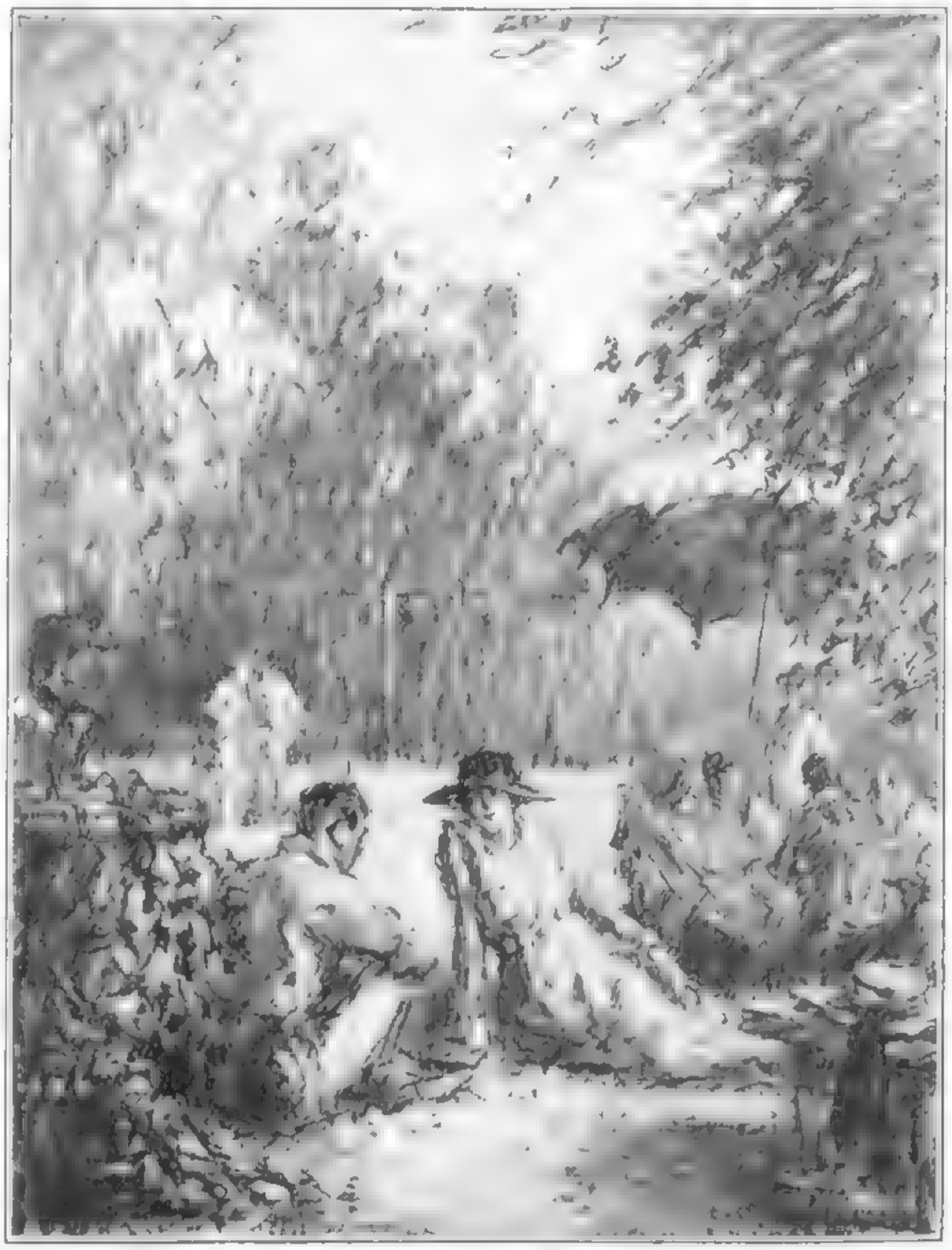
Joe Selby smiled his engaging, boyish smile as he tossed up his racket and strolled over to the side lines. That smile and the confident pose of his shoulders, Alice reflected, seemed the only relics of the boy she had known twenty years ago—was it so long?—that summer at the Springs, when he was a junior in college and she less than a subdébutante. It was the same face, of course, but heavier, as one would expect after twenty years. And it showed the pink of condition. Or did it? Under the smooth, blond texture of the skin lay a kind of disagreeable redness which was not the tinge of health, but carried somehow a hectic suggestion of red city lights. That quite fitted into the picture of the life she knew he had led—intervals of such pleasures as certainly do not make toward condition, alternated with strenuous exercise and much time in the open air. But that did not wholly sum up the change. The quality that she was seeking to express to herself was somehow remotely familiar. She had seen it before in a man's face, and under some unusual circumstances.

Selby had joined the group under the striped umbrella; Kate, his wife, was already pouring out his glass of cold tea. Thorpe, she noted, had risen and was offering his hand. But young Kerrigan's actions, seen so in pantomime, interested her rather more. He had reached out his hand toward the silver cigarette box on the tea table; had lifted the lid; apparently, from the expression of his figure, had found it empty. She saw him make a quick, nervous gesture to the maid, who as nervously sped away for another supply. Kerrigan drew his case from the pocket of his tennis shirt, opened it, but he did not take out a cigarette. Instead, he held it open and ready, and when Selby, in the midst of conversation, reached absently toward the silver box, Kerrigan slipped the open case under his hand.

From their focus on this bit of pantomime, Alice's eyes wandered to a general view of the group and its surroundings. Every eye was still on Joe Selby; every tongue seemed, from the fragments of speech which reached her, to be yielding him pleasant acclaim.

This, she reflected, might be Tilden, coming from the center court at Wimbledon with the world's championship on his racket, instead of the victor in a scrub match at a week-end party.

Traveling on to the background her eye ranged the smooth, gardened stretch of lawn, rising to an artificial forest; the glimpse of soft, gray stucco and green Italian Renaissance windows where the mansion, misnamed a country house, crowned its eminence; the sapphire-blue lake beyond. In the foreground one attendant was picking up the balls, and another had begun to roll the court against the next match. Farther on, a great English car was sliding along the lake road as smoothly as an aeroplane skims the air; it had just passed a polo pony, dancing on his bandaged legs with the joy of life, carrying a groom who sat him like the torso of a centaur.



"Little Alice in Wonderland—After All These Years!" He Said. "But Where are the Mad Hatter and the Jabberwock?"

If she did not join the group soon they would be calling for her, Alice reflected; and she felt an odd embarrassment at the prospect of facing this reincarnation. Presently, as she expected, she heard her name called—in the voice of Mrs. Carruthers, her hostess for the week, whose party had gravitated quite naturally to the larger and more brilliant setting of the Selby place. It was not so much her embarrassment which made her pretend not to hear, kept her posture fixed, as a sudden spurt of memory. Recollection had dropped into the proper groove.

She saw in a flash the Opéra at Paris during that one European trip of hers before the Beeman fortunes went into their final decline. It was a gala night—the official welcome to an upstart Balkan king. As the picture came back to her the foreground seemed very confused—a mosaic of lights, gilt pillars, the brilliant gowns of a colorful season in Paris, a stage somewhere pouring music. In the background of her view sat the one figure upon which she kept her glasses—the first king she had ever seen. She had watched him with mixed emotions, her native republican sentiments at war with her young-girl flurry of romance. And his face remained the definite thing in all that brilliant old memory.

That was it—different though they were in complexion, in feature, in figure, the new Joe Selby had the same expression, the same outward manifestation of the governing inner motive. It was not exactly insolence; that was too common and simple a word. Rather was it a sense of power without actual inner force to back it up, of unearned authority. The king had that same pose of the shoulders, that same slow turn of the eye, ending in a set gaze that was more than fixed; it seemed to defy the opposing eye to face it. The young Joe Selby with whom she had just parted wore no such expression, else she would have marked it then—for at the period of her European trip Joe Selby still troubled her imagination a great deal. No, this had grown into his face in these twenty years; life had trampled that path. She might have expected it.

All this passed in a flash of thought, before Mrs. Carruthers called again, with just a suggestion of impatience in her tone. She could not pretend not to hear this second summons. She had shifted from her half reclining pose, was already sitting up, resting on one hand, when Joe Selby turned and walked toward her.

Though his powerful figure had grown more powerful, even to a suggestion of bulkiness, he had that same free, joyous stride from the hip—a trait that had pleasantly troubled her imagination in those days when she was flowerlike fifteen and he godlike twenty-one. His polo shirt was open at the neck, revealing the pediment of a throat which was like a pillar of the temple. In those days at the Springs he wore, as all men then did on the courts, a little black tie. One day, being heated, he had taken it off, hung it on the back net, forgotten it. She had shyly possessed herself of it; she used to keep it in the old glove box which was the casket of her private and personal treasures. When had she stopped taking it out at intervals and just looking at it? Oh, yes—not long after that gala performance at the Paris Opéra, after her hand was first kissed by a Frenchman.

She had not risen, somehow, but still sat braced on one arm, looking up with her serious hazel eyes. Simultaneously he held out his hand and dropped down beside her. He had the same smile, at any rate; it broke out suddenly, crinkling up his eyes.

"Little Alice in Wonderland—after all these years!" he said. "But where are the Mad Hatter and the Jabberwock? I'll bet you don't remember."

"The Mad Hatter," said Alice simply, "was that roan of yours that shied whenever he passed a straw hat, and the Jabberwock was that bobtailed dog that picked me up ——"

"Fine!" interrupted Joe Selby, as though these reminiscences already bored him; as though she must of course remember, and asking were only a piece of condescending courtesy. "Where have you kept yourself all these years? I don't believe I've seen you since those rides at the Springs."

"I haven't kept myself where you'd be likely to meet me often," replied Alice evasively; then hesitated a moment before she added more directly, "You see, I'm a working girl now."

"Oh, yes; I remember hearing that your father bumped against it in Wall Street before his death," said Joe.

The bluntness of this was another of those little shocks that seemed to point the difference between the man Joe Selby had grown to be and the man he had promised to be. In that season at the Springs when he—son of wealth, football hero, the popular man of the somewhat wealthy college crowd—had taken the whim to play with a little schoolgirl, she had marked as one of his points the delicacy that went with his strength. She was very young then; but is woman ever too young to analyze man?

"What do you work at?" Joe was asking.

"A job that wouldn't interest you," replied Alice. Then she glanced quickly over his head. "I think they're waiting for you," she said.

Selby looked over his shoulder to the court and the group under the striped umbrella. One attendant had finished rolling into place a disturbed patch of turf and

was dragging away the roller. The other had gathered the balls into a box and stood respectfully attentive by the back net. Thorpe and Kerrigan, rackets in hand, had the air of men who wait for something. Evidently they were eager to play; but no one moved toward the court.

Selby looked, gave that little imperious jerk of his head, and said, "I'm finished for the day."

As though this were the starter's gun the two men raced across the whitewashed lines. Alice, making rather absent-minded conversation about the fate and later doing of people whom they had known at the Springs, watched Kerrigan. He had begun with a perfect twist serve, had followed with an instant, commanding rush to the net. Yes, he could play the game—and was playing it now.

"Alice, don't you want some tea?" came the voice of Mrs. Carruthers.

Selby gave another of his impatient jerks of the head and a light frown grew between his eyes.

"No; we're talking," he said.

Alice flushed ever so slightly; it became her, gave her perhaps the feminine touch that she needed. In her young girlhood she had had that swaying slenderness, that delicacy of contour and slim roundness of line so much admired nowadays. They had been lost to admiration in a period when hips and busts were the measures of feminine charm. The fashion had grown up to her, but she had grown a little away from the fashion. She had reached the age when women have their good and bad days. On her bad days you would have called her drawn. But her pose as she sat beside Selby on the turf, her motion as she changed her attitude showed the grace granted only to the slender, and gave a sense of precise muscular control.

Her face, which at fifteen had been piquantly classic like that of an ingénue in a Greek drama, was now, perhaps, merely strong with the defensive strength of woman. She wore her ample chestnut hair unfashionably straight back from her forehead, knotted at the neck. However, she could carry off this trying arrangement; it matched the clean-cut severity of her features. Even now, in an orange tennis smock and a white skirt, she suggested the trim business woman. This when she was static; but the motion of her small, well-balanced head, the lightening of her face when she spoke were feminine even to softness.

Joe Selby could hardly have noticed all this; he seemed less interested than she in the effect of years on the object of old romance. He had given her scarcely more than one appraising glance before he sat down. Now he dropped his reminiscences of people whom they had known. Almost would she have said that he was trying to impress her. With what? Not exactly with his wealth, but at least with the use he was making of it. His talk jumped lightly from the island in the middle of the lake, which he was going to have landscape-gardened like one he had seen at Como, to the polo match over at the club next week and the ponies he was lending from his stables for the occasion, to the defects in his newest English car, to the camp site in the Canadian woods upon which he had his eye. Suddenly—and perhaps because she had replied only perfunctorily—he seemed to lose interest in the conversation and gave one of his quick, imperious jerks of the head to the group under the striped umbrella.

"Who's going in swimming?" he asked.

Alice was watching the court at this moment. Kerrigan had just called the score "Three all" and started to serve. She noted that he hesitated for a second, that a look of understanding seemed to pass between him and Thorpe, crouching in the other court. Then he shot through his service. The group under the striped umbrella had already risen; and as if summoned by magic, a big, silent car came rolling up the drive, stopped to await their pleasure. Before Mrs. Selby could assign her a place Alice had slipped into the seat beside the chauffeur. She turned backward, watched the brilliant green of the court until the velvet black shadow of the woods blotted it from sight. At the last glimpse she saw that Thorpe, his racket under his arm, was strolling toward the side lines. And as they slid along the stretch of meadow beyond—Selby in the back seat making conversation on the newly gardened island—she turned again. A low, gray automobile, which she recognized as the Selbys' second-string car, was coming at a rapid pace behind them. It carried two men in white flannels. The maid at the bathhouses by the head of the lake had magically appeared with their bathing suits. She had just begun to assign them their rooms when the gray car arrived, disgorging Thorpe and Kerrigan.

"Who won?" asked Selby carelessly over his shoulder as he started toward his room.

"Oh, Kerrigan of course—six three," replied Thorpe.

Alice turned away toward her room to hide a smile born of a rapid mental calculation. The victor in a set of tennis has to win six games. The score was three all when she left. Even if Kerrigan had won every point on service, they could not have finished by that time.

Alice, dressing with her own speed and precision, could hear the murmurs of feminine conversation from the farther end of the bathhouse. It was Mrs. Carruthers talking across the partition to Mrs. Selby.

"A little pathetic—don't you think?" asked Mrs. Carruthers. "I suppose she can't hear us?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Selby. "Yes, very pathetic." But her tone, in contrast with her word, conveyed only polite acquiescence. "Where did you find her?"

"Simplest thing in the world," said Mrs. Carruthers. "That tiresome business about Aunt Mary's estate; Aunt Mary's lawyers, whoever they may be, sent her up to Jimmy and me with some papers we were to sign. It seemed to me I'd known her before, and when she gave me her name I remembered. The last time I saw her she was playing tournament tennis at Newport; she went at the ball like a tigress."

"I didn't know that," said Mrs. Selby. "Or my lord and master, whose present whim is tennis, might have called for mixed doubles."

Mrs. Selby's beauty was all of the earth; whatever spirit infused, it had its origin in the smooth operation of a perfect human machine—perfectly coordinated, perfectly running. That instant, unquestioned obedience to his will and fancies which Joe Selby required of everyone touching his life Mrs. Selby always treated as a mild joke. Indeed, what did it matter to her? A being so good-humored could turn to the right and find amiable pleasure as well as to the left.

"The crash came a little after that," said Mrs. Carruthers, still pursuing her own line of memories. "Beeman, my father said, had no reason to go into business. He was horribly involved. He died soon afterward."

"Didn't they say something about suicide?" asked Mrs. Selby.

"I happen to know there's nothing in that." The haste with which Mrs. Carruthers put this in perhaps indicated more loyalty than sincerity. "Then Mrs. Beeman died. The summer I was seven I'd seen a great deal of her. I had one of those little-girl crushes; she was a lovely being! I was at her funeral. I suppose then I should have inquired what was going to become of the daughter. But I got an impression—I can't tell how after all this time—that she'd be cared for. After we met her in Jimmy's office I wrote and found when she had her vacation. It happened to fit in with a dull week for me. So here she is."

"How do you like her?" asked Mrs. Selby, absently regarding her own satisfying beauty in the glass while her maid fastened her bathing suit.

"How do you?" asked Mrs. Carruthers.

"She seems rather quiet," said Mrs. Selby.

"I'd say," replied Mrs. Carruthers, "that she's just a little overawed—if that's the way to express it."

"Overawed—by what? Certainly she has background enough!"

"By the contrast," said Mrs. Carruthers. "Of course overawed isn't the word. But it's something like that. She was born to this sort of thing, you know. And now—I suppose it's a boarding house or one of those bachelor-girl flats."

"I drove past the old Beeman house last spring,"

(Continued on Page 81)

"I'm Talking Strangely for a Casual Week-End Guest," Said Alice. "However, I'm Leaving This Afternoon, and Your World Doesn't Touch Mine Any More"

THE MAKING OF A PATRIOT

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

David Lay in the Grass Upon the Little Plateau. There Was No Sound Except the Soft Cropping of His Horse Near By

SOMEWHERE, then, there was a valley; remote but intimate; hidden, yet broad enough for southern winds and the sun; with snow peaks—the last not essential, but there had to be high encircling mountains—reaching up to a sky of blue. And in the valley, at a point where a bickering little stream ran into a larger one, there was a clump of firs and pines; a promontory of the forest, as it were, where one could build a house of mellow logs. By day, and especially dawn, the sunlight fell in pools of misty yellow upon the warm dry moss under the pines and around the house; and by night, riding or walking beneath the immaculate loneliness of stars, you came suddenly to the darkness of trees, and beyond, to a reticent path, and at the end of this, with equal suddenness, to the glow of windows.

You discovered the house, that is. It was neither public nor wanton nor casual. It required effort on your part. And that is as it should be, for houses are reserved places, where love goes on, and discriminating friendship, and aspirations not particularly to be cried aloud.

Why David should have had this idea at the back of his head he did not know, but it had been there ever since he could remember—the valley and the mountains and the trees and the house; the dim enticement of luminous shadows in a fir-haunted country. An uncle, perhaps, was partly responsible. There had been an uncle who had come back vacationally at long intervals from the mysterious sunset land where he lived; a young, short-bearded, sunburned uncle, quizzical and gentle voiced. In the shadows of an August orchard David had been shown the magic of a coiling rope. He had a recollection, also, of swaying cowboy songs and brief heartbroken serenades of Spanish extraction. The rope had finally caught in his mind and never let go. About its flight there was something so cool and dexterous and inevitable.

As a matter of fact, he had no business to think about such things at all. Life had been planned for him along entirely different and respectable lines. A great-grandfather who had laid the foundations of an admirable increasing fortune had done all the adventuring necessary for at least six generations to come. From his will it was obvious that he desired nothing from his descendants but the difficult task of being quiet gentlemen. Financially they had merely to prevent their money from being taken away from them, and in this David's father had been successful, despite David's mother, a woman of imagination. Mrs. Alyward directed dollars towards ornamental ends with the cool hotheadedness with which funds are spent by a staff general seeking decorations. David had been one of her especial luxuries. She felt that she was peculiarly justified in this, since he was her youngest child and hence her last propitiation to the extravagance of fecundity. Subsequently she had become thrifty maternally.

Until he was twenty-four—two years after he was out of college—David had allowed himself to be experimented with, but on his twenty-fourth birthday, brushing his hair before his mirror on his way to breakfast, the prospect of running for the best part of his life his father's large country place in the Green Spring Valley and of going dutifully to the parties his mother indicated filled his mind with a recrudescence of horror. The vision of the valley and the mountains and the trees troubled once more his imagination. He sought his father out.

"I am going West," he said.

Mr. Alyward stroked short gray side whiskers and began to argue with an aqueous calmness; he believed in discussing differences of opinion reasonably with his family—until they made him angry. He was easily made angry. Before long he swore. David was shyly adamant. He had not inherited his mother's gray eyes and viking hair for nothing. In the end Mr. Alyward, as is usually the case with large, melancholy, bilious men with gray side whiskers, succumbed.

"You see," explained David, "I'm the younger son, so some day Elm Crossing"—that was the name of the Green Spring Valley place—"will go to someone else. And I want a place of my own. Atavism, I suppose; landholding ancestors. But I don't want one of these little new places; I want a big lonely place. I want to start a family of my own. Younger sons feel that way, you know."

"Do they?" ejaculated Mr. Alyward, with increasing admiration. "Gracious; you are foresighted, aren't you? Like your mother, only easier to deal with. Got the girl picked out, and everything?"

David blushed hotly. "Oh, no, sir!" he denied vehemently. "I was speaking generally. Oh, no, sir—that is—I was just thinking."

Mr. Alyward pulled his left side whisker thoughtfully. "Well," he said, "try it out, and if in three or four years you succeed I'll stake you."

"Thank you, sir," said David watchfully. "There's a man I roomed with at Princeton who has a cattle ranch in New Mexico, and I'm going out with him to learn the business." He backed towards the door. On the threshold he paused. "And there's no girl, sir," he repeated.

And to all intents and purposes there wasn't, although on the place next to the Alywards' there was something dark-haired and big-eyed, with a complexion like lady apples above white meadows, who had occupied several spring afternoons in David's life. Her name was Antoinette and she was eighteen. David, however, had long ago put any serious thoughts of her out of his mind. Obviously it was absurd to ask anyone named Antoinette to live on a ranch, particularly an Antoinette who was so young, and so occupied with clothes, and so uplifted with the thought of shortly being a débutante. Never having been West, David took it for granted that the wives of that section were large rough-handed females whose husbands tried to forget them as much as possible during working hours. Fate had destined Antoinette for some neat young man whose blameless life was troubled by no more passionate problem than the latest fashion in collars.

But the night before his departure he and Antoinette did sit out on the wide veranda of her home, where hanging vines and rose bushes made a lacework for the moon, and Antoinette, still too young to realize the propriety of silence when there's nothing important that can be said, had chattered with a large gay defiance. David was depressed. He told himself it was because he was going away.

When he said good-by Antoinette stood very close to him, and if it hadn't been for the shadows he would have thought she swayed towards him. But then, of course, shadows always make people look as if they were swaying towards you. Her hand lingered in his longer than was necessary.

"Embarrassed!" he thought, and hastily drew away his own. "Still a kid! Poor kid!"

"Well, good-by!" he said out loud.

"Good-by."

It was a pity girls didn't like adventuring the way men did! He walked home across the moonlit fields.

The next morning he kissed his father and mother.

"Well, good-by!"

"Good-by!"

And so, with a very light conscience David set out upon his journeys.

There is, however, one thing you must remember, and that is that New Mexico is not to any great extent a country of pine forests or snow mountains or breathless pellucid streams.

It has its own attractions and these are very great, but the forests and mountains and eager streams belong to the north. New Mexico is a matter of pigment and sunlight; of faded prodigal color; of dreaming perpetual sunshine; of a sense of oldness in the presence of which Europe seems a careless child.

You are overlaid with the memories of dead races or the reminders of mysterious living ones—crosses set up, black and thin-armed, on lonely heights; Indians riding into sunsets whose colors blend with the smoky red and ocher of blanket and headband. Many men love it; vigorous, alien men; they build their houses and install their porcelain bathtubs where forgotten women once caught the scanty rainfall in earthen crocks, but it never wins completely those who, like David, are uneasy for the slumberous gold of firs. Often when he was lying out under the New Mexican stars he wished, despite vast contentment with the present, that the days of his apprenticeship were over. But first there were many things to be learned; how to be a good cow hand for instance, and a good

rancher, and a judge of what is and is not beef. He stayed four years with the Princeton man who ran a cattle ranch. At the end of that time, during a vacation in Denver, he met a prospector from the north. He sat up with him most of a night. The next morning he went back to New Mexico, packed his belongings, said good-by to the Princeton man who ran a cattle ranch, and set out once more upon his hegira.

An ancient retainer, a graybeard whose duty in life was to cook when the Chinese cook was remote with opium, and to drink when the cook was temporarily mentally present, scoffed in his beard:

"Wyoming? I been there. Can't see nothin'. Cold!"

In his room David found awaiting him a letter from Antoinette. She wrote him every two months or so. Baltimore was very gay. She was very busy. She had seen his father and mother. When was he coming back? It was his duty to do so sometime. His friends would forget him.

David tore up the letter between reflective fingers. The perfume of it seemed an incongruous pathetic intrusion upon this bare adobe room, furnished only with a faded Navajo rug and a rough table and a couple of chairs, and a silver-mounted saddle lying over in one corner. The naked sunshine coming through a small window fell starkly upon his thoughtful gray eyes and the spare beauty of his brown face. He sighed; he had sacrificed all chance of marrying a girl of his own kind—he knew that—and yet he was by no means prepared to marry one of any other upbringing. Well, it was too bad; he'd have to remain a bachelor!

His new way took him through Colorado and the southern half of Wyoming and a corner of Utah and a narrow strip of Idaho and, the last few hours, across a dreary country where farmers were replacing the decency of emptiness with the disorder of recent ignorant settlement. David was discouraged; he wished himself back in New Mexico. He had almost ceased to believe that behind the high mountains to the east lay at all the sort of land the man in Denver had described to him. The man in Denver probably was a liar; many men were. In fact, David believed little of anything until, the next day at noon, coming to the top of a divide, astride the little mouse-colored pony he had bought the night before, he looked down into a valley.

It was in the nature of an apology to faith that he got off his pony and removed his sombrero and let his eyes drown deep in beauty.

The road he was on, individual and filled with personality as all forest roads are, left the summit with a gay swoop, to reappear far below, through the darkness of trees, beckoning and alluring, like some running spirit of the woods. And all about him was sunshine filtering through pine branches and the illumined arabesques of firs, and an ingenuous small wind that brought to him the mossy trickle of hidden springs.

Two thousand feet or so farther on the road left the precipitous cañon it had been following and twisted across a broad shining country, through the heart of which from north to south flowed a silvery filament of river, its banks outlined with the liquid green of cottonwoods. At intervals, but not so great that one was not able to recognize immediately a land of kindly frequent water, other light-green filaments, articulated as the tendrils of a giant ivy, marked tributary streams. Here and there emerald rectangles showed scattered ranches, but on the whole the soft gray of the sagebrush, lying like a moonstone between the aquamarine of the hills, was unbroken save for hollows and round eminences where the aspens lay like a thick delicate grass. On the farther side of the valley, clothed almost to their summits with heavy timber, swelling mountains took up the rhythm of the mountain upon which David stood. It was as if color and music and aspiration hesitated in the compass of a single moment. David's heart sang like a bird as he led his horse down the shadowy road.

Ten miles farther on, in a deserted charming little town with a dusty square surrounded by log houses, he found a large placid shirt-sleeved man twisting the butt of a cigar between his lips. This was the United States commissioner.

"Going to settle here?" he asked David.

"I hope to. But I'm going to find first exactly the place I want."

"They all say that; they never do. Well, the valley's yours. Everyone wants to sell; had a bad winter last year."

"I'd like," said David, "a place where a stream runs into a river."

"There are a hundred places," the commissioner assured him, "where a stream runs into a river."

And there were; David explored each one. He also interviewed scores of ranchers. They exhibited a lack of interest they did not feel. Of course if David wished to pay the price—a wonderful bargain! David didn't. They seemed to regard this as evidence of a streak of hidden meanness in his character. They were politely disillusioned. David was proving a disappointment to the valley.

In the end, quite accidentally, he rode over a butte one day and dropped down into the very place for which he had been searching; no one owned it; it was government land. He recognized finality at once—there was the little hurrying stream, the grove of pine trees, the sheltering aspen-covered slopes to the west. Above the aspen trees three miles away rose snow peaks, serrated and abidingly calm. David rolled a cigarette and lay on his back and watched a band of small blue butterflies busy between him and the sun. Afterwards he rode over each foot of his prospective domain. When he was through he went back to the United States commissioner and filed an application for something that sounded like Lots 1, 2, 3, and so forth, of the S. W. corner of Section Something-or-Other; Township So-and-So; and a great many other hieroglyphics. It seemed an odd way to describe a hurrying little stream and a grove of pine trees and meadows starred with butterflies and flowers.

Days later a weary clerk in a stuffy office filed the application and no doubt remarked to himself "Another damn fool homesteading!"

Out of the despair of his experience a grim humorist has said that homesteading is a gamble where the Government bets a man one hundred and sixty acres against starvation, and the Government usually wins. In David's case, however, the Government was handicapped by the fact that he had an income of his own and so was able to hire labor to help him overcome the Titanic difficulties of virginal farming. Yet even at its best, homesteading is no lighthearted task. Only the passion of the Anglo-Saxon for land could have made possible such a dour method of acquiring it. Nine processes at least are necessary before, with new fields, even the first faint shadow of greenness is visible. First there is sagebrush to be cleared off and burned; then there are stones to be picked up and carried off; then there is fencing, and sod breaking, and plowing, and disking, and leveling, and harrowing, and planting. And most of these things have to be done twice or thrice or four times. The brown savage despises the hand attempting to tame it; is constantly uneasy for freedom. Even when you are all through you have merely, so it would seem, smoothed the way for drought, flood, hail, dandelion and gopher. It takes a century or two for a wilderness to settle down to the fact that the absurd busy biped running about on its surface is determined to stay despite all resistance. And yet no other farmer has the possibilities of satisfaction that may be the lot of the homesteader. From beginning to end he builds his dream; what is done is his utterly. Into each panel of fence goes a realized intention. The creative instinct nowhere else perhaps experiences so complete a fruition.

David was twenty-eight when he began; he was thirty-four when he was through. He was no longer a boy; each recalcitrant furrow he had run, each delayed expectation, each antlike building up and sudden sickening destruction—as if a careless giant's foot had scattered laborious pismire intention—had left its mark upon him, but it had left as well the quiet assurance of the conqueror. He was telluric—close to the earth, that is; a man of brooding sunsets and vigorous dawns and long silent noons. Color and remoteness had grown into him. Weather made a preposterous difference to him; he knew it

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He Had Never Taken Anyone There Before; He Was as Jealous of This Sanctuary as a Man is of His Glimpses of Eternity

Paragraphs From the Provinces

By E. W. HOWE

ILLUSTRATION BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

I SUPPOSE a certain amount of conceit is necessary in every man, or he would make away with himself; but I am still unable to understand how a fairly intelligent man is able to look himself over candidly, and be conceited.

Occasionally a man is struck by lightning, but it is exceedingly rare; I have never personally known such a case. In accepting well-established rules you are not more apt to be wrong than you are to be struck by lightning.

When there is more general shiftlessness than usual, people say there is more bitterness and discontent than ever before.

The doctors use cancer to scare the people; the politicians use war; the preachers, hell.

There are few remarkable men in obscurity. A man who is reasonably capable, fair, polite and industrious nearly always comes to the top in some sort of fashion, but the very best women are often unknown outside their immediate circle. One of the finest and most useful women of my acquaintance is unknown a half dozen miles from home, but her husband, who doesn't equal her, has been in the legislature and is quite a prominent man.

Every big town has grown up at the expense of hundreds of smaller towns. If big business institutions are unfair, if the big companies must split up into small companies, then it is an offense for a city to have three or four hundred thousand population when plenty of towns have only as many hundred or thousand. Out in the provinces we are disposed to think that New York, Philadelphia and Chicago should be investigated.

American workmen are making better speeches than they formerly made, but I do not believe they are doing better work.

When a man travels over the country delivering free speeches, and you know he is a candidate, do you mean to tell me you are so dumb you do not know he is working in his own interest, and not in yours? And he is taking a gambler's risk; if he wins he will expect to win double.

No flight of fancy equals what has actually happened. The story of Aladdin is poor stuff compared with the true story of Father Time.

A dogma is a rumor you hear from another man who only half believes it.

We all conform to the rules of civilized society, in a way. We go to school when young, and work more or less, indicating that someone has tried to teach us manners, and that this teaching has had an effect. But we are unable to get rid of all our bad habits, and as these are serious or trifling we succeed or fail in life.

Old-fashioned women have done their part in creating a very wonderful world; I doubt that the new-fashioned women will do better.

A man once said to me: "I admire Abraham Lincoln because his career gave young men ideals, and made them ambitious." My only objection to Mr. Lincoln is that he caused thousands of young men to give up useful trades and callings, and become candidates for office. A man who has been so useful and intelligent as a worker that he is called to public life is commendable, but the young man who begins life with a determination to make politics a business makes a false start.

Many men who clamor for justice are really indignant because they have been punished for violating the accepted rules of justice, which frequently mean punishment. Men have been hanged because justice demanded it.

For thousands of years the wisest men of all nations have been experimenting with laws. The notion that a little man living in a little town can go to Washington, and secure the adoption of useful legislation never thought of before, is absurd.

Napoleon did some things of great use to the people; but he did nothing for them until he had enough for himself.

The man who thinks more accurately than you do has an advantage. It is a mistake to suppose that we may have all sorts of loose opinions without harm; those ruled by prejudice are always in danger. And to think intelligently you must be reasonably familiar with facts, and give them proper consideration. Your thinking should be as accurate as your knowledge of arithmetic or geography. A crazy man never raves about the importance of modesty, quietness, efficiency, fairness and common sense. Naturally everyone has too much inspiration; what he needs is to keep his feet firmly on the ground.

You probably eat a third more than is good for you. Give the surplus to the poor, and you have made a start in philanthropy, to say nothing of common sense.

The principal literary event in my life this month was the receipt of a letter from a man who could write his name plainly enough to be easily read. Not only that, but the writing was properly punctuated, capitalized, and the words properly spelled. All this man did to attract my attention was to write an intelligible letter that anyone should be able to write. Nine-tenths of letters are a disgrace, they are written in such a slovenly manner.

It is charged against fools that they never have an idea of their own; that they quote others. I do not believe it; fools invent their thoughts. You never heard one of them quoting a sensible thing; the wisest man that ever lived could not greatly impress a fool.

Eggs are high-priced and scarce in winter, yet people fuss about it as though such a thing never happened before. There is only one solution of the egg situation in winter; it appears every April, without help from Congress, state legislatures or the newspapers.

Your work is your backer, your source of credit, your hope of prosperity and distinction. Be as careful of your work as you are of your note at a bank.

Everyone believes a little more is coming to him, and is willing to back almost any agitation promising it, to see how it will come out.

A tax program was lately announced in Germany, and the Minister of Finance said his proposals were nothing less than brutal. So far as I recall, this is the first time an official has confessed the truth about taxes; "brutal" is usually the right word.

There is something in life that brings success. We do not know exactly what it is, but we know what it is not; it is never idleness, unfairness, intemperance, or failure to use common sense everyone possesses in some degree. The men who succeed begin considering that something when boys, and it influences their conduct in school, at home and elsewhere. It influenced them when they began looking for work, and when they found it. It made many of them rich, many others well-to-do, all of them respected and useful. It has educated millions who left school at twelve or fourteen and went to work. You know hundreds of successful men, probably, but I doubt if you ever knew a real genius. I have always doubted that there is plenty of room at the top; but there is in the middle ground.

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Old-Fashioned Women Have Done Their Part in Creating a Very Wonderful World; I Doubt That the New-Fashioned Women Will Do Better

MANSLAUGHTER

IV

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

LYDIA would have been displeased to know how little her curt refusal affected the emotional state of the man driving away from her door. It was the deed rather than the word that he remembered the fact that he had held a beautiful and eventually unresisting woman in his arms that occupied his attention on his way home.

He found his mother sitting up not for him. It was many years since Mrs. O'Bannon had gone to bed before two o'clock. She was a large woman, massive rather than fat. She was sitting by the fire in her bedroom, wrapped in a warm, loose white dressing gown, as white as her hair and smooth pale skin. Her eyes retained their deep darkness. Evidently Dan's gray eyes had come from his father's Irish ancestry.

It was only the other day—after he was grown up—that O'Bannon had ceased to be afraid of his mother. She was a woman passionately religious, mentally vigorous and singularly unjust, or at least inconsistent. It was this quality that made her so confusing and, to her subordinates, alarming. She would have gone to the stake—gone with a certain bitter amusement at the folly of her destroyers—for her belief in the right; but her affections could entirely sweep away these beliefs and leave her furiously supporting those she loved against all moral principles. Her son had first noticed this trait when she sent him away to boarding school. His mother—his father had died when he was seven—was a most relentless disciplinarian as long as a question of duty lay between him and her; but let an outsider interfere, and she was always on his side. She frequently defended him against the school authorities, and even, it seemed to him, encouraged him in rebellion. In her old age most of her strong passions had died away and left only her God and her son. Perhaps it was a trace of this persecutory religion in her that made Dan accept his present office.

She looked up like a sibyl from the great volume she was reading.

"You're late, my son."

"I've been gambling, mother."

He said it very casually, but it was the last remnant of his fear that made him mention particularly those of his actions of which he knew she would disapprove. In old times he had been a notable poker player, but had abandoned it on his election as district attorney. Her brow contracted.

"You should not do such things—in your position."

"My dear mother, haven't you yet grasped that there is a touch of the criminal in all criminal prosecutors? That's what draws us to the job."

She wouldn't listen to any such theory.

"Have you lost a great deal of money?" she asked severely.

"Not enough to turn us out of the old home," he smiled. "I won something under four hundred dollars."

Her brow cleared. She liked her son to be successful in anything—right or wrong—which he undertook.

"You make a mistake to get mixed up with people like that," she said. She knew where he had been dining.

"I can't be said to have got mixed up with them. The only one I expressed any wish to see again slammed the door in my face."

The next instant he wished he had not spoken. He hoped his mother had not noticed what he said. She remained silent, but she had understood perfectly, and he had made for Lydia an implacable enemy. A woman who slammed the door in the face of Dan was deserving of hell-fire, in Mrs. O'Bannon's opinion. She did not ask who it was, because she knew that in the course of everyday life together secrets between two people are impossible and the name would come out.

After an almost sleepless night he woke in the morning with the zest of living extraordinarily renewed within him. Every detail in the pattern of life delighted him, from the smell of coffee floating up from the kitchen on the still cold of the November morning to the sight from his window of the village children in knit caps and sweaters hurrying to school—tall, lanky, competent girls bustling their little brothers along, and inattentive boys hoisting small sisters up the school steps by their arms. Life was certainly great fun, not because there were lovely women to be held in your arms, but because when you're young and vigorous you can bully life into being what you want it to be. And yet, good heavens, what a girl! At four that very afternoon he would see her again.

"I Was Just Saying to Your Friend, Miss Thorne, That O'Bannon's Great on Getting Confessions"

He was in court all the morning. The courthouse, which if it had been smaller would have looked like a mausoleum in a cemetery, and if it had been larger would have looked like the Madeleine, was set back from the main street. The case he was prosecuting—a case of criminal negligence against a young driver of a delivery wagon who had run over and injured a prominent citizen—went well; that is to say, O'Bannon obtained a conviction. It had been one of those cases clear to the layman, for the young man was notoriously careless; but difficult, as lawyers tell you criminal-negligence cases are, from the legal point of view.

O'Bannon came out of court very well satisfied both with himself and the jury and drove straight to the Thorne house. The smell of the grapes started his pulses beating. Morson came to the door. No, Miss Thorne was not at home.

"Did Miss Thorne leave any message for me?"

"Nothing, sir, except that she is not at home."

He eyed Morson, feeling that he would be within his masculine rights if he swept him out of the way and went on into the house; but tamely enough he turned and drove away. His feelings, however, were not tame. He was furious against her. How did she dare behave like this—driving about the country at midnight, gambling, letting him kiss her, and then ordering her door slammed in his face as if he were a book agent? Civilization gave such women too much protection. Perhaps the men she was accustomed to associating with put up with that kind of treatment, but not he. He'd see her again if he wanted to—yes, if he had to hold up her car on the highroad.

He thought with approval of Eleanor, a woman who played no tricks with you but left you cool and braced like a cold shower on a hot day. Yet he found that that afternoon he did not want to see Eleanor. He drove on and on, steeping himself in the bitterness of his resentment.

At dinner his mother noticed his abstraction and feared an important case was going wrong. Afterward, supposing he wanted to think out some tangle of the law, she left him alone—not meditating, but seething.

The next morning at half past eight he was in his office. The district attorney's office was in an old brick block opposite the courthouse. It occupied the second story over Mr. Wooley's hardware shop. As he went in he saw Alma Wooley, the fragile blond daughter of his landlord, slipping in a little late for her duties as assistant in the shop. She was wrapped in a light-blue cloak the color of her transparent turquoise-blue eyes. She gave O'Bannon a pretty little sketch of a smile. She thought his position a great one, and his age extreme—anyone over thirty was ancient in her eyes. She was profoundly grateful to him, for he had given her fiancé a position on the police force and made their marriage a possibility at least.

"How are things, Alma?" he said.

"Simply wonderful, thanks to you, Mr. O'Bannon," she answered.

He went upstairs thinking kindly of all gentle blond women. In the office he found his assistant, Foster, the son of the local high-school teacher, a keen-minded, ambitious boy of twenty-two.

"Oh," said Foster, "the sheriff's been telephoning for you. He's at the Thornes'."

O'Bannon felt as if his ears had deceived him.

"Where?" he asked sternly.

"At the Thornes' house—you know, there's a Miss Thorne who lives there—the daughter of old Joe S. Thorne." Then, seeing the blank look on his chief's face, Foster explained further. "It seems there was a jewel robbery there last night—a million dollars' worth, the sheriff says." He smiled, for the sheriff was a well-known exaggerator, but he met no answering smile. "They've been telephoning for you to come over."

"Who has?" said O'Bannon.

Foster thought him unusually slow of understanding this morning, and answered patiently, "Miss Thorne has. There's been a robbery there."

The district attorney was not slow in action.

"I'll go right over," he said, and left the office.

There were some advantages in holding public office. You could be sent for in your official capacity—and stick to it, by heaven!

This time he asked no questions at the door, but entered.

Morson said timidly, "Who shall I say, sir?"

"Say the district attorney."

Morson led the way to the drawing-room and threw open the door.

"The district attorney," he announced, making it sound like a title of nobility, and O'Bannon and Lydia stood face

to face again—or rather he stood. She, leaning back in her chair, nodded an adequate enough greeting to a public servant in the performance of his duty. They were not alone—a slim gray-haired lady, Miss Bennett, was named.

"I understood at my office you had sent for me," said he.

"I?" There was something wondering in her tone. "Oh, yes, the sheriff, I believe, wanted you to come. All my jewels were stolen last night. He seemed to think you might be able to do something about it." Her tone indicated that she did not share the sheriff's optimism. Miss Bennett, with a long habit of counteracting Lydia's manners, broke in.

"So kind of you to come yourself, Mr. O'Bannon."

"It's my job to come."

"Yes, of course. I think I know your mother." She was very cordial, partly because she felt something hostile in the air, partly because she thought him an attractive-looking young man. "She's so helpful in the village improvement, only we're all just a little afraid of her. Aren't you just a little afraid of her yourself?"

"Very much," he answered gravely.

Miss Bennett wished he wouldn't just stare at her with those queer light eyes of his—a little crazy, she thought. She liked people to smile at her when they spoke. She went on, "Not but what we work all the better for her because we are a little afraid ——"

Lydia interrupted.

"Mr. O'Bannon hasn't come to pay us a social visit, Benny," she said, and this time there was something unmistakably insolent in her tone.

O'Bannon decided to settle this whole question on the instant. He turned to Miss Bennett and said firmly, "I should like to speak to Miss Thorne alone."

"Of course," said Miss Bennett, already on her way to the door, which O'Bannon opened for her.

"No, Benny, Benny!" called Lydia, but O'Bannon had shut the door and leaned his shoulders against it.

"Listen to me!" he said. "You must be civil to me—that is, if you want me to stay here and try to get your jewels back."

Lydia wouldn't look at him.

"And what guaranty have I that if you do stay you can do anything about it?"

"I think I can get them, and I can assure you the sheriff can't." There was a long pause. "Well?" he said.

"Well what?" said Lydia, who hadn't been able to think what she was going to do.

"Will you be civil, or shall I go?"

"I thought you just said it was your duty to stay."

"Make up your mind, please, which shall it be?"

Lydia longed to tell him to go, but she did want to get her jewels back, particularly as she was setting out for the Emmonses' in a few minutes, and it would save a lot of trouble to have everything arranged before she left. She thought it over deliberately, and looking up saw that he was amused at her cold-blooded hesitation. Seeing him smile, she found to her surprise that suddenly she smiled back at him. It was not what she had intended.

"Well," she thought, "let him think he's getting the best of me. As a matter of fact, I'm using him."

She hoped he would be content with the smile, but, no, he insisted on the spoken word. She was forced to say definitely that she would be civil. She carried it off, in her own mind at least, by saying it as if it were a childish game he was playing. Having received the assurance, he moved from the door and stood opposite her, leaning on the back of a chair.

"Now tell me what happened," he said.

She told him how she had been waked just before dawn by the sound of someone moving in her dressing room. At first she had thought it was a window, or a curtain blowing, until she had seen a fine streak of light under the door. Then she had sprung up—to find herself locked in. She had rung her bell, pounded on the door—finally succeeded in rousing the household. The dressing room was empty, but her safe had been opened—her jewels and about five hundred dollars gone—her recent winnings at bridge.

"You've had good luck lately?" he asked.

"Good partners," she answered with one of her illuminating smiles.

She'd gone all over the house after that. Alone? No, Morson had tagged on. Morson was afraid of burglars, having had experience with them in some former place. Besides, she always had a revolver. Oh, yes, she knew how to shoot! She'd gone over the whole house—there wasn't a lock undone.

He questioned her about the servants. Suspicion seemed to point to Evans, who had the run of the safe and might so easily have failed to lock it in the evening when she had put her mistress to bed. Lydia demurred at the idea of Evans' guilt. The girl had been with her for five years.

"I don't really think she has the courage to steal," she said.

"Do you know the circumstances of her life? Anything to make her feel in special need of money just now?" he inquired.

Lydia shook her head.

"I never see how servants spend their wages anyhow," she said. "But what makes me feel quite sure it isn't Evans is that I'm sure she would have confessed to me when I questioned her. Instead of that she's been packing my things for me just as usual."

O'Bannon cut the interview short by announcing that he'd see the sheriff. Lydia had expected—"dreaded" was her own word—that he would say something about the incidents of their last meeting. But he didn't. He left the room, saying as he went: "You'll wait here until I've had a talk with the girl."

His tone had a rising inflection of a question in it, but to Lydia it sounded like an order. She had had every intention of waiting, but now she began to contemplate the possibility of leaving at once. The car was at the door and her bags were on the car. How it would annoy him, she thought, if when he came back, instead of finding her patiently waiting to be civil, he learned that she had motored away, as much as to say: "It's your duty as an officer of the law to find my jewels, but it isn't my duty to be grateful to you."

Presently Miss Bennett and the sheriff came in together, talking—at least the sheriff was talking.

"It looks like it was her all right," he was saying, "and if so he'll get a confession out of her. That's why I sent for him. He's a great feller for getting folks to confess." Then with natural courtesy he turned to Lydia. "I was just saying to your friend, Miss Thorne, that O'Bannon's great on getting confessions."

"Really?" said Lydia. "I wonder why."

"Well," said the sheriff, ignoring the note of doubt in her wonder, "most criminals want to confess. It's a lonely thing—to have a secret and the whole world against you. He plays on that. And between you and I, Miss Thorne, there's some of this so-called psychology in it. You see, I prepare the way for him—telling how he always does get a confession, and how a confession last time saved the defendant from the chair, and a lot of stuff like that, and then he comes along, and I guess there's a little hypnotism in it too. Did you ever notice his eyes?"

"I noticed that he has them," answered Lydia.

Miss Bennett said that she had noticed them at once, as soon as he came into the room. Perhaps it was remembrance of them that made her add, "He won't be too hard on the poor girl, will he?"

"No, ma'am, he won't be hard at all," said the sheriff. "He'll just talk with her ten or fifteen minutes, and then she'll want to tell him the truth. I couldn't say how it's done."

Lydia suddenly stamped her foot.

"She's a fool if she does!" she said, biting into her words.

So this young man went in for being a woman tamer, did he?—the mistress downstairs ordered to be civil and the maid upstairs ordered to confess. If she had time, she thought, it would amuse her to show him that things did not run so smoothly as that. She almost wished that Evans wouldn't confess. It would be worth losing her jewels to see his face when he came down to announce his failure.

Steps overhead, the door opened, a voice called, "Sheriff, get your men up here, will you?"

The sheriff's face lit up.

"Didn't I tell you?" he said. "He's done it!" He hurried out of the room.

When, a few minutes later, the district attorney came down he found Miss Bennett alone. He looked about quickly.

"Where's Miss Thorne?" he said.

Miss Bennett had not wanted Lydia to go—she had urged her not to. What difference did the Emmonses make in comparison with the jewels? But now she sprang to her defense.

"She was forced to go. She had a train to catch—a long-standing engagement. She was so sorry. She left all sorts of messages." This was not, strictly speaking, true.

O'Bannon smiled slightly.

"She does not seem to take much interest in the recovery of her jewels," he said.

"She has every confidence in you," said Miss Bennett flatteringly.

Miss Bennett herself had. Never, she thought, had she seen a man who inspired her with a more comfortable sense of leadership. She saw he was not pleased at Lydia's sudden departure.

He was not. He was furious at her. His feelings about her had flickered up and down like a flame. The vision of her going over her house alone, her hair down her back and a revolver in her hand, alone—except for Morson tagging on behind—moved him with a sense of her courage; and not only her courage but her lack of self-consciousness about it. She had spoken as if anyone would have done the same. Her hardness toward the criminal had repelled him, and when he went upstairs to interview Evans a new sensation waited for him.

The robbery had not released Evans from her regular duties. She had just finished packing Lydia's things for the visit to the Emmonses, and the bedroom where she had been detained had the disheveled look of a room which had just been packed and dressed in. The bed had not been made, though its pink-silk cover had been smoothed over it to allow for the folding of dresses on it. Lydia's slippers—pink mules with an edging of fur—were kicked off beside it. Long trails of tissue paper were on the floor. O'Bannon saw it all with an eye trained to observe. He saw the book of verses on the table beside her bed, the picture of the good-looking young man on her dressing table. He smelled in the air the perfume of violets, a scent which his sense remembered as having lingered in her hair. All this he took in almost before he saw the pale, black-clad criminal standing vacantly in the midst of the disorder.

"Sit down," he said.

He spoke neither kindly nor commandingly, but as if to speak were the same thing as to accomplish. Evans sat down.

It was a curious picture of Lydia that emerged from the story she finally told him—a figure kind and generous and careless and cruel, and, it seemed to him above everything else, stupid, blind about life, the lives of those about her.

Evans had a lover, a young English footman who had served a term for stealing and just lately got out with an advanced case of tuberculosis. Evans, who had remained adamant to temptation when everything was going well with him, fell at the sight of his ill health. She had attempted, lonely and inefficient as she was, to do the trick by herself. It was Lydia's irritation over Evans' regret at the loss of the bracelet that had apparently decided the girl.

"If she was so glad to be relieved of the things, I thought I'd help her a bit," she said bitterly.

What seemed to O'Bannon so incomprehensible was that Lydia shouldn't have known that the girl was in some sort of trouble. The sight of the room made him vividly aware of the intimacy of daily detail that any maid has in regard to her mistress—two women, and one going through hell.

He said to Miss Bennett after they had gone downstairs again: "Didn't Miss Thorne suspect that something was going wrong with the girl?"

Miss Bennett liked the district attorney so much that she felt a strong temptation, under the mask of discussing the case, to pour out to him all her troubles—the inevitable troubles of those whose lives were bound up with Lydia's. But her standards of good manners were too rigorous to allow her to yield.

"No, I'm afraid we didn't guess," she answered. "But now that we do know, is there anything we can do for the poor thing?"

"Not just now," he answered. "The case is clear against her. But when it comes to sentencing her you could do something. Anything Miss Thorne said in her favor would be taken into consideration by the judge."

"Tell me just what it is you want her to say," answered Miss Bennett, eager to help

"It isn't what I want," O'Bannon replied with some irritation. "My duty is to present the case against her for the state. I'm telling what Miss Thorne can do if she feels that there are extenuating circumstances; if, for instance, she thinks that she herself has been careless about her valuables."

"She will, I'm sure," said Miss Bennett with more conviction than she felt, "because, between you and me, Mr. O'Bannon, she is careless. She lost a beautiful little bracelet the other—but when you're as young and lovely and rich as she is ——"

She was interrupted by the district attorney's rather curt good-by.

"Do you want to drive back with me, sheriff?"

The sheriff did, and jumping in he murmured as they drove down the road: "She is all that. She's easy to look at all right. She's handsome, and yet not—not what I should call womanly. Look out at the turn. There's a hole as you get into the main road."

"Yes, I know about it," said O'Bannon.

V

WHEN Lydia came back from the Emmonses' late Monday afternoon she brought Bobby Dorset with her. Miss Bennett, who was rearranging Morson's vases of flowers according to her more fastidious ideas, heard them come in, as noisy and high-spirited, she thought, as a couple of puppies. Lydia was so busy giving orders to have Bobby's room got ready and to have Eleanor telephoned for to come over to dinner in case they wanted to play bridge, and sending the car for her, because Eleanor was so near-sighted she couldn't drive herself, and always let the chauffeur go home, and he had no telephone—so incompetent of Eleanor—that Miss Bennett had no chance to exchange a word with her. Besides, the poor lady was taken up with the horror of the approaching bridge game. She liked a mild rubber now and then, but not with Lydia, who scolded her after each hand, remembering every play.

Lydia, who was almost without physical or moral timidity, was always fighting against a subconscious horror, a repulsion rather than a fear, that life was just a futile, gigantic, patternless confusion, a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing, which is the horror of all materialists. When she walked into her bedroom and found her things

laid out just as usual, and a new maid—a Frenchwoman, brown and middle-aged and competent—waiting for her, just as Evans had waited, one of her moods of deep depression engulfed her, just as those who fear death are sometimes brought to a realization of its approach by some everyday symbol. Lydia did not fear death, but sometimes she hated life. She never asked if it were her own relation to life that was unsatisfactory.

When she came downstairs in a tea gown of orange and brown chiffon no one but Bobby noticed that her high spirits had all evaporated.

At table, before Morson and the footman, no one mentioned the subject of the robbery, but when they were back in the drawing-room Miss Bennett introduced it by asking, "Did the new woman hook you up right? Will she do, dear?"

Lydia shrugged her shoulders, not stopping to think that Miss Bennett had spent one whole day in intelligence offices and a morning on the telephone in her effort to replace Evans.

The older woman was silenced by the shrug—not hurt, but disappointed—and in the silence Bobby said, "Oh, what happened about Evans? They took her away?"

Lydia answered, with a contemptuous raising of her chin, "She confessed—she always was a goose."

"That didn't prove it," returned Miss Bennett with spirit. "It was the wisest thing to do. The district attorney—my dear girls, if I were your age, and that man ——"

"Look out!" said Lydia. "He's a great friend of Eleanor's."

"Of Eleanor?" exclaimed Miss Bennett. She was not and never had been a vain woman, but she was always astonished at men's caring for a type of femininity different from her own. She liked Eleanor, but she thought her dry and unattractive, and she didn't see what a brilliant, handsome creature like O'Bannon could see in her. "Is he really?"

"Yes, he is," said Eleanor coolly. Experience had taught her an excellent manner in this situation.

"I wish you had waited, Lydia," Miss Bennett went on. "It was very impressive the way he managed Evans; almost like a hypnotic influence. She told him everything. She seemed to give herself over into his hands. It was almost like a miracle. A moment before she had been so hostile—a miracle taking place right there in Lydia's bedroom."

Lydia, who had been bending over reorganizing the fire, suddenly straightened up with the poker in her hand and said quickly, "Where? Taking place where?"

"In your room, dear. Evans was shut up there."

"That man in my room!" said Lydia, and her whole face seemed to blaze with anger.

"It never occurred to me that you would object, my dear. He said he ——"

"It should have occurred to you. I hate the idea—that drunken attorney in my bedroom. It's not decent!"

"Lydia!" said Miss Bennett.

Eleanor spoke in a voice as cold as steel.

"What do you mean by calling Mr. O'Bannon a drunken attorney?"

"He drinks. Bobby says so."

"I did not say so!"

"Why, Bobby, you did!"

"I said he used to drink when he was in college."

"Oh, well, a reformed drunkard," said Lydia, shrugging her shoulders. "I can't imagine your doing such a thing, Benny, except that you always do anything that anyone asks you to do."

Her tone was more insulting than her words, and Miss Bennett did the most sensible thing she could think of—she got up and left the room. Lydia stood on the hearthrug, tapping her foot, breathing quickly, her jaw set.

"I think Bennett's losing her mind," she said.

"I think you are," said Eleanor. "What possible difference does it make?"

"You say that because you're crazy about this man. Perhaps if I were in love with him I'd lose all my sense of delicacy too; but as it is ——"

Eleanor got up.

"I think I'll take my lack of delicacy home," she said. "Tell Morson to send for the motor, will you, Bobby? Good night, Lydia. I've had a perfectly horrid evening."

"Good night," said Lydia with a fierce little beck of her head.

Bobby saw Eleanor to the car, and sat with her some time in the hall while it was being brought round.

"No one could blame you for being furious; but you're not angry at her, are you, Eleanor?" he said.

"Of course I'm angry!" answered Eleanor. "She's too impossible, Bobby. You can't keep on with people who let you in for this sort of thing. I could have had a perfectly pleasant evening at home and to come out for a row like this!"

"She doesn't do it often."

"Often! No, there wouldn't be any question then."

"She's been perfectly charming at the Emmonses' gay and friendly, and everyone crazy about her. And by the way, Eleanor, I didn't say O'Bannon was a drunkard."

"Of course you didn't," said Eleanor.

"But he used to go on the most smashing sprees in college, and I told her about one of those and made her promise not to tell."

"A lot that would influence Lydia."

The car was at the door now, and as he put her into it he asked, "Oh, don't you feel so sorry for her sometimes that you could almost weep over her?"

"I certainly do not!" said Eleanor.

Turning from the front door, Bobby ran upstairs and knocked at Miss Bennett's door. He found her sunk in an enormous chair, looking very pathetic and more like an unhappy child than a middle-aged woman.

"It isn't bearable," she said. "Life under these conditions is too disagreeable. I don't complain of her never noticing all the little sacrifices one makes—all the trouble one takes for her sake. But when she's absolutely rude—just vulgarly, grossly rude as she was this evening ——"

"Miss Bennett," said Bobby seriously, "when things go wrong with women they cry, and when things go wrong with men they swear. Lydia takes a little from both sexes. These outbursts are her equivalent for feminine tears or masculine profanity."

Miss Bennett looked up at him with her starlike eyes shining with emotion.

"But someone must teach her that she can't behave like that. I can't do it. I can only teach by being kind—endlessly kind—and she can't learn from that. So the best thing for both of us is for me to leave her."

Bobby sat down and took her thin aristocratic hand in both of his. *(Continued on Page 46)*

Everyone Was Asking Questions, Which She Did Not Stop to Answer. The Important Thing Was to Get the Man Into the Touring Car and Take Him to the Hospital

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription:—$3.00 the Year. Remittances from outside the U. S. proper and Canada to be by U. S. Money Order, or Draft payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 13, 1921

To Our Subscribers

IN SPITE of tremendous increases in the cost of paper, wages and every other item that enters into the manufacture of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the price of the weekly was held at five cents the copy all through the war. The subscription price was, however, increased to $2.50 the year, thus eliminating the usual differential between the price of single copies and yearly subscriptions.

Wages are still at the peak of wartime heights, but there has been some decrease in the price of paper, though this is still far above prewar levels. Believing, however, that every move that tends to put business back on a normal basis is of the greatest possible value at this time, we have made the subscription price of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST $2.00 the year instead of $2.50 the year.

The World's Chance for Peace

MR. HARDING'S invitation to the Powers to send representatives to a conference to be held in Washington to consider the limitation of armaments is a unique state paper. The extraordinary and outstanding fact about this noteworthy attempt to safeguard the peace of the world is that it is a piece of honest amateur diplomacy. Its inception was not in the minds of statesmen and diplomatists, but in the hearts of the plain people of America.

When Senator William E. Borah introduced the resolution authorizing Mr. Harding's note to the Powers he acted as spokesman for virtually the entire nation. He was fully aware that if his resolution passed it would mean that the people would be allowed to initiate a definite step in diplomacy, a step that would surely be met with ruthless opposition from many quarters. Only the other day he said of the vote in the House upon his resolution:

> This is but a step. It is only the beginning and must be followed up with the same persistence and the same determination clear through to the end. . . . The resolutions Senate and House now have passed are rather behind public sentiment than in front of it. In order to win we must regard this as a mere advance toward the goal and keep up the drive. Disarmament cannot be accomplished unless the masses keep their shoulder to the wheel every hour of the contest. . . . This is the people's salvation and it is, therefore, the people's fight.

The eagerness with which other nations have accepted America's invitation clearly indicates that the success or failure of the proposed conference depends very largely upon the ability of vast, unorganized majorities in various parts of the world to overcome the obstacles that will be thrust across their path by small, closely knit influential minorities.

Armament is an industry; and that industry is threatened. In every nation there is a compact and powerful body of citizens that draws its sustenance from war and the fear of war. These persons look to war for their living just as naturally and with as little thought of evil as the farmer looks to the soil or the miner to the underground wealth that awaits his drill and dynamite. International slaughter is their birthright and their harvest field; and yet it must be said in their behalf that the bond between war and patriotism is so much more frequently exploited than the link between peace and the love of country that the most dangerous jingoes are often sincere and high-minded men.

In every country those to whom war means swift fortunes and fabulous profits are notably successful in frightening ministers into acceptance of beliefs that make for the perpetuation of war. But while this has been going on and a few hundred statesmen have been piling war taxes on a broken-backed world, the payers of taxes, the millions of ordinary, uninspired people whose flesh and blood may one day be requisitioned to pay yet once more for the follies of jingo statesmanship, have gone a long way toward learning a lesson that civilization has never before so seriously studied.

Germany is the textbook in which that basic lesson on the economics of peace and war is most plainly written. One of the most striking ironies in that great collection of ironies commonly known as the Treaty of Versailles is that which required the disarmament of the fallen foe. All the world now knows that those sections of the treaty that were designed to leave Germany bereft of all aggressive military power are conferring upon her vast and unsuspected economic power.

The Treaty of Versailles is doing for Germany what a guardian does for a young bankrupt spendthrift. He sets him to work to pay his old debts. He gives him barely enough to live on. He presses his nose down on the grindstone and husbands his assets for his future benefit. No surer road to solvency is known. The bankrupt has but to live to win. Germany was the world's greatest war spendthrift. By force of arms her enemies have compelled her to stop her war wastes and to pour her resources into the industries upon which depends her future salvation. Month by month as she carries out the program laid down for her she makes her own future seem brighter and more assured. The world has never before witnessed such swift rehabilitation on the part of a nation so overwhelmed by defeat.

No Japanese, no Englishman, Frenchman, Italian, indeed no thinking citizen of any belligerent nation who contemplates the present state of Germany and compares it with that of his own country can help asking himself if the conquered is not, in some respects, better off than the conquerors. Thoughtful men in all the Entente nations see Germany struggling painfully but surely back toward the terra firma of economic solvency while the waves and currents of needless war expenditures are bearing their own governments farther and farther out to sea.

To such distraught, unhappy men our invitation was addressed. Our note appealed to the world-wide sentiment of inarticulate people who were waiting for just such an opportunity to give effect to their inmost convictions and desires. No minister for foreign affairs, no premier would have dared to receive with cold indifference the proposals embodied in the American note. No party government that desired to remain in power would have had the hardihood to set at naught the unceasing national demands for economic relief.

The real test will come when the conference actually convenes and the sincerity or insincerity of its delegates is revealed by the nature of the proceedings. If the great populations that truly desire future peace are represented by envoys earnestly bent upon carrying out the popular will, the good that may spring from the conference can scarcely be overestimated.

The intense moral vitality that resides in the call for the conference is due to the fact that it had its birth and breeding among the rank and file of the people. The whole movement is scarcely eight months old. For a few weeks Washington regarded it as the puny and futile idea of a few visionary pacifists; but it made such strong and fervent appeal to the good sense of the nation that it swept the country on its merits and its most powerful opponents were the first to see the folly of trying to ignore it, to bottle it up or to laugh it out of existence.

One great element of strength in the forthcoming conference is that it is based on proposals that do not pretend to be altruistic. Though the war burdens that rest upon America are lighter than those borne by any of the Entente nations, they are heavy enough to make any lessening of them thrice welcome. The natural benefits that would accrue to this country if the conference should reach satisfactory agreements are quite sufficient to furnish a strong motive for her invitation. Frank avowal of enlightened selfishness tends to disarm suspicion. Protestations of altruism and sheer benevolence serve only to repel confidence and to invite shrugs and sneers. We may privately cherish motives as benevolent as we choose; but in the eyes of the world we are attempting to ease our own burdens of taxation and at the same time to throw out a life line to some of our good customers who appear to be going down for the third time in the troubled waters of bankruptcy.

Agreements looking toward the reduction of armaments are not the only benefits that may arise from the projected conference. The high station and authority of the envoys who will be sent to it will endue it with the moral force of a parliament of nations. The eyes of the whole world will be upon it and its sessions will offer fitting occasions for crystallizing international thought and chamfering off many a minor point of avoidable friction. At the very least it may be counted upon to mark the beginnings of a new world effort for peace; and even the cynics know that just as surely as preparation for war breeds war, so thought, work, energy and desire expended for peace tend to preserve peace.

The conference to be held in Washington as a result of the quiet, steady pressure of millions of obscure, unnamed Americans is the world's great chance to insure lasting peace.

If the nations do not make the most of their chance they may go farther and fare worse. They—and we—may take the chance or leave it. There is always an alternative, but it is not good to look upon. Disarm or die.

The Dancing Dollar

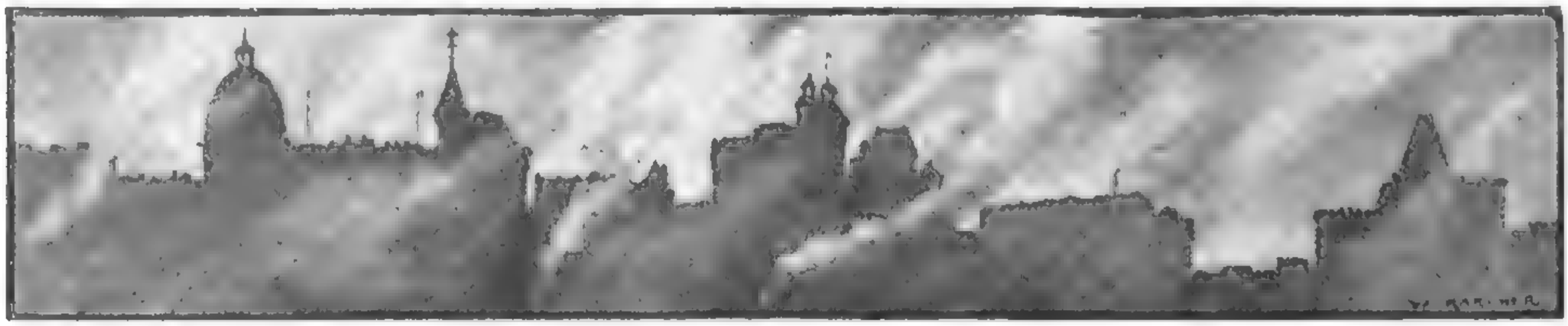
PROF. IRVING FISHER, who has long been working for the establishment of a variable dollar whose gold content should be altered from time to time as the purchasing power of the yellow metal varies, has lately brought his efforts to a sharper focus by the establishment of an association known as the Stable Money League.

Professor Fisher's arguments in favor of his monetary theories, though always interesting, often stimulating and sometimes plausible, have failed to convince the great mass of intelligent and practical bankers of their soundness and feasibility. The common verdict of professional bankers is that in an era of uncertainty, agitation, financial shock and instability our present gold standard, whatever its faults, is the best and safest measuring unit we have; and that to vary the gold content of the dollar, as Professor Einstein's yardstick seemingly alters its length as it moves in one direction or another, is not the part of wisdom.

The bankers place very little reliance in what the Financial Chronicle has dubbed "the dancing dollar." This journal, whose vision in such matters is usually clear and farsighted, sums up the best American banking opinion in a single telling sentence:

"One might as well expect a few anchors thrown down from Gibraltar, and allowed to swing a little with the ocean currents, to steady the rock and control the movements of the fleets that pass the Straits, as to expect Prof. Irving Fisher's plan for 'stabilizing the dollar' by changing constantly its gold content, to regulate prices, equalize exchange and restore industry."

Germany's New Peace Offensive



By Robert Crozier Long

DECORATION BY WILSON KARCHER

RENASCENT Germany is gathering energy for a peace offensive ten times more formidable than the futile peace offensives at the Holy See, at Stockholm and at Washington, which in 1915 and 1916 so ignominiously failed to forestall her defeat. Energy is the despoiled republic's inalienable asset. It is the hope of the defeated. When France, not fully recovered from the Terrible Year of 1870, was a second time reeling under the spiritual cataclysm of the Dreyfus Case, her ablest of foreign ministers, Gabriel Hanotaux, repelled the imputation of national decadence by merely listing the contemporary evidences of his country's unshaken energy. L'Energie Française he called his book. It explains, without professing to foresee, why France was able to face the unprecedented storm of 1914. With little change the book might to-day be paraphrased into German Energy; and no one who read it would doubt that Germany will survive, recover and perhaps ultimately triumph.

Taking Counsel of Big Business

THE renovation of France until she now dominates the European Continent was due to the energy of her small citizens. In Germany the embodiment and executor of the national energy is the state. To the old German state, merely because it blundered infamously in two domains, war and diplomacy, have been wrongly ascribed general weakness and incapacity. Germans themselves, who in time of success acclaimed their state idea with exaggerated rhetoric, turned on the state and rent it in the day of defeat. But after two years of oscillation between authority and anarchy the state and the state idea are as strong as ever. With a difference. Junkerism and aristocratic-bureaucratic tutelage have disappeared. The new state is a democratic synthesis of the nation's recuperative and creative forces; and as the German nation is on the whole physically and mentally energetic, the new state toils with unceasing energy. Assailed from within and impugned from without, it has yet done more to restore industry, commerce and general prosperity than have the rulers of the best-off victor countries. Outside the domain of public finance the German economic mechanism is working more smoothly and more productively than the economic mechanism anywhere else.

The German state has achieved this miracle by opposing, so to speak, itself. For nowhere so much as in Germany is the government in its functions of controller, meddler, monopolist, manufacturer and trader so much discredited. Success has sprung from the fact that while rejecting the collectivist strait-waistcoat in which even among socialists only a dwindling minority now believes, the state has largely surrendered its economic functions to the business man. The history of the revolution so far is a history of liquidation of the war control. The new state is legislator, initiator, incentive and helper. It is the frame and mechanism of the economic machine, but the driving power and the directing will and discretion come from the energetic nation itself.

Since January, 1919, bureaucratic Germany has been almost completely reorganized on these lines. There is no single important branch of national production or distribution, no single public service in which bureaucratic experts have not transferred a great part of their former excessive powers to plain business men. The Ministries of Finance and Industry are by law forbidden to submit a bill to the Reichstag or to issue an administrative decree without first taking the views of the 326 bankers, manufacturers, traders and farmers who together constitute the Reichswirtschaftsrat, the Parliament of Work. The Ministry of Trade takes the advice of the Foreign Trade Boards, one for every exporting or importing branch, which are controlled by elected private traders and business men. A few months from now the Ministries of Food and Agriculture will have as their chief counselors the new Landwirtschaftskammer—the Farmers' Parliaments—one for every province, with a supreme Farmers' Parliament at Berlin; and in these bodies, as the bill now before the Reichstag provides, only practicing farmers will sit. To advise the Ministry of Railroads—until the ultimate reform, transfer of the roads to publicly controlled corporations, is carried through—will sit a Railroad Council of elected manufacturers, traders, private engineers and representatives of the traveling public. In labor issues the deciding power will shortly be transferred from official hands to the new central and local Arbeitskammer, or Chambers of Labor.

The evolution of Germany, in short, is toward a republic constructed first of all for production and distribution, and ruled less by the political citizens than by the organized producing and distributing interests—in the broadest sense, and including labor; while politics will take a back place, as in a lucky country delivered from armies, fleets, colonies and diplomacy it safely may. Thereby Germany has struck a happy medium between the two contrary ills of modern Europe—the ill of an entirely political parliamentary system, in which party dominance is the highest aim; and the still greater ill of proletarian anarchy, into which Russia fell through her unrealizable ambition to get rid of the discredited political class state at a single blow.

That is the principle upon which Germany has been reorganized since her fortunate defeat. The fruits are already seen. Germany has in great measure solved the industrial labor question; she has largely restored her shattered communications; she has put agriculture into a position to feed her whole population within visible time. She is suffering from fewer and less serious strikes than other countries; her railroads are already better run than those of England, France and Italy; her shipping, at a time when shipping initiative is elsewhere dead, is being rapidly restored; she does not fear, at a time of general trade stagnation, to spend vast sums on the restoration of her old ports and the creation of new ports; and in internal navigation she is executing giant plans, enterprises that make pygmy even the splendid canal and river system which was hers before the war. Her unemployment is just a quarter of that of England, the most prosperous among Europe's victor states; and relatively to population it is even less. And as her one great unsolved problem, the heavy reparations debt, is only a question of industry, agriculture, trade, railroads and canals, her ultimate liberation from this worst penalty brought by war and defeat is only a question of time.

Within the past two years Germany has done more than the average progressive country does in two decades to encourage industry. To encourage, that is, by special education, by solving the labor question, and by insuring continuity of production for manufacturing concerns. On the second of June she stole a march upon competitors by opening in Frankfort-on-the-Main Europe's one university of labor. The Prussian Ministers of Education and Finance and the existing university and municipality of Frankfort-on-the-Main were first in Europe to draw consequences from the heavy economic losses caused by the unscientific handling of labor questions. Labor, they observed, has suffered quite as much from this as capital. The Akademie der Arbeit, as the Frankfort institution is called, premises that fruitful, nonwasteful labor leadership requires full knowledge of the historical, economical and technical development of relations between labor and capital; and that only when labor policy is the embodiment of closely studied labor science will it be possible really to advance the interests of the industrial toiler without injuring capitalists, and through them injuring production and the nation as a whole.

The Work-Community System

THE seventy students inscribed on the new labor university's rolls are not budding agitators. They are the experienced presidents and secretaries of labor unions, the editors of the most responsible labor newspapers and magazines. Already before this innovation, capital and labor had a closer bond of unity in Germany than anywhere else through the Arbeitsgemeinschaft, or work-community system. The work-community system arose in 1918 under the war stress, with the immediate aim of insuring the industrial tranquillity necessary for the conduct of the war. First, employers founded their own community; next employes founded theirs; and before defeat came the two had coalesced. When no more war work was to be done the united capital and labor work community decided to remain in being "for the union of all forces in the cause of economic regeneration." This purely private initiative flourished so well that the state has recognized it in law. Both central and local communities are given right of election to the various councils created or planned for control of industry and trade; and the community's representatives are among the most influential members of the central Parliament of Work. The fruits of this movement are partly already reaped. For more than a year—with exception of the purely political work suspensions in Upper Silesia—Germany has not had a single strike of first-class size.

In industrial education Germany aspires to get as far ahead of her prewar past as her prewar past was ahead of the rest of Europe. She is providing a broader general

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THE MANIKIN MAKERS

XVI

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Enderly Read It Aloud on the Morning It Appeared. After He Had Finished, Hollister Commented, "Well, That Will Make Trouble"

POLITICS adjourns for the people in hot weather, but it never adjourns for the politicians. Enderly was extremely busy with his state leaders, and Carthew and Sawyer worked night and day dingdonging the virtues of Norton at the public, and in organizing and getting under way local branches of the Norton League. Late in July, Enderly and Hollister planned a two weeks' fishing trip, and were ready to start on August first. A few hours before they were to leave they had word from Carthew that Otis Melander was coming out as a candidate for President on September first, asking for the support of the real progressive element of the party, and with the claim that Norton was but a pseudo progressive, an imitation, a counterfeit, and that the real progressives were being bunkoed by Norton and his supporters. "Otis Melander!" exclaimed Enderly. "He's an anarchist."

"No, he isn't," said Hollister. "He's a pretty potent radical. You are confusing your terms. Of course, to Cato Enderly, the man of property, Melander is an anarchist, but he shouldn't be to Cato Enderly, the politician."

"But he is."

"Pshaw, Cato, that doesn't do you credit. You talk like every other millionaire. The minute any person advances a scheme to subtract a nickel from a rich man's pile, for public or private purposes, that person becomes an anarchist in that rich man's sight."

"I know Melander," Enderly persisted doggedly, "and he's dangerous."

"That all depends on the point of view," Hollister continued. "I recall times when we found Melander a considerable asset in our work."

"That's just it. He isn't regular. He doesn't stay put. This is probably a strike."

"Even so," said Hollister, "it is pretty sure to be an intelligent and well-considered strike."

"Well," assented Enderly vehemently, "he won't get any of our money. We'll brand him as a political striker and let it go at that."

"Wait a *minute*," urged Hollister. "You won't get anywhere with that branding business. We've tried that before this, and Melander has laughed at us; and his friends too."

"He can't do anything but make a loud noise."

"Well, a loud noise is sometimes disturbing. Let's look into this."

"How about our fishing trip?"

"The fish can wait. Ask Carthew to come over and tell us what he knows about it."

Enderly grudgingly assented, and telegraphed a request to Carthew to come to Washington.

Otis Melander was a man who had made a place for himself in politics, as well as a good deal of money, out of protest.

He had so skillfully capitalized an apparent intensity of conviction; a resounding, passionate and objurgatory eloquence; a remarkable command of invective; a seeming sincerity of sympathy with the people over what he dinned at them were the outrages perpetrated on them by organized capital; an extreme proletarian position on every economic, political and social question; an apparent political independence, and a modest, almost meager, manner of life—that he was a power in politics, and was usually propitiated in important campaigns.

He was plausible enough to maintain his standing with the people as their champion against the forces of plutocracy, and daring enough to support any cause that properly appealed to him. The political leaders understood him thoroughly, but he was adroit enough in his dealings with them to keep clear of putting proof of those dealings in their hands, and he held important influence in centers where there were bodies that made their appeal to class and craft sentiment. He was a strong, unscrupulous man, and he had a large popular following that refused to believe he was anything but an honest, genuine, self-sacrificing friend of the people.

He was a national figure as an advanced radical, but he never made the mistake of going outside his party with his operations. His argument was that the people could be served better from within the dominant party than from without, and there was no record of bolting or party desertion against him that would bar him from aspiring to the regular party nomination for any office he desired. He often fought his party, but he never left it, and thus maintained a status that entitled his present movement to the party label, whatever the organization leaders might think of it.

"What about this Melander business?" Hollister asked Carthew when he met the three leaders.

"It's going to be quite a gesture," Carthew answered. "I have the details of the publicity end of it from the inside of the office that is fixing up the stuff. Melander is to announce himself for President in a statement setting forth that genuine and not spurious radicalism is required to cure the ills of the body politic, and that he is the real Simon-pure radical to do the job. He has a platform of principles that advocates about every governmental nostrum that has been suggested in the past ten years, and some that are new, more advanced and longer-haired."

"Who's paying for his campaign?" asked the practical Hollister.

"I haven't found out yet."

"Not Melander, I'll bet," Hollister continued. "He has money, but he doesn't spend it in games of this sort. He's being financed, of course."

"I'm after that end of it now," said Carthew.

"Can you find out?"

"I think so."

"Let us know the minute you do, and send over any of the publicity stuff you can get. I suppose you have facilities for getting it in advance?"

"I'll have it all," said Carthew.

"Good. Keep us posted. We can't stop it probably, but we shan't be surprised by it, anyhow."

After a long discussion of the Melander project, in which the possible causes and effects of it were carefully considered, the triumvirate decided that the wise thing to do was not to hold Melander too lightly, but to prepare for his advent, and stiffen the state leaders against the onslaught. Hollister insisted on this against Enderly's protests that Melander's enterprise was merely a strike, and not to be thought of as anything else.

"Strike or not," said Hollister, "it may be serious. You have been saying all this time that the party is permeated with progressivism and is restless and dissatisfied. You are offering a palliative in Norton, not a cure. Now if Melander comes along with a program that has a stronger appeal to this progressivism than ours there's no telling what he may do with it. We are offering pills. He's going out with Sagwa, a panacea. Don't forget, either, that he has a great popular following. We know him as a demagogue. We can't prove it, and if we assert it without proof it will help him instead of hurting. He has maintained himself with the people as a foe of the vested interests and plutocracy in all its forms, and he's mighty strong with labor. Don't underestimate the possible effects of it. We must rib up our fellows against it."

Pondevero took Hollister's view of it, and Enderly came to see the strength and reasonableness of their arguments. He sent out a great sheaf of telegrams, and within the next three weeks went to Boston and met the New England leaders, had a conference in New York with those as far west as Ohio, saw the Middle Western men in Chicago, the Far Western ones in Salt Lake City, and rounded up the Southwestern representatives of the organization in St. Louis. He had had agents in the South for months, and was reasonably sure of those delegates. He heard reports from all these men, and inquired particularly as to the progress of Norton with the people.

These reports varied. In some states Norton was making good headway; in others he was not doing so much, and in some he was barely under way. All admitted that Carthew's cumulative publicity was getting results and that, of the lot, Norton seemed to stand out. The organization men were perturbed at Norton's progressivism, but admitted that it found favor with the people. This was especially true in the Middle West and on the Pacific Coast. They all asked Enderly what the word was, but Enderly told them to sit steady a while longer, hold their lines, and the word would come presently.

Enderly told these men of what he had heard of the Melander project and cautioned them to hold firm against that, saying that it was an antiorganization movement that would claim to be regular as far as being within the party was concerned, mischievous in intent, and that it would be of no benefit for any organization man to consider it in any other light, no matter what the popular reception of it might be. He said it was undoubtedly a strike, but that, strike or not, Melander was a hard fighter, an eloquent rabble-rouser, and had a record as an exponent of radicalism that might do considerable damage to organization plans in the present temper of the people.

"He's a demagogue," said Enderly, "but he's more than that. He's a dangerous demagogue, and if he can get the money to finance his campaign he may make a lot of trouble for all of us. So stiffen up, and we'll know where to head in in a short time."

When Enderly returned to Washington he instructed Carthew and Sawyer to put on more steam, and to arrange a trip for Norton to start at once under the auspices of the Norton League. He told Hollister and Pondevero that in his judgment it was now time to step in behind Norton and

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Campbells
QUALITY
above all!
It's up to stay and here I say
It never will come down!
For the Campbell's name has a world wide fame—
I'll guard its great renown!

A standard that never will be lowered

We would be glad if every housekeeper in America could visit the famous Campbell's kitchens in the largest soup-making establishment in the world.

She would see every single ingredient that goes into Campbell's Soups subjected to rigid tests and inspections—safeguarded at every stage on its journey to the finished product. She would see a great organization of scientific and culinary experts intent on one object—the best soup-making in the world.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

tells, in every spoonful, just how delicious this Campbell's quality is. Only the pure fruity parts and the rich juice are used from ruddy Jersey tomatoes. Granulated sugar, creamery butter, herbs and spices aid in enriching the blend. It is a soup so tonic to the appetite and so welcomed by everybody that, once you try it, you will have it frequently for luncheon or dinner.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

reap the crop of delegates waiting for the organization sickle. He went to Great Neck and had a long talk with Norton, telling him what he had found out about his progress, and advising him of the possible irruption of Melander. He urged Norton to watch especially for that, and to be prepared to meet it, because the object of Melander's attack would be Norton.

"He'll probably go after you hammer and tongs as offering poultices when he will say the lancet is required," he said to Norton, "but don't let him jar you out of your stride. You are going along excellently, and we'll attend to Mr. Melander when the time comes."

Sawyer and Carthew started Norton on a three-weeks' speaking tour on August thirtieth, which was to cover fourteen states, with the first speech in Columbus.

That night Carthew called Enderly on the long-distance telephone and said: "That Melander stuff is coming day after to-morrow."

"Have you seen it?" Enderly asked.

"Yes."

"What's it like?"

"Red-hot radicalism, all the common-people stuff, and he jumps all over Norton as an imitation progressive and charges that he is a tool of the interests and being used by them and by you as a stalking-horse and decoy for votes as a progressive, when in reality he is as conservative as Senator Pondevero."

"Anything else?"

"He announces himself as candidate for President—the people's candidate—and says he is going out to tour the country and expose Norton, and nail his hide where it belongs; on the door of the temple of the money devils of Wall Street."

"Sounds familiar," commented Enderly. "Have you found out who is behind him?"

"Not yet, but the scent is getting warm."

"Well, there's nothing to do but to keep going. Heard from Norton to-night?"

"Yes; he had a fine meeting in Columbus, and speaks at Indianapolis to-morrow."

Carthew rang off, and Enderly looked at his watch and then called his secretary on the telephone.

"Homer," he said, "grab a toothbrush and get over here as soon as you can. I want you to go to Indianapolis on that midnight train."

Half an hour later the secretary appeared. Enderly had his car waiting for him.

"Homer," he said, "get that midnight train for Indianapolis. Go to see Norton. He'll be at the Claypool Hotel. Tell him that the Melander stuff is coming out day after to-morrow, and that it is pretty rough on him, and by that time we'll know definitely what Melander has to say and how to answer it if it requires answering."

Melander's attack on Norton was all that Carthew had predicted, and more. It made the definite statement that Norton was merely a dummy, not a candidate on his own initiative, but a candidate at the suggestion and with the support of the great financial and corporation interests of the country; that Norton was at heart a conservative and was assuming the sacred livery of progressivism to serve the money devil in; and that his campaign was being directed by Enderly, Hollister and Pondevero, operating through the so-called Norton League, and financed by Enderly with money furnished by Wall Street with the explicit understanding that Norton, if elected, would be the tool and creature of Wall Street, of the money devil, and of various other representatives of oratorical demonomy, including the demon rum, for Melander said that the brewers and distillers also had contributed funds for Norton's campaign.

Enderly read it aloud to Hollister and Pondevero on the morning it appeared.

After he had finished, Hollister commented: "Well, that will make trouble."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Enderly. "It's the regulation radical stuff. He can't smirch Norton with that sort of unproved denunciation."

"Maybe not," said Hollister, "and maybe so. We'll have to wait to determine that. However, there's more to it than that, from our viewpoint."

"You mean about the money behind Norton?"

"Certainly. The gist of that statement of Melander's is that large sums of money have been put up by the wealthy and plutocratic devils—Wall Street, rum and others—to finance Norton, and that we are handling those sums. As you know, that will automatically unload on us every political grafter and gypper in the country, and will make some of the organization boys out in the states itchy in the palms also. Darned clever, I call it, but Melander's a clever man. I wonder who's behind him."

"So do I," said Enderly; "and furthermore, I am going to find out."

Pliny Peters had good control of Norton, because that candidate made no rejoinder either to the first or to the following Melander attacks, until after Carthew reached him in Chicago. He then issued a short and dignified denial of every Melander accusation, said his candidacy was controlled by no one but himself, and suggested that if Melander was in possession of proof of his charges it was his duty to the people to produce it. This done, he proceeded with his speech-making, but was followed by Melander with reiteration of the charges, and the statement that when the time came Melander would produce his proof. The charges blossomed out on the billboards, in the advertising columns of the newspapers, and in pamphlet and circular-letter form. Melander continued in active eruption for some time, but as he produced no documentary proof his publicity soon became that paid for as advertising. The charges ceased to be news for the papers.

Enderly, Hollister and Pondevero were besieged by reporters, who asked for an expression on the attacks made by Melander. Enderly wrote a statement saying the charges were as absurd as they were false and mendacious. He denied that the organization was in any way concerned in the candidacy of any man. He said that the people would determine the candidate, and that the only function of the organization was to bow to the will of the majority when it should be expressed, and execute its commands. He said that Norton was a party man in good standing and thereby entitled to aspire for the nomination at the hands of the party; but that any statement that he was promoted or supported by the organization was untrue. The reporters could get no more than this, because Hollister and Pondevero referred all inquirers to Enderly.

A few days later Constable came into Enderly's room in the Capitol and found Enderly alone.

"How are you, senator?" he asked. "Well, as you look, I hope? Brother Melander's onslaught does not seem to affect you."

"Why should it?" asked Enderly.

"I don't suppose it should. Fantastic, isn't it, to assert that you would foist a candidate on the people?"

"Very," Enderly replied, and gave no sign that Constable's suave irony had reached him.

"So I say; especially so excellent a candidate as Norton."

"You think well of Norton, do you?"

"Yes; he seems to be making a good impression. He's feeling his way as yet, to be sure, and isn't quite in step with the people, but he'll get there, no doubt."

"Think so?"

"Certainly. Where else is there for him to go? I take it that his candidacy is sincere, as he says it is, and that it is

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"Oh, for Heaven's Sake, Pop, There's No One Here But Us!"

In Europe and America, for many years, the thought of standardization has been closely linked to the name Cadillac.

The two have been almost convertible terms.

Every nation has a wonder-working word. In that word is implied or expressed the special genius of its people.

Is it not possible that in America that word is standardization?

Standardization is a peculiarly American principle.

It is the capacity to think in large volume—*and execute in close, fine measurements.*

It is characterized by a noble bigness, on the one hand; and a scrupulous smallness, on the other.

Standardization dreams large dreams—*but it works them out with micrometer accuracy.*

It is not afraid of big figures when thinking in terms of materials, or machines, or markets, or money.

But it is mortally afraid of big figures when part is fitted into part.

Standardization laughs at millions—*and worries over a loose bolt.*

To the unthinking, it seems to talk in the language of the spendthrift.

The initiated know that in execution it is the very essence of economy.

Standardization can be applied to base ends—but, in America, it should not be.

When it seeks volume alone, it is merely the apotheosis of brute force—the perpetuation of cheapness.

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* * * * *

We feel that we may with propriety point out that this wonder-working word has also been the watch-word of these works since the Cadillac business began.

The practical application of this high ideal throughout eighteen years of manufacturing has brought to the Cadillac the world's approval of its eminence as a harmonious, dependable, long-lived mechanism.

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(Continued from Page 24)

founded on an appreciation of the unrest among the people and a desire to better governmental, political and economic conditions. It is, isn't it?"

"You know as much about it as I do," Enderly answered. "I have no information beyond what he says."

"Indeed? Well, assuming that that is the fact, it is reasonable to suppose that having started he will not stand still or turn back, but progress as he discovers the need of progress."

"Possibly," said Enderly, who was watching Constable narrowly and was puzzled to discover what he had in mind.

"Probably, I should amend," continued Constable. "In any event, may I as a party man ask you as a party leader what view the organization holds of Norton's candidacy?"

"I refer you to my statement that was printed yesterday."

"I saw that," said Constable.

"That is the organization position."

"I'll revise my question. What do you, personally, think of Norton's candidacy?"

"It's too early for me to have an opinion."

"But you must have thought about it," persisted Constable.

"No more than I have thought of Driggs and Meech and the others who are in the race."

"Well, I have," said Constable, "and I think Norton is eminently fitted for the place, that his nomination would be an excellent one, provided ——" Constable paused.

"Provided what?" asked Enderly.

"Provided that instead of staying where he is he goes forward, becomes specific in his statement of the real issues and detailed in his policies for the remedy of conditions; in short, provided he shows an appreciation that what is needed is effective action, not merely perfunctory motion."

"Do you think he is perfunctory?" asked Enderly.

"Not exactly, but it may be that those behind him are perfunctory."

"Who is behind him?"

"That's a large order. I can't say. However, somebody is, of course, besides these men at the head of the Norton League. Possibly we'll know one of these days."

"Undoubtedly. Those things generally come out one way or another."

"One way or another is right," said Constable. "However, I won't take any more of your time. I merely dropped in to say what I have said, to register my personal opinion for my own satisfaction that if Norton is pushed along somewhat he will be stronger than any of them."

"What do you mean by pushed along?"

"Accelerated, senator; advanced. He's working on a circle now. Get him on a straight line of real progressivism."

"That's not for me to do."

"Isn't it? Somebody ought to do it."

Enderly was irritated by the suave persistence of Constable, who was affable and smiling. It seemed to Enderly that behind Constable's urbanity there was knowledge of the situation beyond his admissions, and he was suspicious that Constable had some Norton maneuver in mind.

So, to focus those suspicions he asked, "Why don't you do it?"

"Me?" exclaimed Constable, as if surprised. "I hadn't thought of that. It might be a good idea. Have I your permission?"

"I have no permission to give. Mr. Norton is the man to talk to."

"You may be right. Well, good afternoon. Thanks for the chat. Haven't changed your mind about my corporation bill, have you?"

"I regret that I have not," said Enderly. "Good afternoon. Glad you called."

After Constable had gone Enderly sat for a long time in deep thought. Finally he roused himself and rang for his secretary.

"Homer," he said, "get off a code wire to Pliny Peters and tell him to report to me instantly when Senator Constable joins with Norton, and, if possible, what they talk about."

He lighted a cigar and stood looking out the window. "Unless I miss my guess a mile," he said to himself, "Constable will begin operations on Norton within a week."

XVII

THE Melander movement showed immediate vitality. There were evidences in various states that there had been some preliminary preparation for it, and Enderly discovered three things: The first was that a number of organization politicians who were usually in opposition to the projects and executions of Hollister, Pondevero and himself were openly working for Melander; the second was that a specialized appeal was being made as regards localities. Some shrewd politicians had mapped out Melander's campaign, because the men in charge of it did not waste effort in profitless territory, such as some states must inevitably be, but devoted their energies solely to states where there was at least a fighting chance; the third was that money was abundant in the Melander treasury; unlimited, apparently, because expenditures for publicity, for organization work, and so on, were so generous as to be almost profligate.

Enderly's fears concerning Constable seemed to be groundless. Pliny Peters made no mention of a visit to Norton by Constable, and Norton kept along steadily on the lines marked out for him. Melander, who was a skilled and effective campaigner, spoke incessantly and never failed in any speech to reiterate his charges that Norton was a bogus progressive. Reports began coming in that Melander was making headway. The organization state leaders were restive. One or two of them threatened to tie in with Melander unless they were given their instructions of where else to go. Hollister and Pondevero thought it was time for the organization to step in behind Norton if that still was Enderly's plan, but Enderly held off. He said he wanted to make sure.

"Sure?" commented Hollister. "If you are not sure now you never will be. Unless we get into action Melander's gang will grab off some state delegations that we need."

"Be calm, Henry," urged Enderly. "It isn't time yet, I tell you."

Enderly secured a series of unbiased reports from trustworthy scouts he sent to all territory where Melander was demonstrating, and studied them carefully. On the basis of these he went to see Norton, speaking in the formal manner he always adopted with the candidate.

"You remember our conversation wherein we both agreed that your campaign was to continue as mapped out unless the political necessities should make changes advisable?"

"I do," Norton replied.

"Well, in my opinion it is now time to make a change or two."

"In what manner?"

"In the manner of emphasis. It is clearly apparent to me that the advent of Melander makes it imperative that you shall go a bit further in specific statement of what your policies are—that is, develop some detail. In other words, be somewhat more progressive. Melander has stirred up the latent progressivism in many sections. To combat him successfully we must recognize that to some extent."

"I am glad you feel that way," said Norton. "I had begun to see the necessity for that. I am constantly under urge to step forward to my audiences instead of remaining discreetly behind them. Besides, I have changed a good many of the views I originally held."

"You have?" Enderly made a great effort to prevent his surprise from showing in his voice.

"Yes; while I was influenced by many of your arguments to me there were some on which I waited for conviction. Now I see, through my intercourse with the people, that you were right."

Enderly drew a long breath at this, but gave no other sign of the perturbation he felt. However, he soon discovered that his dismay was unfounded, as yet, at any rate. Norton made it plain that he had no alarming progressive inoculations, and he and Enderly went over the entire list of policies he was advocating and selected points where there might be judicious emphasis, elaboration of detail, specific instance and taking illustration. Norton conformed his next speeches to these suggestions and understandings.

XVIII

MEANTIME the question of the identity of the real forces behind Melander was unsolved. Carthew had not succeeded in discovering anything but the obvious fact that somebody was supplying money in large amounts and buying political brains wherever offered. Enderly and Hollister had found themselves in blind alleys on their investigations. Enderly's first thought was that Thane might be pushing Melander, but he dismissed that as fantastic, because nobody knew better than Enderly that the sort of President Thane needed was a President of the extreme reactionary, conservative type, with correct Thane views on corporations, combinations and big business, and not a radical like Melander. He made some bank inquiries, but did not find anything to connect Thane with the Melander expenditures, and dismissed the thought as untenable.

Pondevero moved about in his accustomed secretive manner and said nothing, which fact had no bearing whatever on any surmises he may have had about the Melander campaign and the supporters of it, because the more important a subject was the less he discussed it. He disappeared one day, leaving word that he had some business to look after, and Enderly and Hollister heard no more from him for a fortnight. One afternoon as they sat in Enderly's room Pondevero materialized himself in his usual mysteriously silent manner.

"Hello, Pon!" shouted Hollister. "Glad to see you back. What have you been up to?"

"I've been looking into that Melander business."

"Have any luck?"

"Yes," whispered Pondevero, inspecting the room as if he feared eavesdroppers. Enderly and Hollister started forward in their chairs.

"What did you find out?" they asked eagerly, and together.

"I found out who's behind it."

"Who is it?"

Pondevero made a circuit of the room, opened a door or two and glanced outside, and poked behind the curtains, entirely unconcerned over Enderly's impatient "Oh, for heaven's sake, Pon, there's no one here but us!" He tiptoed back to the anxious leaders and leaned toward them.

"Who is it?" Enderly repeated.

"Thane," whispered Pondevero.

Enderly sat incredulous and stared at Pondevero. Hollister exploded with a loud "Well, I'm damned!"

"How do you know?" asked Enderly. "Are you sure?"

"Sure as shooting," whispered Pondevero. "It's Thane all right."

"How did you find out?" insisted Enderly.

Pondevero drew a chair up in front of the two men and motioned to them to move their chairs in closely to him. Then in a tone so low that they were forced to lean forward to hear him, this bringing their heads close together, he told his story:

"After Melander got going I knew it was no ordinary barrel that had been tapped for him, but a hogshead, and I made a list of our big contributors and eliminated them. Then out of the possible money suppliers for Melander that remained I again eliminated all but two or three, because of things I knew, and that left Thane and two others. I remembered that Thane had tried to mix in with Norton and decided I'd look into his activities first. So I got our friends in the Treasury Department to put bank examiners in his banks ——"

"Pshaw, Pon," exclaimed Enderly, "we did that a month ago!"

"I know," continued Pondevero imperturbably, "but I did it anyhow. I figured that if Thane was going into this, and wanted to keep under cover, he would have a special fund somewhere and not check on his regular accounts; but I also figured that he'd have to get the money somehow out of his regular accounts or by selling something, because no man has that much cash lying around.

"Of course, Thane is too smart to do his stock selling and buying in a way that can be traced if he wants to keep the transactions covered, and it is easy enough to operate through a dummy, or a lot of them; but, you see, I happen to have friends who know pretty well what all of Thane's big holdings are, and he'd have to sell some of that stuff to get this money, for it's a lot. I set a period dating from the time he sent Sylvester to see Norton, and found that this side of that there had been no great sales of the stuff Thane holds; nor any continued unloading day by day. The market had been normal on that Thane stuff. So that made it reasonably certain he didn't make up his Melander fund that way.

"Then I told my bank examiners to look over his accounts and see if there had been any big transfer of Thane money recently for whatever purpose, and, by jing, they found that he had checked out a million in one lump from the Aspera Trust to the Cranford Supply Company, which, we soon found out, was a newly organized shipping concern. It didn't take long to discover that the Cranford Supply Company was a dummy, and that it banked in an uptown bank. So I had my bank examiners slipped into that bank, and we found that the bulk of its account had been transferred, by draft, to one Bannon, and put in a Bronx bank. We traced it from Bannon to a man named Hathaway, and from Hathaway to Ostrander; and there you are."

"Who's Ostrander?" asked Hollister.

"He's the treasurer of the Melander outfit, the holder of the Thane moneybags, but he operates in the background. The apparent treasurer is a man named Van Winkle, who has a smallish account in another bank, but Ostrander's the man who handles the funds. He is ambushed behind a dummy exporting and importing concern which he seems to manage, but it's only a fake. I've seen some of the checks. Then, to make sure, some friends of mine fixed it up so we could listen in on the telephone between Ostrander and Van Winkle, and that confirmed it. Thane's the man."

"Great, Pon!" said Hollister, almost crushing the frail Pondevero with a clap on the shoulder. "You're a regular sleuth."

"What's the game?" asked Enderly, who had heard the recital with set lips and hardened face.

"I can tell you that too," answered Pondevero. "It's handy to have friends in New York who can connect up with things. One of my friends is on close terms with Arthur Craig, who is doing the political management for Melander."

"Craig, of Ohio?" asked Hollister.

"Yes. Well, it was Sylvester who got Craig into it, for two reasons—Craig thinks we didn't treat him right in that collectorship fight, and Sylvester is paying him a good salary. Sylvester told Craig that the Thane idea is to beat Norton, principally because he wants to beat you, Cato."

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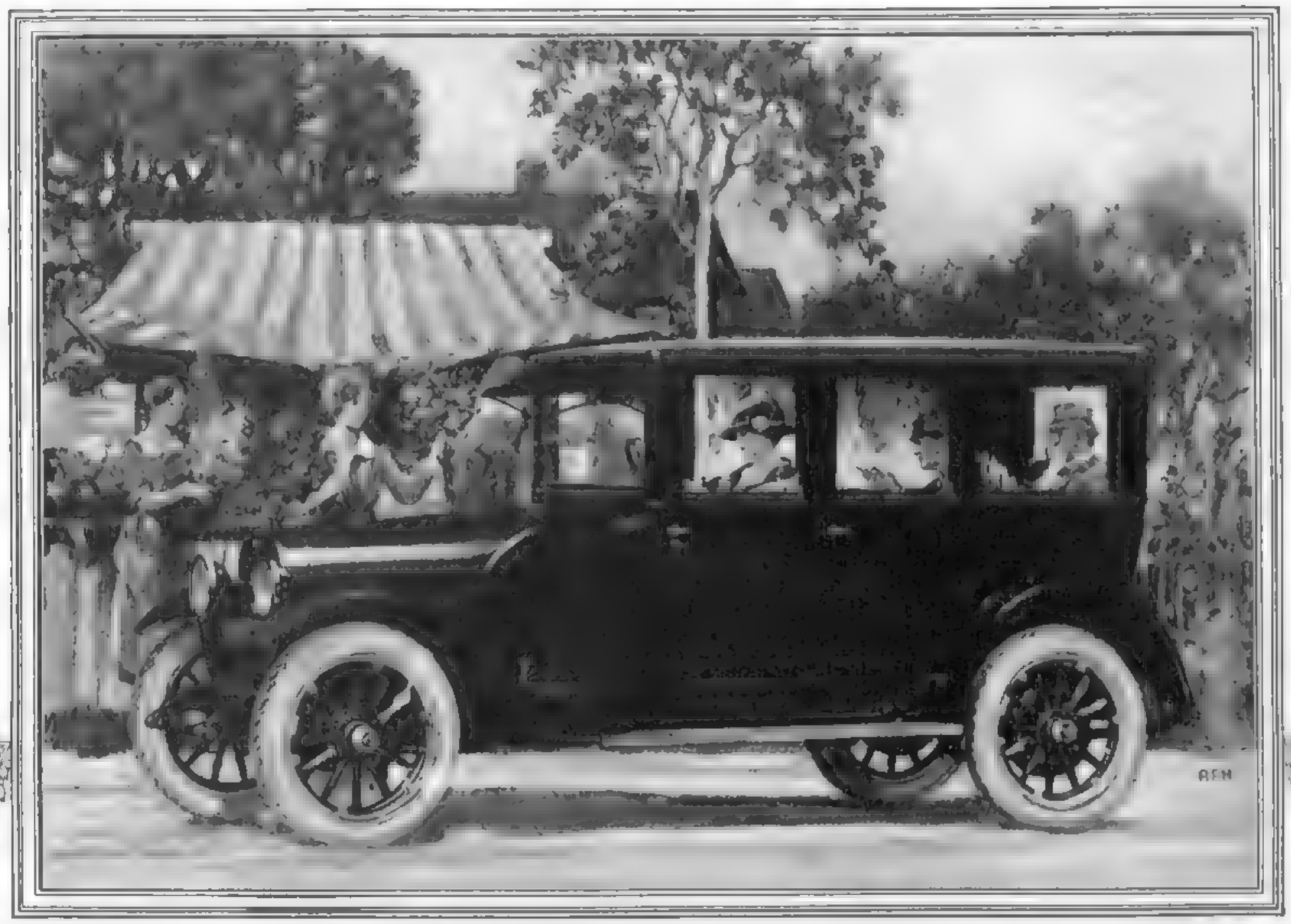

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"Thane must have paresis," interrupted Enderly. "He will be worse off than any of us with a man like Melander in Washington. He doesn't want a man like Melander nominated."

"He doesn't want a man like Norton nominated, either," said Pondevero. "Anyhow, Thane got wind of our plans with Norton, and he set up Melander to beat Norton, on the theory that if some radicalism will get votes for Norton a lot of radicalism will get votes for Melander. His idea is to tie up Norton to us, get enough delegates with Melander to beat Norton, and then at the convention make a combination with the scattering fellows or force us to a compromise with a deadlock. He's determined that Enderly shall not put Norton through. That's the basis of the fight, of course, and he has an idea that he can win with some man of his own picking; not Melander, of course, but with somebody else who will develop, and he's going the limit on it."

"It was stupid of me not to have figured that out," said Enderly. "I couldn't make myself believe that Thane, even in his greatest excess of opposition to me, would tie himself up with a destructionist like Melander. It's grotesque to the point of lunacy when you come to consider Thane's interests and connections. However, it's all plain enough now, and we've got to go out and wipe up the earth with Thane and his blatherskite candidate."

"What do you mean?" asked Pondevero.

"Why, Pon, I mean just what I say. We'll step right in behind Norton and whale the tar out of Thane."

"The first half of the program is all right, Cato," said Pondevero, "but I don't see the necessity of going to a battle in every state. Let's finesse a little, and give him a taste of real politics now that he has gone into it wholesale."

"Finesse?" snorted Enderly. "Finesse your grandmother! The only way to make a dent in Lon Thane is with an ax."

"Maybe not," said Hollister. "What's the idea, Pon?"

The little man beckoned them close to him again. "Look here," he whispered. "There's no nourishment in fighting Thane that way, because while we might give him a beating we won't get away unharmed ourselves. Now take a list of the Middle Western, Near and Far Northwestern, Southwestern and Pacific Coast states. We can put our fingers on half a dozen of them where Melander, with the sort of a fight he is making and will make, has a good chance to get the delegates, no matter how loyal our leaders in them may be, because there is where this unrest and protest is greatest. As between Norton and Melander, Melander has the best of it in some states on the surface indications. Of course Driggs and Meech and one or two of the others have some of these delegates sewed up, but in most of these places Melander will give us a fearful tussle. Why not let Melander have the delegates?"

"Let Melander have them!" cried Enderly. "What's the matter with everybody? Have you gone crazy, too, Pon?"

"Not at all, Cato. I'm sane to the point of complete saturation. I don't mean to let Melander have the delegates actually, but to allow him to appear to have them. Elect Melander delegates, but see to it that all these Melander delegates are our fellows, who will come to us when we want them. We can do that and Thane will have to pay most of the expenses and do most of the work and we'll get all the berries.

"That will ease the strain on our boys, will hold them in good odor with their progressive people during the preconvention period, and at the convention we can show up Thane as the power behind Melander, and put Norton over with a whoop. There are half a dozen, or more, states where we can work that, and where it will be good politics to work it if I am any judge of the impression Melander is making. Of course, we'll have to fight straight out in some of the states—in most of them—but if we handle the others that way we'll beat Melander, smash Thane, and nominate Norton, or anybody else we choose."

"By Jove, Pon!" cried Hollister, "that's a good scheme—real politics. What do you say, Cato?"

"Perhaps," Enderly answered, "but it will take a lot of delicate handling. Let's see how it will work out."

The three went into a long consultation, in which state committee lists and lists of delegates, maps, vote tabulations and other political paraphernalia figured. After detailed discussion several states were set apart as tentatively showing the required conditions, and plans were made for specific instructions to the men on the ground in case the future circumstances made such an undertaking feasible.

"Those delegates must be hand-picked or it won't work," said Enderly.

"Right," Hollister assented, "but we have a fine bunch of expert hand-pickers at our command, and we'll put them on the job."

It was easy, with the information that Pondevero had secured, to check up on Thane's operations, and if Enderly and Hollister had any doubts as to the impelling and lubricating force for Melander these doubts were soon dispelled. Thane was the man, and Melander was working for him.

With this fact established to a certainty Enderly went into immediate and effective action. His state leaders, so far as possible, had already secretly framed their delegations to the national convention, and mostly had those delegations under such control that the individual members of them needed nothing but official information as to who their candidate was to be to become ardent supporters and advocates of that person after they were formally selected.

However, there were certain prescribed manners for the official and legal selection of those delegates, or indorsement of them, by the people, and the state leaders must get past these successfully. In some states there were state-primary laws, and in others the caucus and county and district conventions still prevailed.

Early in December, six months before the national convention, Enderly sent his secretary to the telegraph office with a code telegram, addressed to a state leader, and a list of names that comprised all other state leaders who were in absolute accord with him, and to the men who operated for him in states where the organization leaders were opposed to him. The instructions to the telegraph office were to duplicate this code telegram to each man on the list. The code was a personal one, arranged between Enderly and one man in each state, for Enderly took no chances with ordinary code communications. He had long before discovered that what his experts could do in the way of decoding a message sent by his opponents that came into his hands, the experts of his opponents could do with the codes of his that came into their hands, and getting copies of messages that others send, in politics, is not so difficult as may be supposed.

This telegram read:

After consideration from every angle it is now decided that organization shall step in behind Norton and utilize him as organization candidate. Please start machinery in motion to supplement operations Norton League and instruct delegates for Norton. Have trustworthy men in all parts of state talk Norton and urge him on people not reached or influenced by league. Detailed suggestions follow in usual manner. Essential that action shall appear to be result of developed or developing state sentiment for Norton and not as organization movement. Maintain position that action taken on your own initiative as result popular demand instead of as result suggestion headquarters. Use especial procaution to hold prospective delegates in line and consult freely with me. Send estimate amount additional fund needed immediately.

The vital point in that telegram was the instruction to the state leaders to start out their men to talk Norton. The American people get most of their politics by absorption rather than by cerebration, and the political leader knows that. Hence, whenever a candidate is to be supported or a policy promoted the required support or promotion is not sought by a state leader standing up and proclaiming the virtues of that candidate or cause, but by his lieutenants, sergeants and corporals in every locality circulating among the people and talking that candidate or that cause.

A state leader is known for what he is, a professional politician, and so are district leaders, but in the localities the men who serve as sergeants or corporals in the organization are mostly known as ardent partisans and not especially as machine workers, although they are, of course, recognized as active party men. They are in politics usually for the love of it, and for the hope of reward by local offices, and they know the folks in their localities. So they move about, talking their candidate, and advancing arguments for and confuting arguments against him, and the cumulative effect is enormous, especially if it has had the preparatory nourishment of a well-conducted publicity campaign. When a state leader has his men in every locality intelligently talking his candidate he has gone a considerable distance towards winning his fight.

Enderly sent supplementary telegrams to his captains in some of the states where Melander seemed to be making most headway, and asked them to meet him in Chicago, but not to all such states, because he knew that in certain localities Melander's progress was not so much due to the effect Melander was getting, but to the unfriendliness of the regular organization leaders to himself and Hollister and Pondevero. Enderly picked his men and his states with wise discrimination, because what he was to propose would require not only expert political manipulation but the utmost loyalty and discipline. Hollister and Pondevero went to Chicago with him.

He heard the reports of these men in secret conference, and those reports were similar in their tenor. They were that Melander, with unlimited money behind him and wide and skillful publicity, was shrewdly and effectively capitalizing for his own benefit the progressivism that existed in their states.

They all said it would be difficult and expensive to defeat him and get the delegates for Norton, who was well regarded but who was not radical enough to compete on even terms with Melander.

"Very well," said Enderly after these reports, which were almost identical in detail, had been made; "then let me suggest an alternative."

He put the Pondevero plan before them. "The object of the Melander campaign," he said, "is not primarily to nominate Melander but to defeat the organization candidate and myself. The politics of it is based on the situation which you gentlemen have just outlined—namely, that Melander is making headway because of his radicalism and because radicalism, speaking broadly, is popular with the people. We might defeat him in an open fight or we might not. In any event, such fights would be very expensive and very troublesome. Therefore I suggest that we defeat him by indirection, rather than directly; that we allow Melander to have the delegations from your states, but not the delegates.

"In other words, we think that if you men, after keeping up a fair show of fighting for Norton, will apparently capitulate in your conventions to Melander, you, as the recognized party leaders, appearing to bow to the will of the people, can select your own delegates for Melander, just as you could select them for Norton, say, in other circumstances. See to it that the indorsement of Melander is elastic enough to allow you full play at the national convention, and then use the delegates at the national convention as you see fit.

"Control the conventions that will select your state delegations—make sure of that—but apparently play in with Melander and seem to control them for him. That done, the rest is simple. All you have to do is to name your own men, and bring them to the national convention for Melander, but for Melander only up to a certain point; and allow Mr. Alonzo Thane to pay the bills.

"Of course, you must understand that the men who are handling Melander are not children, and that they naturally will distrust you and try to do their own delegate selecting. If that happens you must go to a finish fight with them, beat them, and then select Melander delegates just the same, on the right you have, as organization men, of keeping control of the organization, even if the candidate you control the organization for is not of your voluntary selection."

There was a long discussion of ways and means, and it was finally determined that this plan should be followed in six of the most progressive states, where Melander was making his greatest impression, and where the most delegates were involved. Partial application, by districts and in the cases of individual delegates, was to be made in some of the other states.

Enderly pointed out that it would take hard work, explicit control, skillful politics and incessant watchfulness, and personally canvassed each state leader as to his chances. They all agreed that it might be done, and all said they would do their best to work it out. In any event, they said, they would certainly be able to handle portions of the delegations, if not all, and they would see to it that the indorsements of Melander were flexible enough to admit of national-convention manipulation.

Pondevero explained that if the plan was put into execution obviously or clumsily it would fail of its purpose, because Melander was a good politician and had good politicians around him. He suggested that there should be a plausible fight made for Norton by the organization men, and that capitulation should not come until delegates to the national convention were actually to be chosen, at state-convention time, when the state leaders would bow to the inevitable, but control the selection of the Melander men. This, of course, could not be done if they allowed Melander to control their conventions. They must control their conventions for Melander.

They all agreed to this, and said they would see to it, if at all possible, that they would have majority controls in the state conventions, and the district conventions also. They felt sure they could do that, and they left for their homes to work out the scheme one way or another, as local conditions might dictate.

XIX

ENDERLY knew that the organization's getting behind Norton would become public notwithstanding his instructions to his state leaders to cloak their operations as far as possible and to endeavor to create the impression that popular demand instead of organization direction influenced them. He knew that man, being a talkative animal, would talk, and that organization men were no different from their nonorganization fellows.

Pondevero was apprehensive. His idea of a perfect political situation was one wherein everybody essential knew everything essential and nobody said anything, essential or unessential.

"I suppose it will come out," he said to Hollister.

"Sure," Hollister replied. "Somebody will spill it somewhere along the line. It will be printed, all right."

Pondevero shuddered. "That will be unfortunate," he said.

"Cheer up, Pon," urged Hollister. "You are the only man in the world who can wear gumshoes twenty-four hours a day. We can get away with whatever comes out."

Enderly prepared to make the best of the situation when the news broke on him. He did not have long to wait. Within a few days political articles were printed in various parts of the country, stating more or less definitely that the organization had taken up Norton, and Enderly was immediately and insistently questioned by the Washington newspaper correspondents as to the truth of these statements.

He side-stepped neatly. He said that the organization, concerned only with the question of securing the strongest possible candidate, had observed with interest the large measure of popular support that Norton was securing, and had merely requested the organization leaders in the various states to test out that apparent support, to investigate the genuineness and extent of it, and report, with no other motive than the ascertainment of the desires of the people. This request did not mean that the organization was favoring Norton against any candidate, and was for information only; a part of the routine of every presidential campaign, and nothing else.

"What about Melander?" he was asked.

"If we shall come to think, as the ante-convention campaign progresses, that the candidacy of Mr. Melander has assumed sufficient proportions to deserve such attention as we are paying to the candidacy of Mr. Norton we shall probably take similar steps to inform ourselves about it," he said.

Enderly maintained this position stoutly, and the organization press upheld him in it. Melander and his friends ridiculed and denounced it, claiming that it was an arbitrary and subversive attempt to defeat the will of the people. Melander shouted on every stump that it proved his contention that Norton was not only the tool of Enderly and the organization but the tool of the interests also, and called on the people to rise to his support and drive these traffickers in the suffrages of the people from power.

The progressive press said that it was encouraging to note that the organization

(Continued on Page 31)

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(Continued from Page 28)

evinced as much interest as Enderly claimed in the candidacy of a man who displayed some progressive tendencies, and suggested that these evidences of repentance should be followed by a full confession of faith by Norton, and a complete espousal of all the tenets of real progressivism. The comment on it was as various as the commentators, but as a whole it was helpful to Norton, and he gained strength in various localities. The organization influence was powerful and persistent.

When the interviewers came at Norton he said that he was pleased to read in the newspapers that his candidacy for the nomination had attracted the attention of the organization, because that meant that it had made an impress on the people. He felt sure that, as the campaign progressed, the wisdom of the organization in taking steps thus to inform itself would be apparent, and he hoped that the inquiry would be thorough because he had no fear of the result of it if it was. This noncommittal statement comprised all he had to say on the matter, and pleased Enderly immensely.

"By George!" he said to Hollister. "Norton is learning the ropes."

Enderly kept close and accurate check on Melander's campaign and was soon brought to a disturbing realization that his own original conviction as to the radicalism in the rank and file of the party had underestimated rather than overestimated the regard in which advanced political doctrines were held by that rank and file.

Melander, a showy, intense, ardent and apparently sincere campaigner, had had the effect of rousing what was latent in many localities, and of fanning to a flame what had been smoldering in others. He was an excitant, and an efficient one, whether or not he would succeed, as he claimed he would, in being the beneficiary of his own efforts.

Norton continued sedately. He was frankly in the middle of the road now, holding fast to some portions of the old but advocating other tenets of the new. The Pondevero plan for apparent support of Melander in states where he was strongest was working out, but with difficulties. The Melander men were naturally suspicious of and antagonistic to the organization leaders, and it required incessant activity and effort on the part of these leaders to hold their lines steady and keep control, notwithstanding their recognition of the Melander sentiment.

Enderly, Hollister and Pondevero had long since set aside any other employments and were busy night and day with conferences with incoming state leaders, with plans to meet new emergencies, with an enormous mass of detail of direction, suggestion, disapproval and approval of field tactics.

What was announced in the newspapers as the first real test was to come in March, in North Dakota. To all appearances the fight in that state was a straight one between Norton and Melander, with the other candidates, such as Driggs and Meech, trailing. Enderly had his publicity bureau elaborate this consideration of the North Dakota contest as a man-to-man struggle between Norton and Melander, in order that the people and press might hold the result of it to be a tangible demonstration of what might happen in any state where the organization had formerly been powerful, but where there were many evidences of progressive sympathies in the party membership.

Enderly and his associates publicly welcomed the test and simulated unconcern over it, saying that the matter was one for the decision of the people, and that they had no other interest in it than to see that the majority prevailed.

Privately Enderly and his associates had no such unconcern. They had been amazed and frightened by the reports that had come to them of the spirit of independence and progressivism with which the party was permeated in many sections of the country, and with the disregard of this condition by many of their political aides. These men admitted there was some of this independence showing, but that it was not dangerous and that they could suppress it in the regulation way when the time came. Enderly found these men somewhat perfunctory in their efforts, and was unable to stir them to the greater activity he knew the situation demanded.

"Dod-gast them," he said to Hollister, "they are altogether too smug and well satisfied with themselves. They think they are stronger than they are. We've got to build a fire under them."

"Well, haven't we built one?" asked Hollister.

"Oh, a blaze, maybe, but not a real fire. I'm going to start a conflagration."

"How so?"

"I'm going to fix it so Melander will carry North Dakota."

Hollister looked calmly at Enderly for a moment or two. "Good idea," he said. "Now you're talking like a real politician."

"Wait a minute," urged Pondevero. "Don't do anything rash. Think how that will hurt our prestige."

"Prestige be damned!" exclaimed Enderly. "Think how it will hurt our prestige to have this man Melander carry a lot of other states, as he's likely to if we don't stop him. If you want to consider it from the prestige angle, chew on that for a while. What difference will it make if he gets that handful of Dakota delegates, provided we can use the getting of them for our purposes? If he does get them we can scare our crowd into real action, and they need scaring. If we win up there they will say it is all over, and let things slide. Besides, a Melander victory up there won't retard campaign contributions any. There are others who will be scared besides our own fellows in the other states, and then will be the time to cash in for the party on that terror."

"Right," said Hollister. "If we get a black eye in North Dakota we can gather proper materials in the lower end of New York for a lot of soothing poultices."

Pondevero protested, but was overwhelmed by Enderly and Hollister. Enderly went to Chicago, and called in his North Dakota leader and a few trusty lieutenants from sections of the state where the organization had most influence. They analyzed the polls they had taken, and these showed that Norton ought to win by a small plurality; would win on the basis of the best available information. Enderly instructed these men to get out in their districts and quietly change votes from Norton to Melander, using the argument that it was the best thing for the party to get Melander out in front where the menace of him would be better appreciated by the party at large. They were cautioned by Enderly not to overdo it, and told that a Melander victory that was a workable plurality over Norton and the other aspirants would be enough. Enderly wanted no landslide. It was not his intention to cause a catastrophe when a calamity would be sufficient for his purposes.

Melander won the North Dakota delegates by a plurality of 945 over Norton. There was much clamor concerning this result in the opposition and progressive press, for these men held to it that Enderly and his associates were behind Norton, or in accord with him at any rate. This clamor was met unconcernedly by Enderly, who insisted that the organization was in no way rebuffed, because it had remained neutral; had stood on the side lines looking on.

Privately he set forth the Melander victory to the organization men throughout the country as a staggering blow, and urged them to increased and strenuous and unceasing effort for Norton. Likewise he saw to it that the organization newspapers, seemingly on their own initiative and as dictated by deep concern for party welfare, should issue solemn warnings to the party as to what would happen to the regulars should Melander continue as he had started, and thereby stirred up the rank and file somewhat. Also, and most efficiently, he made the North Dakota result a lever for prying loose large additional campaign contributions from panicky gentlemen not unassociated with big business and high finance.

"It worked out all right," said Hollister to Enderly after the North Dakota results were in and while they were in process of expert utilization by headquarters.

"Yes," Enderly replied, "but I'm not saying to you, Henry, that Melander wouldn't have won even if we had not pushed him along."

"Might be, but the main point is that he did win."

"No, that isn't the main point. The main point is that he is likely to keep on winning unless we nip up a bit with Norton."

"We're doing that, aren't we?"

"Not entirely. Brother Norton must step a few paces to the front with his progressivism."

"Now, Cato," protested Pondevero, "he's far enough ahead already. Be careful, or first thing you know you'll find him neck and neck with Melander. Be careful, Cato. It's dangerous to let him go any further."

"It's dangerous not to, Pon. We must push him along, I tell you, because instead of one party we've got two parties in one on our hands—a progressive party and a conservative party, and the progressives have the votes in states we must have. We can hold the conservatives, because they won't have anywhere else to go, for the opposition candidate is bound to be an alleged forward-looker; but if we don't hold the progressives they will find a place to go that won't be our idea of a place at all. I'm going to see Norton and start him ahead a bit."

"Be careful, be very careful!" Pondevero was almost tearful in his urgings. "Think of the position we shall be in if we nominate a man too advanced for our purposes."

"Yes, and think of the position we shall be in if we don't nominate our man at all. Don't worry, Pon. Norton will be all right and, besides, you overlook the fact that we shall have the making of the platform on which Norton must stand. We'll regulate and prescribe the issues which he will run—you and Henry and myself in convention assembled will do that very thing, and none others."

Norton had not been told of the North Dakota tactics, on the useful and often proved political theory that what a candidate does not know of inside manipulations of this sort by his managers will not hurt him, nor will it annoy the managers. Also, Enderly had figured that it might be of use in stiffening Norton somewhat in his talking position.

Enderly found Norton somewhat perturbed over Melander's victory.

"What does it signify?" he asked.

"Only one thing," Enderly said, "and that is what I have told you from the beginning—a great and important section of our party is reaching out for new issues and demanding new policies. We must recognize that."

"But we have recognized it."

"Not sufficiently."

"You mean ——"

"I mean that you must take a more advanced position. You must make a more direct appeal to that element. The object of this fight we are making with you is to win it with you, not with another or any other. To win it with you, you must make the proper appeal to the voters who will furnish us the delegates and the votes. You must bear down on some of the subjects you have been passing over lightly, be specific where you have been general. Political necessity demands it."

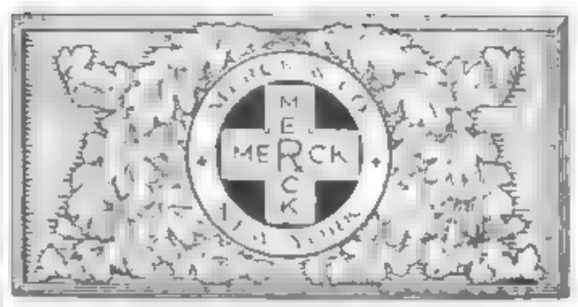
"I understand," said Norton.

Carthew and Sawyer had their Norton Leagues functioning in every state by this time, and the campaign developed into a dingdong affair, with Melander and his forces clamorous from many stumps, and Norton and his forces not quite so clamorous but equally active. The people were beginning to show interest, and the fortunes of the two leading candidates, and the others who were in their wake, were given much space in the newspapers. Driggs carried his own state, and so did Meech, and Norton won handily over Melander in three notable contests in the early fighting. Then Melander took a state, and another; small states, but with votes in the convention.

Norton's speeches were more progressive in tenor than they had been at the beginning. He was advocating a number of the policies that Melander advocated, which caused Melander to become even more radical, to claim that he had forced Norton to his advanced position, and to assert that he, Melander, was the only hope of the people.

One night, when speaking in Des Moines, Norton went into the question of labor and capital, and with a distinct leaning towards labor in various phases of that unending economic dispute. He specifically advocated several innovations in the way of national labor laws, including a general eight-hour law, that he had hitherto spoken of in the most general manner.

"Cato," said Pondevero, coming in to Enderly so abruptly that Enderly knew he must be greatly disturbed, "have you seen this?" He handed Enderly a newspaper containing a report of the Des Moines speech. "I tell you, Cato, that man



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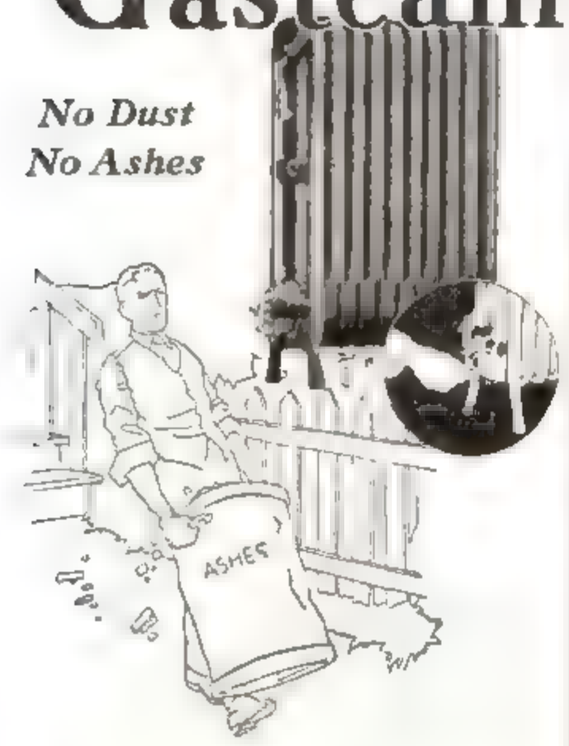

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Norton will ruin us if you don't stop him. It's incendiary, that's what it is."

"What is incendiary?" asked Enderly. "Who is? Where's the fire?" Enderly glanced at the headlines. "Oh, that," he continued. "I saw that. It's right in line with the best progressive thought, isn't it? Good stuff, too, for present purposes."

"For present purposes?" repeated Pondevero. "If we don't look out it will be stuff for future purposes too. I tell you you must check that man."

"Not at all, Pon; not a check. I'm going to spur him up. We've got to do it."

"You'll be sorry."

"Don't worry, Pon. We've handled Norton so far and we can handle him to the end. He's making political speeches now, not political issues. There is a lot of difference between the final and determined planks of a party platform and the chips from a campaign stump."

**

THE greatest activity in the preconvention campaign came in the two months between April fifteenth and June fifteenth, which was the date for the assembling of the national convention. The national convention would consist of 940 delegates, and of these 260 had been selected by mid-April. Enderly's tabulations for publication showed that of these 260 delegates Norton had 130; Melander, 60; Driggs, 20; Meech, 14, and that 36 were unpledged. His private tabulations showed that the 36 unpledged delegates were in reality Norton delegates, for whom it had not been judicious to urge Norton instructions owing to local conditions, which made Norton's real strength 166 votes.

Things moved swiftly, with both Norton and Melander gathering small sheaves of delegates, until April twenty-seventh, which was the date of the first of the state conventions where the Pondevero plan for giving the indorsement to Melander but retaining the votes for Norton was to be tried out. Fifty-four votes were involved. James Bastable was the Enderly leader here, known nationally as Big Jim, a great, barrel-chested, square-jawed, heavy-fisted man who had fought his way up to his leadership from the smallest precinct beginnings.

Bastable was a power in his state, and dominated his organization. He was an able, intelligent, well-read and patriotic man, who was constantly assailed by the uplifters and reformers as a grafter, a corrupt boss and a malign influence in his community, but who had personally done more for his city and for his state in the way of public improvements, parks, roads, schools, good though partisan government, and for helpful legislation than all his assailants combined had done or ever would do.

He held firm control not only in the great manufacturing centers but in the farming districts as well by virtue of the very partisanship his assailants decried, and because of his unvarying loyalty to his party friends and his implacable punishment of his party foes. He played politics practically, and with no altruistic trimmings, and as he got results he held his following closely, and looked with amused tolerance on the reform element that constantly yapped at him, and helped them at times, also.

His long experience—as does the experience of every political boss—had shown him that the uplifters are not at all averse to taking help from the boss they decry when they want something for themselves; which they often do.

The tendency of Big Jim's city following, which was largely industrial, was to fall in with the radical. Melander's managers knew this, and they made an intensive campaign, not only for the control of the delegates but for the control of Big Jim's organization. Under orders to be for Norton ultimately, and respecting those orders and intending to carry them out, he made no public show of his intentions. He called in his lieutenants from all parts of the state and told them the plan, which was to seem to capitulate to the Melander sentiment, but to make sure, after so doing, that the delegates to the state convention were Bastable men. It was the one essential point. It was necessary for Big Jim to be in control of the state convention, in order that the national convention delegates selected there should be Bastable men first, last and for all time, with their presidential preferences incidental to this loyalty.

Charles J. Romney, the Melander leader in the state, was an enemy of Big Jim's, and he made the enmity a factor in the fight. Instead of contesting on national and presidential lines, as between Melander and Norton, he sought to identify Bastable with Norton, and to crush them both. He was lavishly supplied with money by Thane, and felt that this was his opportunity not only to carry the state for Melander but to revenge himself on Bastable. This gave a local angle to the fight that neither Bastable nor Enderly had considered, and made it necessary for Bastable to contest for the delegates in several close districts instead of absorbing them, as he did in districts where his followers were largely in the majority.

Bastable went into these district fights with the public announcement that the state convention would decide which candidate should be indorsed, but that he had no intention of abdicating to Romney as leader or of allowing Romney to take the leadership away from him, as he plainly was trying to do; and that the fights were on that Bastable-against-Romney basis rather than on a Norton-against-Melander basis.

The consequence was that what started as a strategical maneuver developed in some districts into a lively battle, and the further consequence was that in several of these contested districts, owing to the great expenditure of Thane money, Romney and not Big Jim selected the men to go to the state convention. However, when the day for the convention came, Bastable, after careful check, count and recount, was assured of control of the convention by a few votes, and by this control could appoint a committee on credentials to work as he dictated and throw out enough Melander delegates to make his control as much greater as deemed desirable.

He had selected Daniel Quarles for his presiding officer, known throughout the state as Gavel Dan. Quarles was a bulldog of a fellow, a lawyer skilled in parliamentary tactics, with a courage no protesting mob of convention delegates could cow, and a cold steady nerve no tumult could upset. He was keen of wit, loud of voice, instant in decision, and he was the friend, follower and supporter of Big Jim. They called him Gavel Dan because as presiding officer he had smashed through decisions at many an unruly convention, calmly facing angry men on the floor and beating out the required program decisively and instantly. It did not perturb him to have forty raging men on the floor howling out motions for this, that and the other, or shouting insults and challenges at him. He knew the motion that was required, grabbed it from the clamor, and put it through under his gavel before those protesting discovered what had happened to them.

"Dan," said Big Jim to him, "there's likely to be a rookus up there in the hall to-morrow. Those Melander fellows are going to try to grab that convention away from us and run it to suit themselves."

"They won't do that," Quarles answered quietly. "We've got a majority in the convention, haven't we?"

"Sure."

"Well, get me in the chair, and it will be all over in an hour or two."

Romney's check also showed that Bastable was in control, but the popular reception of his candidate, and the Thane money, combined with the progressivism that existed in the party, made him feel that he had a fighting chance, and he hoped to stampede enough of the Bastable delegates to give him control. He admitted that this was a faint hope, but it was the only hope he had. Otherwise, he and all the Melander men expected either a delegation for the national convention instructed for Norton, or uninstructed but in the control of Bastable.

The delegates were mostly on hand on the night before the convention, and the hotels and saloons were filled with partisans, claiming, boasting, betting and bluffing. Two trains came in next morning, bringing three hundred carefully chosen members of the Bastable Club, which was the personal phalanx of the leader, and the centralized expression of his following. These husky, two-fisted men had their breakfasts on the train, marched direct to the convention hall and were seated in three rows of chairs that were immediately in front of the platform.

"You stay there, all of you," commanded Big Jim. "Our delegates and the Melander bunch will be seated behind you, and I want you to hold everybody back—understand—hold them back. Don't let one of them through and up to the platform! Nobody, unless you get the high sign from me. And that goes for our own fellows as well as for the others. You are supposed to be a stone wall—get me? And if one of you breaks and lets anybody through I'll settle with that dub afterwards. I'll be right up there on the platform watching you too. Don't forget that."

The huskies understood. They settled into their chairs, making a solid human barrier, three rows deep, that stretched from wall to wall across the hall between the platform and the rest of the floor space. They sat there, smoking, skylarking, joking, but ready to do instant battle at the nod from Big Jim.

Chairs for the delegates to the convention were arranged in rows behind them, and reached about three-quarters of the distance to the rear wall of the hall, which was a large rectangular room, with its length running north and south and its narrowed breadth east and west. The platform was at the east end. The floor space not occupied by the chairs for the delegates was roped off and left clear for spectators to stand in. There was a gallery at the western end of the hall and halfway along each side towards the platform, which was not to be occupied. Big Jim, not desiring to scatter the opposition, saw to it that his local lieutenants had the convention city authorities declare the gallery unsafe and there were policemen stationed at the entrances to it to keep it clear and thus avoid possible accident—either to spectators or to Big Jim.

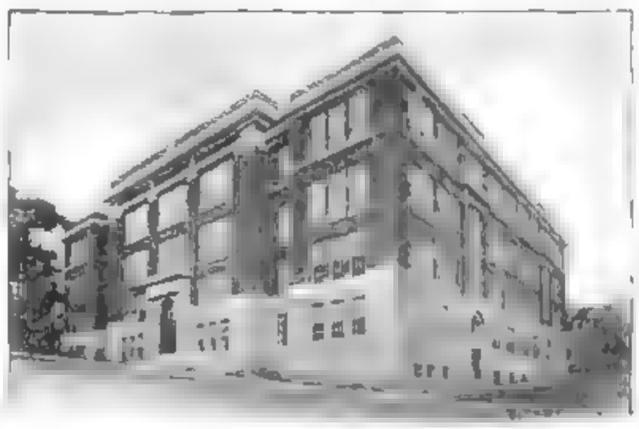
The Melander managers had brought with them a considerable number of Melander shouters for cheering and other spectacular purposes. When these began to arrive at the hall they found the Big Jim contingent solidly and stolidly in the front of the hall, and policemen keeping the other seats for the delegates. Thus they were compelled to stand along the side lines and at the rear. There was much protest over this, and much heated question as to who the men were who sat in the three front rows, but no answer was forthcoming, and those rash Melanderites who sought to discover the identities of the front-row contingent by personal inspection and inquiry were so abruptly informed that the identities of these men were none of their business and to get back and stay back that the inquiries were not pressed.

Ten o'clock was the hour for opening the convention. The Melander men knew the methods of Big Jim well enough to understand that a convention under his management that was scheduled to open at ten o'clock would open on the minute. They came early and filed into their seats. The Bastable delegates were on hand at half past nine, and at a quarter to ten the standing-room space was packed with Melander shouters, Bastable adherents and casual spectators. Meantime the platform had no occupants save eight or nine newspaper reporters, who had a table at the left-hand side. There was another table on the right-hand side, for the secretaries and clerks of the convention when they should arrive, and a small but heavy oak table at the front. On this table was an oak plank two inches in thickness, and on that plank a gavel of the sturdy proportions of a small sledge hammer.

There was much noise, confusion, shuffling of feet, cheering, and such general clamor as precedes a convention that all hope and expect will be exciting. The three hundred members of the Bastable Club sat shoulder to shoulder. Several times some Melander man tried to get through, but each time he dashed himself futilely against that barrier of husky backs, and retired, defeated of his object. The policemen, who kept a passage clear along the north and south walls through which the spectators and delegates got past the barrier, allowed the newspaper reporters, who had distinctive badges, to move back and forth, but all others, once in, stayed in.

The hall was jammed, a bedlam of noise and a caldron of excitement. Exactly at ten o'clock four men came on the platform: Big Jim; Quarles; Walter Hartshorn, the chairman of the state committee; and a minister. They were followed by half a dozen others, who sat down in the chairs at the table on the right-hand side and were to be the secretaries and clerks. Hartshorn walked directly to the small table in front,

(Continued on Page 34)



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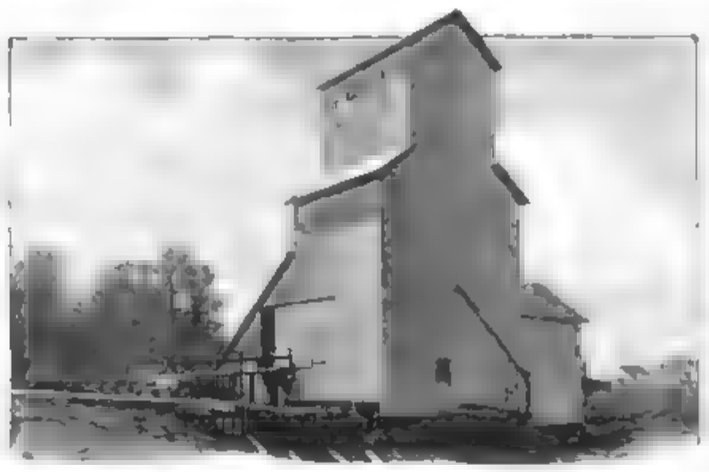
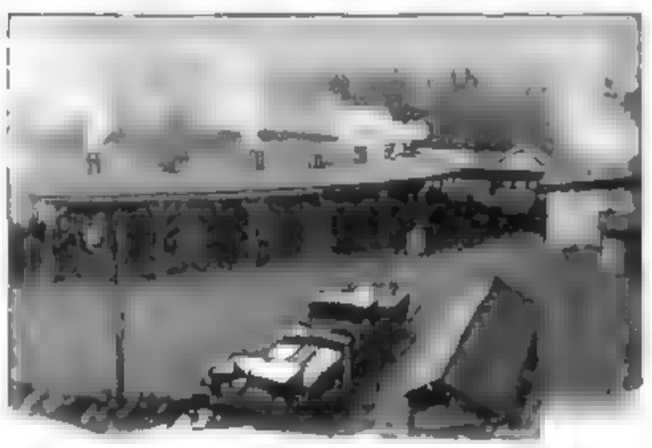


5—Economical *Boody Elevator Co., Boody, Ill.*



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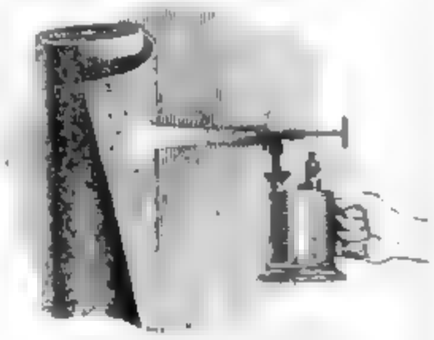

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(Continued from Page 32)

picked up the gavel and smashed it resoundingly several times on the oak plank.

"The convention will be in order," he shouted. "Delegates will kindly take their seats. The Rev. George Austin will lead us in prayer."

The Reverend Austin stepped forward and held up his hands. The noise ceased, whereat Big Jim smiled a little, because in addition to the spiritual aspect of it the prayer had a utilitarian and practical object, which was to quiet down the crowd.

The minister prayed briefly, and on the moment of his amen Hartshorn shouted: "The secretary will read the call for the convention."

Instantly the secretary of the state committee jumped to the front and in a high-pitched and penetrating voice rapidly made his way through the formal verbiage of the call. That done Hartshorn again smashed the gavel for order, drew a long breath and let go a torrent of words that followed one another so closely they sounded like one enormous word, but which were, when appropriately separated into verbal units: "I am instructed by the state committee to name the Hon. Daniel Quarles for temporary chairman of this convention; all in favor say aye; contrary, no; the ayes have it, and it is so ordered."

There was a scream of "No! No! No!" from the Melander delegates, but Hartshorn paid no attention to that. He gave the gavel one final smash and handed it to Quarles, who had moved up beside him. Quarles stood smiling amid ensuing catcalls, hisses and cheers, and after a moment or two banged with the gavel insistently, and secured quiet.

Big Jim sat alert and watchful in his chair, with the eyes of every member of the Bastable Club, down in the three front rows, focused on him.

Twenty men, including Romney, the Melander leader, were on their feet in wild protest, but Quarles ignored them all, and proceeded quickly, methodically and imperturbably with the detail of convention organization. Secretaries and tellers were appointed. The Bastable men, stationed on the floor with the proper motions to make for the proper committees and the members thereof, were recognized in turn, and their motions declared adopted almost as soon as they were made. Melander men were in the lists of these committees, but in sparse and hopeless minority, and as Romney saw what was being done to him, so expeditiously and so ruthlessly, he erupted into frenzied protest and rushed for the platform. He hurled himself against the barrier, clawing and kicking to force his way through, but was cast back, none too gently, half a dozen times. He then tried at the ends. Here the local policemen, guarding the passageways, repulsed him, and he returned to his seat, pale, disheveled and frantic with impotent rage.

"Mister Chairman!" he bellowed. "Mister Chair-m-a-a-a-n!"

"For what purpose does the gentleman rise?" asked Quarles suavely.

"I rise for the purpose of demanding who these thugs are who are ranged in the front of this hall preventing access to the platform."

"Thugs?" repeated Quarles. "I am not aware of the presence of any thugs in the front of the hall, although there are some delegates in the body of it who may be open to that implication. May I ask who the gentleman means?"

"I mean those plug-uglies in the front of the hall; that's who I mean."

"Oh, those?" said Quarles, looking down at the laughing Bastable Club men with an elaborate scrutiny and interest, as if he had not noticed them before. "Why, those, I will say for the information of the gentleman from the Third, seem to be especially invited guests."

"Who invited them?" shouted twenty Melander men.

"As the gentleman from the Third, Mr. Romney, seems to have an impatient interest in the matter I hereby appoint him a committee of one to inquire and report under the head of new business later in the day," Quarles answered. "Meantime regular business is in order."

XXI

QUARLES expertly and calmly conducted the convention through the preliminaries. Then, on a nod from him, a Bastable man arose in the midst of the clamorous and protesting Melander men, and roared: "I move that the temporary organization of this convention be continued as the permanent organization."

"Second it!" shouted several delegates.

"No! No!" came in a riotous chorus from the Melander men.

"The gentleman from the Seventh moves that the temporary organization of this convention be made permanent, and a second is heard," chanted Quarles. "All in favor of the motion say aye; contrary, no; the ayes have it and it is so ordered."

Bang! Bang! Bang! went the gavel.

"Gentlemen," asked the calm and smiling Quarles, "what is your further pleasure?"

The Melander delegates, and especially the outraged Romney, exploded with violent protest at this.

"Robbers!" they yelled. "Thieves!" "It never carried!" "Steam roller!" "We won't stand for it!"

"Come on, boys," screamed one man, who had jumped on a chair. "Come on, boys, and get them! It's rank robbery! Come on!"

Fifty or sixty of the Melander men clambered over their seats towards the platform, where the placid Quarles stood, contemplating the milling and shouting delegates with serene and smiling eyes. As the Melander men began their rush Big Jim walked to the front of the platform, and pushed both hands, palms out, away from his chest with an expressive pantomime that was correctly interpreted by the men of the Bastable Club to mean "Shove 'em back!"

They rose and faced the rear of the hall, and when the Melander onslaught for the platform reached them it crumpled and disappeared. They shoved them back, or knocked them back, as the case happened to be. Not one Melander man got through. Mr. Biff Halligan, an esteemed member of the Bastable forces, who was by way of being an ex-heavyweight pugilist, happened to stand in direct line of the impact of the Melander man who had risen on his chair and urged the foray. Mr. Halligan's impact was much more effective than that of the Melander delegate, and there was no further annoyance from him during the entire space of the convention. Romney was treated with that consideration his position as Melander leader demanded. A large and imposing citizen named Jorkins, operating for Big Jim, massively put an immense outspread hand against the livid face of Mr. Romney and utilized the power of the muscles that operated the arm of which that immense hand was an integral part. Mr. Romney's progress was immediately and effectively stayed.

The Melander men battled briskly, even bloodily, against the barrier, but made no dent in it. Eventually they straggled back to their seats, and Quarles, who had been amusing himself by beating tattoos with his gavel, took advantage of a moment when there was a lull in the noise and asked again: "Gentlemen, what is your further pleasure?"

Thereupon it developed that the further pleasure of the convention was the seating of the Bastable man in every seat that was contested; the enunciation of a platform that was sterling and organization in principle and pronouncement; the selection of fifty-four hall-marked, hand-picked, perfectly disciplined and entirely amenable Big Jim Bastable men as delegates to the national convention.

Romney, supported by his frantically outraged forces, opposed every step with attempts at minority reports which were promptly voted down, substitutes, amendments and all sorts of obstructing and impeding parliamentary tactics; but the unruffled and smiling Quarles, putting each question promptly, and arbitrarily shutting off the debate, banged defeat with his gavel for every proposition Romney advanced.

The great outbreak came when the list of delegates was read and adopted. The Melander delegates saw there was not a single, openly avowed Melander man on that list, nor among the alternates selected. They pressed forward to the stage, shouting imprecations, oaths, proclaiming robbery, piracy and other high crimes and misdemeanors, and were repulsed and shattered and considerably shaken by the barrier.

"Bolt, boys! Let's bolt! Let's have a convention of our own!" screamed a Melander man who had climbed on the backs of two others to get a hearing above the milling, cursing, battered crowd.

"Bolt! Bolt!" came the cry from the others. (Continued on Page 37)

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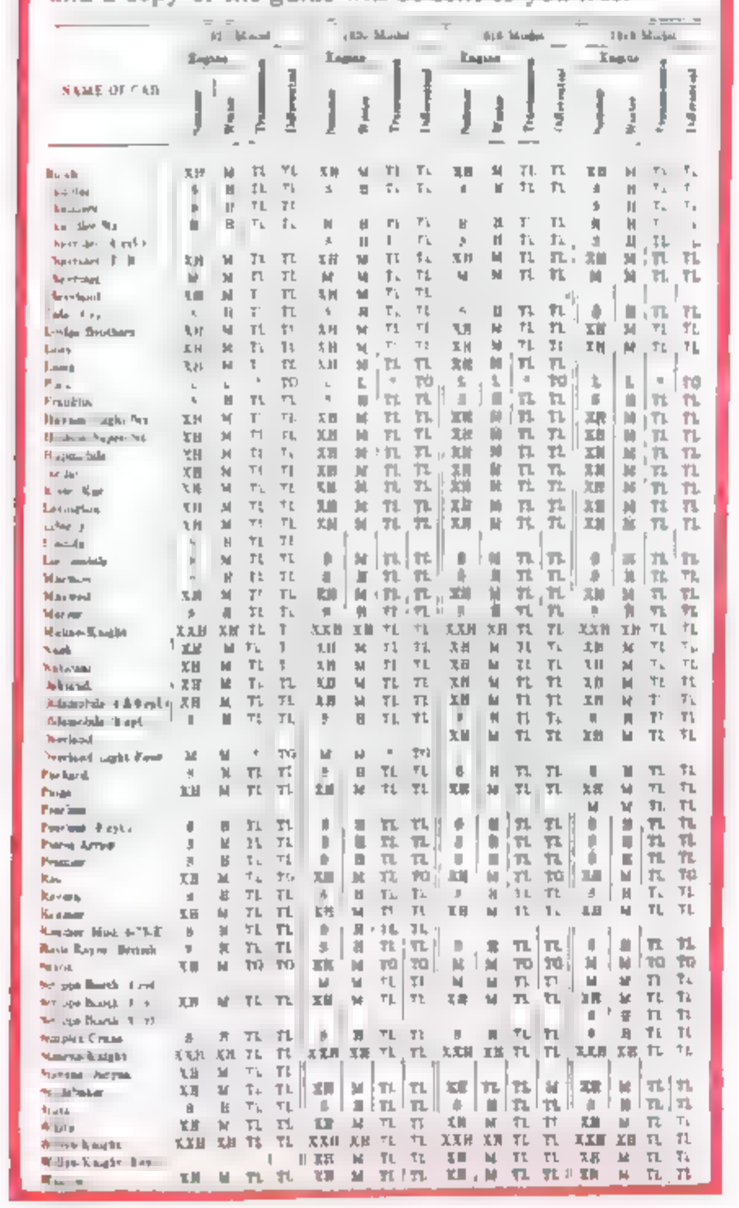

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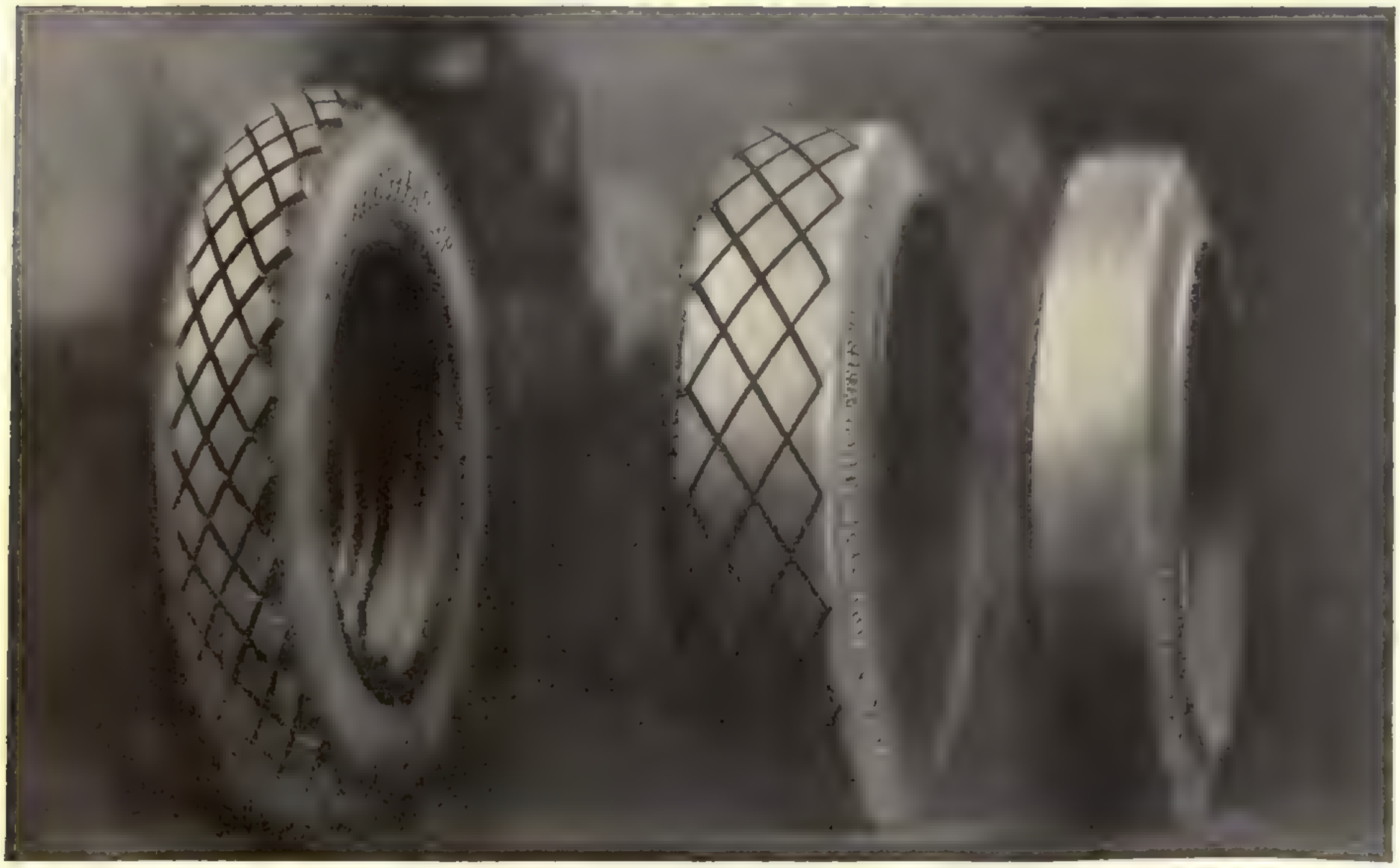

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(Continued from Page 34)

And then they came to the barrier again, and discovered that they couldn't bolt. The barrier wouldn't let them. They were sentenced to remain as inmates of that convention until it adjourned. They fought and clawed and clamored, but not one of them got out.

Then some inspired one stentorianly suggested that they hold a rump convention then and there, but they had no success at this, because the Bastable delegates moved in and out among them and prevented any congregation of more than three of them in any one place.

Presently the noise ceased, principally because the noise makers were exhausted, and Quarles, crashing his gavel down a dozen times, secured attention. Big Jim Bastable had moved out to the front of the stage. He had a paper in his hand.

"Mister Chairman," he said.

"The gentleman from the First is recognized," Quarles announced.

The crowd of delegates and spectators became quiet. All looked at Big Jim and strained to hear what he had to say.

"Mister Chairman," he began, "as a delegate to this convention from the First District I offer the following resolution and move its adoption."

"The gentleman will state his resolution."

"Resolved," boomed Big Jim, "that the fifty-four delegates to the national convention who have been selected by this state convention here assembled, shall vote in the national convention under the unit rule until such time as two-thirds of them shall decide otherwise ——"

"No! No! No!" came in tumultuous protest from the Melander men.

Big Jim held up his hand and, as the noise died down, shouted: "—— and the chairman of the delegation is hereby instructed by this convention to cast fifty-four votes for the Hon. Otis Melander for President so long as that course may be deemed for the best interests of the party."

Bang! came the Quarles gavel, and the sound of it reached the farthest space in the hall because Big Jim's resolution had dazed both the Melander men and the Bastable men. The Melander men were not sure they had understood, and were sure, if they had understood, there was some catch in the instructions. The Bastable men were frankly amazed; but there was Big Jim, and what he proposed was instructions for Melander, so it must be all right. They gathered for a cheer for their leader and for his proposal.

"'Rah for Bastable!" they shouted. "'Rah for Melander. All right, Jim! We're for you!"

"Second the resolution!" shouted several of the quicker-minded ones. "Second it, Mister Chairman."

Instantly the gavel crashed again. "Moved and seconded the resolution as read be adopted ——"

"Mister Chairman," yelled Romney, "I object! I offer the following ——"

"All in favor say aye; contrary, no."

"Aye!" roared the Bastable men.

"Carried," said Quarles, with another crash of the gavel. He turned to Big Jim, who was waving his hand reassuringly at his followers.

"Mister Chairman," Bastable shouted, "I move that this convention now adjourn *sine die*."

"Second it," came from twenty places at once.

"Moved and seconded the convention now adjourn," announced Quarles with lightning rapidity. "Ayes have it. Convention stands adjourned without date." He emphasized this decision with three tremendous and final bangs of the gavel. Then he took a cigar from his pocket, lighted it leisurely, and after a puff or two turned to Bastable and said, "Well, Jim, we put that over without transfers or delays."

The Bastable Club barrier dissolved at the last crash of the gavel, and the Melander men went into excited conference to try to figure out what had happened to them. They knew a resolution instructing the delegates for Melander had been offered by Bastable and declared adopted, but why? What did it mean?

"What's it all about?" they clamored at Romney.

"You can search me," Romney replied. "All I know is what you know."

"There's a trick in it!" yelled several. "It's a rotten Bastable trick! Hold another convention! Send our own delegates!"

Romney kept his head. "What's the use of that?" he asked them. "We've got instructions for Melander that will make them vote for our man once, anyhow. The thing to do now is to keep the people so worked up that Bastable will be forced to keep on voting for Melander until the cows come home. He's got us on the hip. We can't make a contest stick on an alleged ulterior motive. We'd get nowhere at the national convention with a contesting delegation claiming that the regular delegation does not intend to carry out instructions before there is any evidence except our claim to show whether the regulars intend to carry out those instructions or not. I think the answer is that Big Jim knows Melander is going to win, and he wants to win with him, as organization leader, instead of allowing us to have the delegation as nonorganization men."

The protesting Melander men saw the wisdom of that summary of the situation, and eventually calmed down to congratulation of themselves that they had a delegation instructed for Melander. They didn't know how they got it, or why they had it, but they had it, and that was eventual balm for their outraged political susceptibilities.

There was wide newspaper discussion of this convention and, though the methods of it were condemned or upheld as the sympathies of the discussionists happened to dictate, the result was generally held to be good practical politics—the successful fight of Big Jim Bastable for the retention of his control of the organization and, after that was assured, his recognition of the strong Melander sentiment in the state.

Big Jim read these comments and smiled. Cato Enderly read them, and he smiled also.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

GERMANY'S NEW PEACE OFFENSIVE

(Continued from Page 21)

education as basis for the merely special and technical, and is at the same time encouraging special and technical education by establishing everywhere new special schools and institutes for industrial research. With the first aim the high schools are to be given university rank. With the second, the duty of creating technical schools and research institutions has been imposed on the rich industries. The laws of 1919, organizing the compulsory all-German trusts of ex-Ministers Wissell and Von Moellendorff, declare that one chief function of every trust is to advance technical research in its particular branch. Although Germany has already a model system of industrial-research institutions, of which the Mülheim Coal Institute and the Karlsruhe Textile Institute are the most famous, no less than fourteen commissions are sitting in different industrial centers to create new institutes or improve those already in existence. The famous paper institute at Köthen, in Anhalt, will be doubled in size and newly housed; a new sugar institute will be opened at Magdeburg, the center of this trade; part of the unreasonable profits made by leather dealers after state leather control was abolished in 1919 has been compulsorily diverted to foundation of a leather institute; and industrial-research institutions in other standard branches are to be opened at Cologne, Mülheim, Dresden, Augsburg and Berlin.

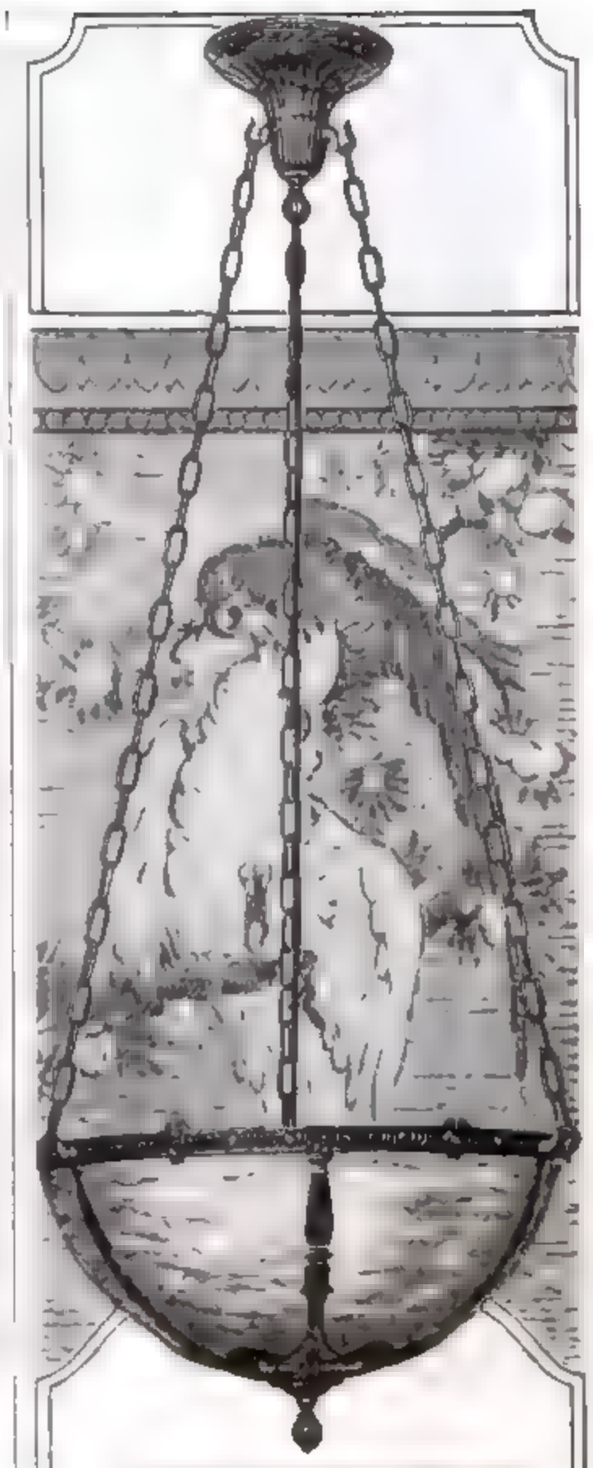
The new German state has led Europe by deciding to organize the provision of capital for industry. The need is pressing. Industrial plant, neglected during the war, needs renewal; but buildings and machines cost in the ruined currency thirty times as much as in 1914. Vast sums are required for adaptation of furnaces to surrogate fuels. The importing of enough foreign raw material to last a few months swallows up more money than the total prewar capital of the importing concern; for instance, in 1913 Germany paid 607,000,000 marks for 477,000 metric tons of American cotton, while in 1919 she had to pay 346,000,000 marks for only 45,600 tons. Wages, fuel, iron and all materials have risen between tenfold and thirtyfold.

The result is a wild rush for capital. In the first four months of 1921 was raised 7,891,000,000 marks of new capital, which is half the 15,500,000,000 marks invested in all German industry before the war. Capital getting is easy only for the big corporations. All the great commercial banks—in particular the Four D's, the Deutsche, Dresdner, Disconto and Darmstadt—work hand in hand with the trust magnates. But though Hugo Stinnes, August Thyssen, the Stumms, Haniel or Wolf can raise a billion marks by simply raising a hand, there are innumerable and in the aggregate equally productive small concerns for which no money is left. When bad times come these small concerns are obliged to close down, usually after forced realization of stocks at a loss.

Chancellor Wirth, when Minister of Finance, set himself to solve the problem. He laid down the rule that no healthy concern should be allowed to perish merely because it lacked the cash to carry on. A first plan for a federal industrial bank was wrecked by the monopolist opposition of the private commercial banks. Wirth has taken up a still more promising plan. He proposes to set to the work of industry capitalizing the great network of new banking institutions known as "Giro-Centrals," which arose during the war. The Giro-Centrals are local banks, municipally founded, guaranteed as trust-secure, and operating with the big deposits—at present over 44,000,000,000 marks—of the municipal savings banks. The Centrals were started merely for temporary war aims. They advanced to the municipalities the money needed for relief work. Later, they developed and enlarged their scope; they floated municipal loans, accepted private and commercial accounts, bought and sold bills, established a union of Giro-Centrals at Berlin, began to reach out for foreign connections and to-day, having increased their business one hundred to one hundred fifty fold in a few years, threaten to break the Four D's monopoly.

As the solvency of the municipalities depends first of all upon the prosperity of local industries, the Giro-Centrals, says Chancellor Wirth, are the natural instruments of industrial finance. When this organization is perfected no German industrial concern will have reason to close down. It will indeed not be allowed to close down. Under a law recently passed an employer who desires to close because he cannot make production pay will be compelled to surrender his workshop or mill to the public authorities, who will cede it to some more capable man who can make it pay. Compulsion to produce thereby becomes a state principle; and it will be followed, if Chancellor Wirth executes his twice-expressed will, by compulsion on the individual to work.

Germany's collapse as food producer is even worse than her collapse as manufacturer. But with equal energy the problem is being faced. Land produces much less than before the war. Less land is under crops, and what is under crops is less intensively tilled. As compared with before the war, the crop decline is catastrophic. In 1913 were produced 4,360,000 metric tons of wheat, in 1920 only 2,250,000 tons; in 1913 12,220,000 tons of rye, in 1920 only 4,790,000 tons; in 1913 3,670,000 tons of barley, in 1920 only 1,800,000 tons; in 1913 9,720,000 tons of oats, in 1920 only 4,870,000 tons; in 1913 52,120,000 tons of potatoes, in 1920 only 28,250,000 tons. The area under wheat, omitting area ceded under the peace treaty, has fallen by 350,580 hectares, or 800,000 acres; of rye by 1,049,000 hectares; and the per capita production of wheat and rye has fallen from 242 to 120 kilograms. As long as the war lasted the state could not afford to think of the future. It regulated food with the immediate aim of feeding the population cheaply, and it achieved success in that home-produced maximum-priced wheat costs one-third the price of American wheat. But because no country is as cheaply fed as Germany no country is as ill fed. Farmers turned from the state-controlled, maximum-priced crops, which were also the most necessary, to crops that could be sold in the free market. Fertilizers were dear, and farmers refused to buy them. The use of nitrates fell to half the



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prewar figure, and the use of phosphates to one-fifth.

That was the position of 1920. To-day Federal Food Minister Doctor Hermes confidently proclaims that Germany will be covering her whole food consumption ten years hence. With this aim three steps have been taken or announced: First, the fatal state control is to be abolished—in part it has already been abolished; second, a new system of agricultural organization will be adopted; third, the chief technical requirement of intensive tillage, the abundant supply of fertilizers, will be met. So far, the freeing of food from state control, rationing and maximum pricing has been a brilliant success. In October, 1920, meat was freed; before that it was hardly ever seen; within a week of decontrol it was sold everywhere, and at fair prices. On the first of June were freed butter, milk and cheese, and the result was the same.

A bill is before the Reichstag partly freeing breadstuffs; and sugar, the only food product now entirely controlled, will be freed next fall. Germany's experience of state control of production was quite the same as Soviet Russia's. After the Bolsheviks last spring restored the right to trade freely in foodstuffs the markets of Petrograd and Moscow were flooded with products which the general public had not seen for years.

By the end of this year will be completed a new organization of German agriculture, based on the principle that food production can be successfully regulated only by the classes which produce food. In Berlin will sit a central Parliament of Farmers, the Reichslandwirtschaftskammer; every one of the states will have its local parliament, and subordinate to these will be a network of county parliaments. The sufficient supply of food will be insured not by depressing prices at cost of depressed production, but by requiring every one of the local parliaments to bring its local crop yield up to the highest possible level, and to provide the scientific, social and financial conditions necessary for such production. If farmers will not till they will be compelled—but by their own class—to till; if they are ignorant they will be compelled to learn; if farm labor cannot be had because decent housing is lacking, the Farmers' Parliaments will see that houses are built. The political state will not interfere. If the Farmers' Parliaments ignore the interests of the consuming population they will be brought to book by the Reichswirtschaftsrat, representing the pocket interests of the whole population, farmers included, regardless of class.

Agricultural Problems

The third problem of Germany's future food supply, the return to intensive agriculture, will be solved by again making farming a business that pays. It is a problem of fertilizers. With sufficient fertilizers the area of land has no fixed relation to its yield. By fertilization Germany in a generation doubled her wheat yield per area unit; and she can do it again. In the early 80's of the last century, when she was importing annually 50,000 tons of Chile nitrates, she produced 1.20 metric tons of wheat per hectare under wheat; when by 1913 her nitrate imports had risen to 747,000 tons the yield had risen to 2.23 tons. As far as Germany is concerned, the 35,000,000 tons of nitrates remaining in Chile may forever remain there. She produces more than enough at home. The highest capitalized syndicate in all Continental Europe, the Aniline Concern, is now chiefly engaged in the production of synthetic niter. The works of this syndicate at Oppau, in Bavaria, and at Leuna, near Merseburg, in Central Germany, are turning out niter by the Haber-Bosch process at the rate of 300,000 tons a year; and with 100,000 tons produced by the calcium process and 100,000 tons more from cokeries and gasworks, Germany has annually 500,000 tons of pure niter at her disposal. The daily niter production of the Oppau works means a daily increased yield of 4,000,000 kilograms of vegetable matter; that of the Leuna works means an additional 8,000,000 kilograms. Before the close of this year—the Leuna works are still being extended—these two concerns will be turning out enough niter to produce food for an additional population of 16,000,000.

Germany's railroads are being rapidly restored. This fact is even more important for agriculture than for industry. The disastrous collapse of the crops in 1920 was due mainly to a lack of cars and locomotives, which prevented thousands of tons of nitrates, phosphates and potash from being moved to the fields. The rapid restoration of railroads is the German Republic's greatest achievement so far. It is the achievement of a single man, and he a soldier, the General Groener who was Chief of Field Railroads during the War, and first Chief of the Staff after the military collapse. Groener has remained in office throughout all cabinet vicissitudes. The obstacles which he faced seemed insuperable. The permanent way and rolling stock were worn out; 5000 of the best locomotives and 150,000 of the best cars had been surrendered under the armistice; the roads were operating at a loss, which last year reached 18,000,000,000 marks; the employes were unskilled, idle and mutinous; efficiency in the state construction and repair shops had fallen to 47 per cent of prewar level. In August, 1917, only 17 per cent of the prewar number of trains were being run, and these at half prewar speed The passenger cars were dirty, unheated, battered and tattered; and hardly a car had all its windows whole. Cities froze and mills stopped work for lack of fuel at a time when, through car shortage, millions of tons of coal were accumulating at the pits' mouths. Optimists declared that the railroads would not be in tolerable condition for at least ten years; pessimists held that without miracles, one of which must be the hanging of half the demoralized employes, they would never be restored at all.

Groener's Achievement

Groener has restored them. By January, 1920, he was running 83 per cent of the trains of 1914; in May, 1921, he was running 68 per cent. In eighteen months the average speed of trains was increased by 15 kilometers an hour. To-day the trains are clean, sufficiently heated and punctual; and industry is well supplied. The methods of Groener, who is nominally a Democrat, differ little from the methods of Groener when he was a Junker officer of Ludendorff's staff.

Asked by Chancellor Bauer in 1919 whether he could ever bring the roads into the condition of July, 1914, he replied, thinking of the efficiency of the first mobilization days, "Yes; even into the condition of August, 1914."

"By what methods?" asked the doubting Socialist chancellor.

"By the methods of August, 1914."

In fact, the railroads have been run autocratically; and Socialist ministers, wise enough to judge by results, have winked at the undemocratic fact. "Sack the lot!" the watchword of the English admiral, Jack Fisher, was Groener's watchword. He edged out of office the bureaucratically minded doctors of law to whom ancient Prussian tradition gave supreme authority in the state services; and he insisted on dismissing 90,000 useless men whom the doctors of law took on after demobilization, merely because no other work was to be had.

When, in the spring of 1920, idleness in the construction and repair shops reached its climax, he proclaimed a lockout in thirteen shops, expelled the idlers, and told them that if they desired to return they must return as piece workers. Payment would be by results. At that crisis only 13,000 out of 23,500 locomotives were in running order; and a prolonged lockout would have brought disaster. Groener took the risk. The disaster did not come; the idlers returned meekly; and a year after the crisis the Ministry of Railroads was able to report that workshop efficiency had nearly reached its prewar level, and further that the average workman was earning two-thirds more money than in the vanished happy days of idleness and anarchy.

So far, Groener's achievement is merely to repair war damage. To a healthy country war damage proves less than no loss if it provides a clear ground for something better than that which has been destroyed. What was destroyed would in any case have perished in a few years—a fact noted by the English economist John Stuart Mill when seeking reasons for the extraordinarily rapid recovery of Europe from past devastating wars. Germany's military collapse has cleared the ground for the electrification of her whole railroad system, an ambition proved to be impracticable in her

(Continued on Page 40)

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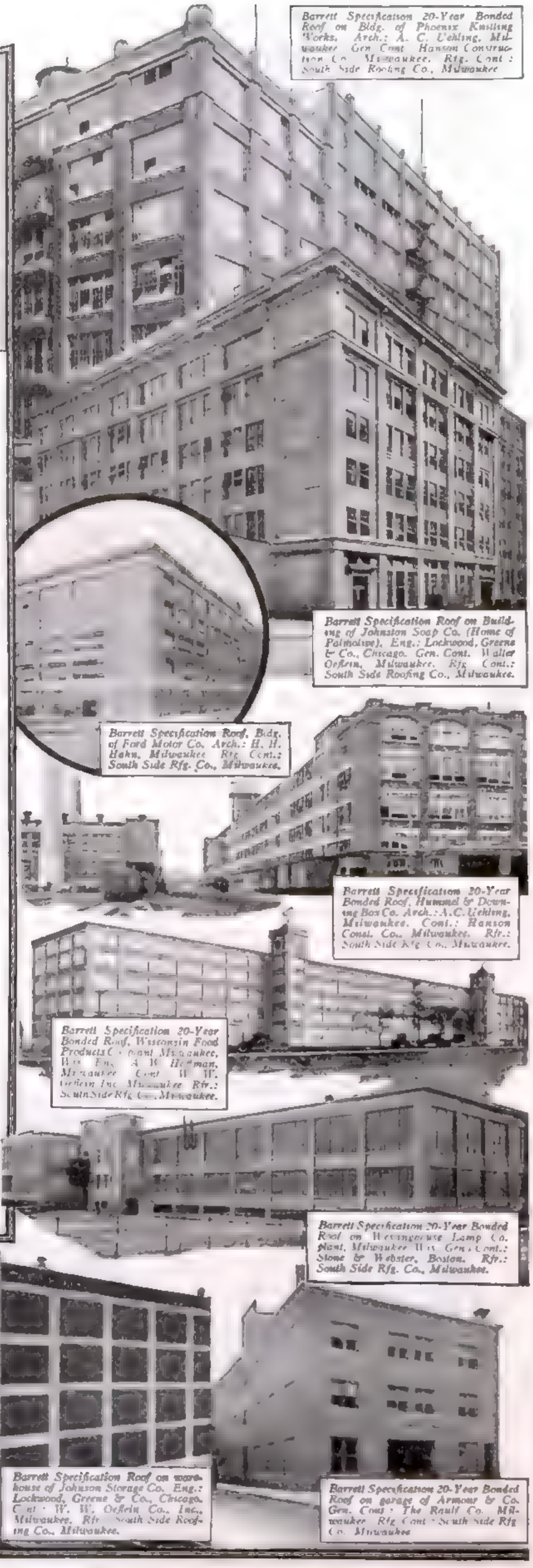

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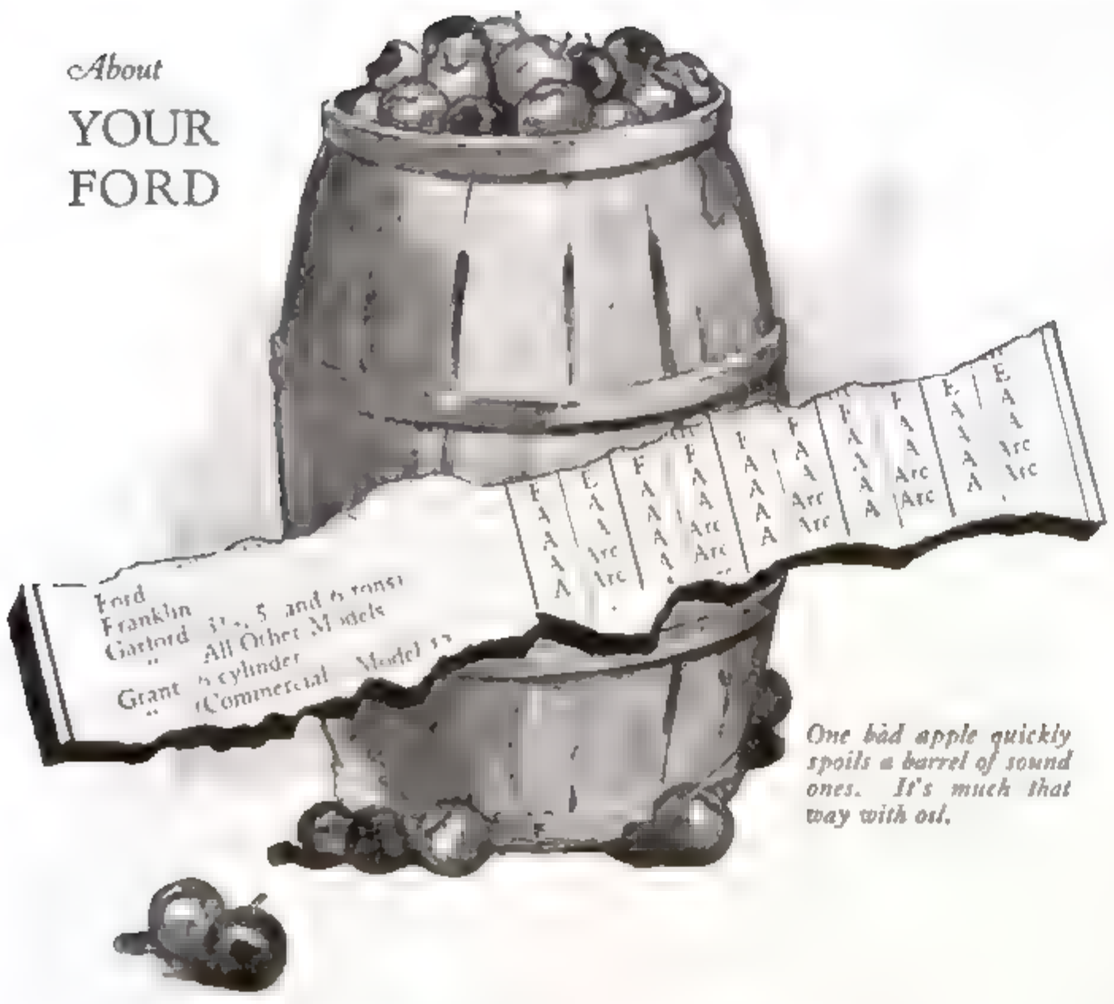

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The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 38)

days of military power. The technical and commercial advantages of electrification were proved eighteen years ago when a test stretch between Dessau, in Anhalt, and Bitterfeld, to the south, was electrified with success. But general electrification was vetoed by the General Staff on the ground that a single enemy bomb or the act of a single spy might interrupt transport on a long stretch of road. That obstacle has vanished with all the other obstacles to efficiency raised by pretensions to military and naval greatness. The preliminary work of electrification is being done with full speed. Through electrification Germany will, even if she uses coal exclusively for power, save half her present railroad coal consumption, which is 18 per cent of her whole coal output; and she will gain the use of the cars annually engaged in transporting this part of her coal.

To-day Germany has only 370 kilometers of electrified track. By the close of 1922 that length will be quintupled, and after 1922 work will proceed on a greater scale. The beginning will be made in Silesia, where lies part of the already electrified roads; shortly afterwards will be electrified the roads from Berlin north to Bernau and Oranienburg; next will begin work on Berlin's city, suburban and ring roads; next on the roads west to Magdeburg and Halle; next north to Hamburg and Stettin; next east to Schneidemühl, on the frontier of Posen. Bavaria will start independently with the roads round Munich; and after the industrial railroads of Westphalia are electrified all the outlying districts will be electrically joined to Berlin.

A New Merchant Marine

As far as possible power stations will be at centers of lignite and turf, and at every station will be a plant for production of gas, oils and by-products. The obstacle of finance will be overcome. Even if she adhered to steam traction Germany would have to spend 10,000,000,000 gold marks in the next twenty years on capital for renovations and extensions. The saving gained by electric traction will more than pay the interest on that. As the railroads, according to Groener's plan, are to be transferred to publicly controlled but privately managed corporations, the great steel and electrical trusts will put money in the scheme. Six thousand miles of road will be electrified by Hugo Stinnes alone, through his giant Electro-Mining Trust, which embraces the three great Siemens electrical corporations and twenty power stations scattered everywhere between East Prussia and the banks of the Rhine.

Germany is restoring her shipping, not only restoring but vastly extending her ports, and preparing the greatest plan for ship-canal construction in the world's history. That she boldly proceeds on this path at a time when half the world's shipping is laid up, and half the European shipping corporations are threatened with bankruptcy, is the best of all proofs of her unshaken confidence and unbroken power. Here the slate is wiped clean. On June 30, 1914, Germany possessed shipping of 5,135,000 tons. On June 30, 1920, 419,000 tons—less than half the 982,000 tons owned when the empire was founded in 1871—remained. For the restoration of shipping two powerful agencies are at work. Powerful is the state, which has made the cause its own, by formally proclaiming in the Shipowners' Compensation Law that "a commercial marine is the condition precedent of renewed prosperity." More powerful still is the Schwerindustrie, the powerful congeries of steel and iron trusts in the active hands of Stinnes, Thyssen, Haniel and the Stumms. Of the war's influence here, Germany might say with Oliver Goldsmith:

Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,

for if the submarine campaign was the factor that brought military and naval disaster it was the same tragic blunder that compelled the rapid enlargement of Germany's shipbuilding capacity. In 1914 Germany had fifteen shipyards; to-day she has twenty-six. The capital of the original fifteen yards has been increased from 55,000,000 to 97,000,000 marks. Of the eleven new yards, capitalized at 42,250,000 marks, greatest is the Deutsche Werft at Hamburg, founded by the late Albert Ballin, by Trust-King Haniel of the Gutehoffnung Smelting Works, and by the General Electricity Company, a giant concern which started on a small scale forty years back with the significant name German Edison Company, and which has now a capital of 850,000,000 marks. Germany's annual building capacity before the war was 500,000 tons; to-day it is 750,000 tons. Within ten years—given tranquillity, capital, labor and materials—Germany could restore her former 5,000,000-ton fleet, and yet deliver to the Entente the Versailles Treaty's unlucky 2,000,000 tons, which the beneficiaries, with shipping a drug in the market, dread. In a nation's life ten years is a day. It took Imperial Germany forty years to increase her commercial fleet by 4,000,000 tons; Republican Germany can build a fleet of those dimensions in a quarter of the time.

In this restoration work the German state has led, and private enterprise has followed. In the spring of this year the shipping corporations accepted the state's offer to pay 11,700,000,000 marks as compensation for lost and surrendered vessels, on condition that at least 90 per cent of new building is done at home. In April the last 4,500,000 marks of this compensation was voted by the Reichstag. The compensation money, being in paper marks, would not suffice to rebuild a fifth of the fleet. So the main work of financing and credit giving is to fall on the Schwerindustrie. The Schwerindustrie is neck deep in cash. In 1920 it entirely paid off its war debts—debts in costly crowns—to the Swedish ore corporations, although a year before these debts had seemed so vast and threatening that the National Assembly had to pass a law releasing the debtors from their legal obligation to apply for liquidation. The corporations recovered during the unprecedented trade boom of the winter of 1919–20, and through the big moneys received as compensation for surrender of properties in Alsace, Belgium, Luxemburg and the Saar. To-day the whole German shipping industry—and in particular the construction concerns—is in formal alliance with the steel trusts.

The trusts want steady purchasers for their materials; the constructors want a steady supply of materials at fair prices. So the alliance has been made. The Hamburg Deutsche Werft is fed by the Haniel steel concern; Krupps control the Germania Yard of Kiel; the Deutsch-Luxemburg Trust, Stinnes' original concern, has acquired the Nordsee Yard at Emden; Stinnes' chief rival, August Thyssen, controls the Vulcan Yard of Bremen and the Flensburg Yard; the Phœnix Steel Corporation runs the Reiherstieg Yard near Hamburg; the Stumm Brothers, who, as compensation for their Saar interests only, received more money than the capital of all their concerns, control the Frerichs Yard at Einswarden; and the untiring Stinnes is building a new yard at Flensburg.

Increase of German Shipping

Reconstruction will be done homogeneously and by plan. Under presidency of Count Roedern is being established a shipping-trust bank to control the distribution of the state's compensation money, to see that the state's conditions are observed, and through a commission of experts to insure against waste and wasteful competition. "No ship will be financed," is the principle of the trust bank, "of which it cannot be said with a fair certainty that it will pay its way." The collapse of freights, the laying up of cargoless vessels in every port of Europe and America, does not shake this German confidence. Germany's allies are cheap coal and the low pay of her officers and crews. To this fact Hamburg and Bremen, still almost without native-owned ships, largely owe the restoration of their prosperity. Vessels which Swedes, Norwegians and Hollanders, with their high currency exchanges and correspondingly high operating costs, cannot work, are chartered by Germans wholesale and run profitably. The whole shipping of a small Gothenburg company was last month bought by a Hamburg firm.

Germany has largely restored her derelict ports. By the end of 1922 the shipping in all these ports will exceed prewar figures; two new entirely modern commercial ports will have sprung into being; and there will be a second German free port which will do for transit trade in the Baltic what Hamburg Free Port has long done in the North Sea. Hamburg is catching up on Rotterdam and rapidly overtaking Antwerp. Before the war the shipping of these three

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Sunshine Graham Crackers
with Caramel Junket

Sunshine Graham Crackers with Caramel Junket

Heat 2 cups milk till lukewarm. Caramelize ½ cup sugar; add ½ cup boiling water and cook till syrup is reduced to ½ cup. Cool. Add milk slowly to syrup. Powder 1 junket tablet and add to mixture with 1 pinch of salt and one teaspoon vanilla. Pour into glass dish. Stand in warm place till set. Chill. Cover with whipped cream and sprinkle with nuts. Serve with Sunshine Graham Crackers.

Everymeal—Everyday

Sunshine Biscuits

Making Delicacies of Plain Dishes

So much depends on the way food is served that just a little touch often decides whether it is just food, or a pleasing delicacy, too.

Golden, tender Sunshine Graham Crackers are so crisp and fresh that they are a welcome addition to any meal. They add wholesome nourishment, and help to bring out the subtle flavor of other foods.

Many ways to make plain dishes seem like delicacies will suggest themselves to you when you see the wide variety of Sunshine Biscuits on display at your grocer's.

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Sunshine Fig Bars with Orange Custard

Arrange slices of orange in a glass dish and pour boiled custard over them. Chill, and cover with meringue. Serve with Sunshine Fig Bars.

Sunshine Butter Thins with Apple and Celery Salad

Mix equal quantities of finely cut apples and celery. Moisten with mayonnaise dressing. Garnish with lettuce, curled celery, and chopped nuts. Serve with Sunshine Butter Thins.

For Creamy Salad Dressings

THERE is no limit to the uses for Carnation Milk. Try it when making salad dressings. The results will please you greatly. Carnation is pure cows' milk evaporated to creamy thickness and sterilized in hermetically sealed containers. Your grocer can supply you. Send for our Cook Book containing many economical, tested recipes.

Carnation Mayonnaise With Egg — 1 egg yolk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar, 1 teaspoon powdered sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup oil, ⅛ teaspoon mustard, ¼ cup Carnation Milk. Beat egg yolk until light, add sugar, salt, mustard and lemon juice or vinegar. When well mixed add oil gradually, beating constantly. Continue beating while slowly adding the Carnation Milk. Cover and keep in a cool place. This recipe makes 1⅓ cups.

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(Continued from Page 40)

ports was about equal. Arrivals and departures at Hamburg in 1912 were 24,942,000 tons, at Antwerp 23,176,000 tons, and at Rotterdam 23,176,000 tons. Antwerp and Rotterdam suffered badly from the war, but Hamburg lost almost everything. In 1918 Hamburg's arrivals and departures fell to 1,525,000 tons; fifteen-sixteenths of the peace traffic had been destroyed by the war. In 1919 arrivals and departures had recovered to 2,993,000 tons; in 1920 to 8,918,000 tons. In the first four months of this year Hamburg's shipping was three times as high as in the same months of 1920. The minimum estimate of Hamburg's shipping in all 1921 is 15,800,000 tons; or double the tonnage of 1920.

The shipping of Bremen shows the same rapid recovery. Bremen is favored by abnormally low railroad rates, a result of the—in other respects doubtful—German policy of running railroads at a loss. Goods from Westphalia and Rhineland, whose natural route of westward export is down the Rhine, are railed north to Bremen at low rates, loaded in cheaply administered harbors, and carried by German-owned or German-chartered ships at a fraction of the costs incurred by the supposedly prosperous nations which won or remained neutral in the war.

Kiel is to be one of the greatest commercial ports of Germany. Wilhelmshaven and the aister city of Ruestringen are being developed with the same design. Both cities owe existence to the vanished fighting fleet. Through the fleet Kiel rose from being a provincial townlet of 30,000 inhabitants to a great modern city of 200,000; and Wilhelmshaven, which has now 100,000 inhabitants, did not exist at all until Prussia, not long before the empire's foundation, bought from the Duchy of Oldenburg the land on which it stands. Both cities were ruined by the war. Kiel's hope of recovering lies in her proposed free port. Thirty years ago, when Copenhagen was creating the free port which is now the model for a dozen Swedish, Finnish, Lettish and Esthonian projects, all designed at capturing the coming Baltic-Russian transit trade, cautious Danes, watching the creation of the North-Sea-Baltic Canal, pointed to the then little Kiel as a possible rival. No ship, they reasoned, would choose the circuitous route of Copenhagen and the sound if it could steam direct into the Baltic, passing Kiel. Kiel has already partly restored its prosperity. Its giant navy yard is turning out locomotives, machines, plows, kettles and nails; it has reopened its Bourse, and it is resuming its steamer service with Korsör, in Denmark. Its plan is to spend 700,000,000 marks in building a new free port in the Wike Bay, to the south of the canal.

Inland Waterways

Wilhelmshaven's vast naval storehouses have been turned over to the fishing interests. For commercial uses Wilhelmshaven has two merits: It has the largest artificial harbor in Germany; and it is connected by canal with the main internal water system of Western Germany. Farther to the north and nearer to the open sea than Bremen, it is designed ultimately to become a new rival to Antwerp and Rotterdam. When the greatest of present German plans, the giant ship-canal system, is completed, it will be possible to load goods at the former center of Germany's naval might in the North Sea, and deliver them, without reloading, at Vienna, Budapest, Belgrad, the Black Sea, Constantinople and the Levant.

This giant ship-canal system has already been decided on; and on one of the most important links work is being actively done. The plan expresses a clause in the preamble to a law of this year concentrating internal water transport in the republic's hands: "One of the greatest factors in Germany's national wealth is her canal system, and it is a first duty that this should be fully developed." Here history repeats itself. After the disaster of 1870 the great French Minister of Public Works, afterwards Prime Minister, Freycinet set himself to curing France's wounds by building canals. Unlike France's, Germany's canal plans have an indirect political intent. They will realize by peaceful means that Mitteleuropa trade combine which the late Friedrich Naumann proclaimed as one of the chief profits of a successful war.

The first of these great works is already being carried out. This is the Central, or Mittel-land, Ship Canal, which, running east and west, will join the Rhine with the Weser and Elbe, and so provide a channel for moderate-sized vessels all the way from the French frontier to the depths of Silesia, via the Oder. War and defeat made the Central Canal practicable. For a generation the plan was foiled by agrarian opposition; and not until 1905 did the obdurate Junker Diet of Prussia sanction the construction of the western section to Hannover. Last year money was voted for completion eastward. The Central Canal means cheaper foodstuffs for industrial Western Germany; cheaper manufactures and coal for the center and east; and incidentally a system of water regulation which will reclaim for cultivation great areas of marshlands east of Hannover.

Next comes the Rhine and Danube Ship Canal. This construction is referred to in the peace treaty, but the peace treaty was anticipated twelve hundred years ago by the Frank Emperor, Charlemagne, who actually dug the first sods of such a canal. The gains for Germany's home and foreign trade will be incalculable. In home trade Southern Germany, now short of iron and almost entirely without coal, will be cheaply supplied from Westphalia; and ore from the iron fields of the Franconian Jura, with iron content as high as 59 per cent, will deliver Westphalian smelters from the need of importing ore from Sweden, Bilbao and Lorraine. Foreign trade will gain even more. Goods will go directly by water to South Central and Eastern Europe; railroads will be disburdened; and for a long and costly ship route via the Atlantic and Mediterranean will be substituted a cheap direct route, in length a few hundred miles.

Germany's Bright Future

This plan will be complemented by a canal between the Neckar and the Danube for vessels of up to 600 tons. The Neckar will be canalized as far down as Heilbronn and joined to the Danube at Ulm by a canal passing Stuttgart. When the Danube is made navigable from Ulm down to Regensburg the connection will be complete. By this canal Westphalian coal will be brought to Würtemberg, which to-day through lack of water communications suffers a worse coal famine than any other part of Germany. In return the 40 per cent iron ore of the Fils Valley will be brought to Westphalia.

Six plans for small or branch canals will make the system complete.

The state will supply initiative, grant legislative power, and find part of the vast capital needed; but the work will be intrusted to private enterprise and skill on lines already determined for the Neckar-Danube Canal. Here the three states interested, Würtemberg, Baden and Hesse, will all hold some of the stock in a private construction corporation. The rest of the capital will be subscribed by the banks, the Schwerindustrie and the private citizen; bureaucratic regulation will be excluded almost entirely; and all the innumerable technical and commercial problems that will arise will be left for settlement to the interested citizens themselves.

Some Germans doubt whether the nation has the force necessary to carry out these gigantic plans. The confident majority answer that the plans must be carried out if Germany is to survive at all. Chancellor Wirth's new Minister of Reconstruction, Walther Rathenau, creator of the war industries, and the biggest thinker in economical matters that Germany can show, declares that only by working ruthlessly on problems that would frighten more prosperous nations can Germany avoid seeing her present 60,000,000 population sinking to two-thirds of that number. With equal faith he declares that by foresight and energy she can within ten years double her prewar production and her former national wealth.

The need, the will, and also the ability exist. Of the other condition precedent, tranquility in Central Europe, there is hope. With these four factors the new peace offensive may succeed. Regarded merely economically, its success is hoped for by every reasonable European; and so regarded, it would prove also a benefit to America. The risk is that the peace offensive may prove too successful; and that a Germany exceeding in wealth the victor countries—countries which having no such desperate need of regeneration show no such desperate energy—may again be tempted to strike for the mastery of the world.

Tables loaded with food, yet—

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THE vital tissues upon which health and strength depend, starving in the midst of plenty!

This is the startling new discovery about thousands of men and women today who eat plentifully and regularly, and yet are in reality slowly drifting "into the twilight zone between health and disease."

Science has discovered that without the mysterious life-giving vitamine our food, even though good and plentiful, cannot give us the energy we need for our daily work.

This is why Fleischmann's Yeast has such a new and tremendous importance in our diet, for yeast is the richest known source of this vital food factor.

Fleischmann's Yeast builds up the body tissues and keeps us resistant to disease. In addition, because of its freshness, Fleischmann's Yeast helps the intestines in their elimination of poisonous waste matter. You get it fresh every day. Fleischmann's Yeast may be eaten any time before or between meals. *You will like its fresh, distinctive flavor, and the clean wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth.*

Eat one to three cakes a day. Have it on the table at home. Have it delivered at your office and eat it at your desk. Ask for it at noontime at your lunch place. One precaution: if yeast causes gas it should be dissolved in half a cup of very hot water before taking. This does not affect the efficacy of the yeast.

Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast and get it fresh daily. Keep it in a cool, dry place until ready to use.

Send 4c in stamps for the valuable booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." So many inquiries are coming in daily for this booklet that it is necessary to make this nominal charge to cover cost of handling and mailing. Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. C-29, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Laxatives gradually replaced

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food—a conditioner that in tested cases has restored normal functions in periods of time ranging from three days to five weeks. And it cannot form a habit. Remember that Fleischmann's Yeast is not a cathartic. It is a food which gradually makes the use of laxatives unnecessary.

Skin disorders cleared up

Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast for impurities of the skin. It is a corrective food which has given remarkable results in treating these ailments. To clear the skin of impurities and give the complexion its natural glow of health eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly—1 to 3 cakes a day.

Is *Yours* one of the 7-million cars out of focus?

You are wasting electricity, breaking the law, and making the roads dangerous at night, because your head lamps are out of focus.

A head lamp without focus cannot serve you any more than a tire without air. You use a gauge to measure air-pressure—*now* you can get a simple device to properly focus your lamps—free. Write us for free Focusing Dial.

When you use our Focusing Dial, if your lights do this, they are out of focus.

Use our free Focusing Dial to make your lights do this; then they are in focus.

Get more road illumination and better driving light

Dangerous, inefficient, and illegal lights that cause blinding *glares* or dimmers that *blur* the road are a growing menace that must stop. Each car owner must do his share by using a legal, safe, efficient lens.

The Patterson-Lenz gives you what the *law demands* and *you desire*—legal, ample light at all times without danger.

These lenses throw a flood of light 525 feet ahead of the car, and keep it *down* to 42 inches above the road.

They *evenly* distribute the light clear *across* the road, so that every part of the lighted area is *equally* lighted. The road is not too bright in one place and too dim in another.

Do not put it off, get Patterson-Lenz at the dealers' everywhere, in all sizes, $3.00 to $4.00.

PATTERSON-LENZ

The unquestioned superiority of the Patterson-Lenz is established all over the nation.

Fifty-six makers of cars use these lenses as standard equipment, because after being tested under all conditions, they have been found far superior.

Angle view of Patterson-Lenz (legal everywhere), showing prismatic construction.

Do not delay and run risks. You may regret it—comply with the law—be safe.

Get Patterson-Lenz. Avoid illegal and inferior lenses by making sure the name Patterson is on the lens. Write us for our free "Focusing Dial," sent anywhere upon request.

Avoid illegal and inferior lenses. Make sure the name Patterson is on the lens.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 915 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE LITTLE MATTER OF LIVING

(Continued from Page 7)

It was just before three when she was brought shortly out of her emotional reverie by the telephone bell.

"That you, Goldie?" The voice was familiar. Surely she —— Why, it was, of all people, Perce!

"I thought you were somewhere in Kansas," she said.

"I was. Look here, Goldie, can you come in town—right away? There's a train at 3:08."

Goldie stared up at the painting on the ceiling of Father Hennepin greeting the Huron Indians.

"I could drive in, I suppose. But it's working hours, Perce."

"I may never"—there was a long pause, then he went on—"I may never call on you again—like this."

"Why, Perce!"

His voice was somewhat unnatural—husky and weak. It had always been crisply prim, like the man, with even a ring to it, the result of leading many Sunday-afternoon meetings at the Y. M. C. A.

"What on earth is the matter, Perce?"

"I can't talk over the phone. I'm—it's a serious situation, Goldie."

She considered. Her first thought was that he might have heard about Will. But this seemed unlikely.

"Are you in trouble?" she asked.

"Yes, I am. I tell you I may never ——"

"Wait! Let me think!" There was time enough. She could leave the city as late as a quarter to seven and keep her appointment with Will. "All right, Perce. I'll come in. Where shall we meet? Sheridan House? Main lobby? Be there about 3:45. Good-by."

As she snapped on the receiver her face twisted into a faintly wry smile.

"Gosh-ding this family of mine!" ran her thoughts. "What's the matter with us, anyway? Are we all no blame good?"

It was a relief, however, to start off in her little car. Perce's troubles, whatever they might turn out to be, promised to keep her mind for a few hours off her own.

It mightn't be a bad plan to call Will up and suggest meeting him in town. They might dine together, after all. There were obscure restaurants.

VII

THE Sheridan House was popular with buyers and salesmen, theatrical persons and politicians. Goldie, standing within the revolving door, found herself at once in a familiar scene. The same old row of yellow armchairs lined a long wall, the same broad avenue of brass cuspidors backed by palms in tubs led to the office. Sharp little swarthy men crowded about and rushed in and out with much loud talk, as of old. And she saw the usual Westerners, big men with wide-brimmed hats, and cigars; men who laughed easily and talked eagerly and largely.

Two girls came breezily in; slimly graceful girls, rouged and powdered and carmined, wearing smart hats and coats and fur stoles and thin short skirts that displayed much of the pretty figures, and slippers with extraordinarily high heels; chorus girls, recognizable anywhere, the earthily exotic spirit of the only Broadway fairly singing out in their free way of walking, in their softly bold mouths and discreetly cool eyes, in the not unpleasant scent that lingered in the nostrils after they had passed.

Two young men met them, college boys apparently, and the four moved away into the restaurant. Any woman in Sunbury would have said after one swift glance that they were not good girls—and nearly any man. And with a flutter of interest that was in no small part apprehension Goldie asked herself just what series of emotional experiences they must have lived through before the rather ugly fact became so plain to [illegible].

But then the problem of Perce rose in her mind. For, come to think of it, Perce's whole life, during four intensely critical months, had been passed in such places as this. She found difficulty in picturing now what must have been the fact—one noisy commercial hotel after another; local buyers to whom entertainment meant only theaters and girls and liquor—in these days, bad liquor—and who invariably closed their minds with their desks; a constant rush of odd encounters in sleeping cars; pressures of a kind that must have brought bewilderment to the humorless, pin-brained P. Heigham. It must have been funny, or tragic, or something. He couldn't have escaped altogether. All this, for better or worse, had happened to him. For worse apparently. His queer voice suggested that much. She was looking here, there, about the crowded lobby. All the men that saw her ogled. They would. You couldn't tell her a thing about that lot. She knew them, and coolly ignored them.

One of the elevators came clanking down. A small young man stepped out, but this one, however queerly familiar, wore a light, too light, check suit that was pathetically out of press, and gray spats over shoes that wanted a polish, and a pearl-gray fedora hat tipped far back. And—this was a blow—from his lip hung a cigarette.

"Gosh-ding it," thus Goldie to herself, "he's started out for a sporting life and can't ever finish it! Not by miles!" Adding, in deep concern that bordered—the word is hardly too strong—on horror, "Oh, Perce, you burn me up!"

He stood before her, flicking the ash from his cigarette.

"I—I'm doing this now." He indicated the cigarette, and she noted the yellow stain on his finger. "Thought you might as well have the truth all at once. Let's go down to the grill room. Won't be many people there at this hour."

How self-conscious he was! That odd little face! He had been humorously small potatoes in his pious way at home. In another but quite obvious way, when you considered it, he was small potatoes on the road.

"I'm sunk!" she thought mournfully as she followed him down the stairs.

He chose a table in a far corner of the low-ceiled grill room. There were a few couples scattered among the vast expanse of tables. On the roped-in rectangle of ice in the center two sad-faced clown skaters were tumbling about without make-up in preparation for the gayeties of the late evening.

Goldie had supped and danced during many late evenings in this room, unknown to the then steady-going P. Heigham, and with men he'd never heard of. The ice rink was a recent addition. Moodily, fighting off the sense of disaster that was creeping over her usually so buoyant spirit, she considered it. P. Heigham, pitifully downcast now, was lighting a fresh cigarette. This annoyed her. But it wouldn't do to drift into the old brother-and-sister nervous quarreling. No, that wouldn't do. Perhaps the whole Green tribe were just going plumb to the devil. But—families did seem to go that way now and then—though you didn't like to let yourself drift with a bad situation; that felt too much like making a poor job of it. She didn't like poor jobs. They were annoying, too. Even if a problem licked you, there was, after all, less unhappiness in fighting it than in just lying down. No, she couldn't altogether lie down, even with all the drift dead against her. She was, of course, the active sort. She sighed.

"How many of those things are you smoking a day?" she asked briskly.

"Oh, I don't know."

"One on the end of another—everlastingly at it?"

"Well ——"

"Drinking any?"

He smiled weakly, turned in his chair and exhibited the end of a flask projecting from his hip pocket.

"What is it?"

"White mule. Moonshine. Distilled twice to get the fusel oil out."

"What else are you drinking?"

"Oh, say, Goldie, you needn't drive at me quite so hard! I know well enough I'm —— Well, the fellows in Kansas City are picking up some synthetic gin from a druggist, and some bourbon. And there's a little port now and then. Comes from a man that sells to a synagogue there."

"How are the girls?"

"Girls?"

"Oh, come out with it, Perce! There'd be some, of course."

"Well, I don't know what you'll think of me —— Oh, I may as well give you the whole picture!" The unsteadiness about his mouth and the gathering moisture in

(Continued on Page 46)

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That deep purr-like sound you hear so frequently, especially on big cars—

That is the *sound of safety*—the reassuring rhythm of the massive Vacuum Cups generating safety—the *grip-hold-letgo* principle of *suction* on treacherous surfaces.

The Vacuum Cup Tread is *guaranteed* not to skid on wet, slippery pavements. It is the tread that was featured last year at San Francisco at the annual convention of the National Traffic Officers' Association and *withstood the test of rounding a wet, skiddy curve at a speed of thirty-five miles an hour!*

The *sound of safety*—the Vacuum Cup Tread—means skid-freedom for your car and those who ride in it.

In addition to the *guaranteed* safety of the Vacuum Cup Tread, it is customary for Vacuum Cup Cord Tires to average in excess of their *guaranteed* service—per warranty tag attached to each casing—of

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(Continued from Page 44)

his eyes told her more than he dreamed. Goldie was touched, and more than a little frightened. Perce was on the run. She saw that. "There's a—there's a little manicure girl in Kansas City ——"

A nervous impulse to laugh aloud nearly conquered Goldie at this revelation. She would have given much to watch the circumspect P. Heigham on that first occasion when the little manicure girl held his hand. What an experience for him!

"You've spent some money on her, I imagine."

"Well, I don't see how you know so much, Goldie."

"Perce, I know everything. Of course your work has pretty much gone blooey. Why did you come back here? Business?"

He slowly shook his head.

"Firm know you're here?"

"They think I'm in Dubuque."

"Something of a mess all round, eh?"

"Well ——"

His lip was quivering again. "Mess" was the word, all right. But this swift unfolding of his catastrophe, the very completeness of it, was acting on her as a stimulant.

"What are you thinking of doing about it?"

"I don't know." He compressed his lips sensitively. "I—I'm afraid I'm just up against it, Goldie. I don't see how I can face the firm. It isn't as if I was short in a money way. It's that I'm just—no good!"

This was his breakdown. It had to come, of course. His head sank on his hand. She had never seen a young man so near actual tears. He reached blindly for the box of cigarettes. But she drew it away and crumpled them one by one into a little heap of tobacco and twisted paper.

"That's silly," he muttered. "I can order more, of course."

"But you're not going to! Wait here, Perce. I just thought of something."

When she returned she found him in the same position, a picture of abject misery.

"Listen!" she said, resting her elbows on the table and speaking directly at him in a low crisp voice that had in it an undertone of considerable emotional force. "Papa said a queer thing this morning. He was broke. I gave him a little. He spoke of needing it for lunches and the trains. It just now struck me as funny that he didn't have his monthly ticket. Well, I called up the company just now. They say that Henry C. Green isn't with 'em any more. Left them weeks ago."

"Lost his job!" breathed P. Heigham, staring.

"And didn't tell us. Just kept on going in and coming out on the usual trains until his cash ran out."

"What's the matter with us?" he groaned. "Are we just going on the rocks?"

She was a long moment in answering this, first looking thoughtfully at her watch and then considering the limp figure across the table.

"No," she said finally, "we're not. Pay your check, Perce, and come along with me. It's most five o'clock."

"Why? What?"

"Come along!"

She led him to the telephone booths upstairs in the lobby, and herself gave the home number to the girl.

"Now"—she drew him aside—"you're going to talk to them. I don't suppose papa's there. God knows where he is! But mamma'll be."

"But what'll I ——"

"Tell her you had an unexpected chance to run over for a little surprise. You and I'll be out for dinner. And talk up. Don't be an oil can! Be cheery!"

"Oh, Lord!" he moaned, and obeyed.

"But," he asked naïvely afterwards, "what'll they think when they—see me?"

"They're not going to see you like this," was her prompt reply. "Come along now. There's barely time," and she led him across the street into a clothing store.

"Broke?" she asked.

"Well, just at the moment ——"

She stood over the purchase of a plain ready-made suit in blue serge.

"You'll have to take off those spats, too," she explained.

"But my ankles get cold these evenings."

She bought him a pair of high shoes.

"Of course," he said nervously as they walked over to her car, "this is generous of you, and all, but I don't quite see where we're getting."

"Don't you?"

"Well, no."

Her reply came when they were threading the traffic toward Michigan Avenue and the bridge.

"We're going to clean up this mess, and you've got to step out and be the merry little leader."

"But how can —— Oh, Goldie, if you knew what I've been going through! The bad things I've done! Given the lie to my whole life!"

"Rats!" was the girl's somewhat inelegant response. "I don't know's I'm sorry to learn you had it in you."

"Why ——"

"Oh, most men that have any pep in 'em go on the loose now and then. You've just been slow about it, and now you're spilling it all at once, getting it out of your system. Probably do you good."

"But I can't go back ——"

"You can do just that! It's a big fight, selling goods. This is just the first round. You're groggy, but you'll win some of the others."

"But these awful habits I've formed ——"

"You haven't had time to form habits. Slow down on 'em, of course. Nobody can expect to smoke cigarettes all day every day and get any sort of work done. That's just a matter of sense. You'll work all that out fast enough as you go on with it. And as for these here now little manicure girls ——"

But Goldie never finished that sentence. She had to let the laugh come.

They were near Sunbury when he remarked with a slight note of envy in his voice, "I didn't know you had a car."

"And you won't know it much longer."

"You mean ——"

"I'm selling it. The thing now's to straighten out the Green family, pay up and start clean. Papa's helpless for the moment. And mamma'll just lop down on us. But we can't help that."

"I'm sorry, Goldie. I hate to think of your being set back through my ——"

"Let's cut all that stuff out, Perce. I don't intend to be set back long. I'll tell you that right here and now!"

VIII

"WELL," Goldie remarked—she was driving him in to the Dubuque train; it didn't leave until the small hours, but you could get into the sleeper at ten, and P. Heigham was tired out, wrung—"three hours of the Green family isn't my idea of a really snappy evening. Still ——"

"We've pulled things out, Goldie."

"We've started. I can find some sort of a job for papa among the men I know at the hotel. The money I get for the car'll more than carry them until you can get back on your feet. It's going to take a good deal to keep on stuffing proteids and calories into those twins."

At the train gate he kissed her; then clung to her hand.

"You've taught me a lesson, Goldie." His voice quavered uncertainly. "If I can't make good after this I'm sure I —— Your wonderful good sense and your confidence in me after all I've ——"

She cut him off with "Don't be an oil can!" Then, so abruptly that he started, she snapped her fingers and muttered, "Oh, the deuce!"

"What—what's the matter?"

"Oh, I've got to run. So long!"

And she broke away and ran, dodging back through the station. He stared after until her agile young person had disappeared in the crowd. Then he turned in his tickets at the conductor's desk, picked up his suitcase and walked with dignity out along the platform to his car.

Goldie drove like mad. More than once that nervous laugh escaped her. With only a little more emphasis it would have bordered on hysteria. Curiously, her mind was a blank. She didn't know how the thing could have happened, why she was driving so hard or what attitude she proposed to take on her arrival.

At the corner beyond the Arts Building, nearly under the street light, she saw a familiar seven-passenger car waiting, a family car, and a dejected figure sitting on the running board, head in hands. It was all of half past ten. She pulled in close behind and leaped out.

"Oh, Will, I'm so sorry!" She noted the circle of cigar stubs about his feet.

"Where on earth, Goldie ——"

"Well, the fact is"—she hesitated, and then the truth came out in a surprising uprush of relief—"I forgot."

"You forgot!" She had never seen him angry. This was a new side. Her eyes danced with excitement. She was nodding emphatically. He was standing over her. "You forgot! To-night of all nights! Playing fast and loose with me! Goldie, there's somebody else—another man!"

Her quick thoughts were now darting in every direction through this situation, turning it over, playing about it. Her mind was as clear as pure ice. She didn't want to be unfair to him, still ——

"Why shouldn't there be another man?" she asked.

She heard him catch his breath. Then, "You can stand there and say that? After all that's passed?"

"As a matter of fact, there isn't."

"There is—and there isn't? And you forgot! How am I to know what to believe?"

She waited a long moment; then looked straight up at him.

"Will," she said simply, "we can't. It's all cold."

"But, child, in God's name! This has happened so suddenly I can't think. What is it?"

"I'm afraid it's just the little matter of living, Will. And the best thing is to say good night, like friends."

She extended her hand. He seemed unable to take it. After a moment she stepped into her car and drove straight home.

MANSLAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 19)

"No one can teach her, dear Benny," he said. "But life can—and will. That's my particular nightmare—that people like Lydia get broken by life—and it's always such a smash. That's why I'm content to stand by without, as most of my friends think, due regard for my own self-respect. That's why I do hope you'll contrive to. That's why she seems to me the most pathetic person I know. She almost makes me cry."

"Pathetic!" said Miss Bennett with something approaching a snort.

"Yes, like a child playing with a dynamite fuse. Even to-night she seemed to me pathetic. She can't afford to alienate the few people who really care for her—you and Eleanor and—well, of course, she won't alienate me, whatever she does."

"But she takes advantage of our affection," said Miss Bennett.

Bobby stood up.

"You bet she does!" he said. "She'll have something bitter waiting for me now when I go down, something that she'll have forgotten by to-morrow and I'll remember as long as I live."

He smiled perfectly gayly and left the room. He found Lydia strolling about the drawing-room, softly whistling to herself.

"Well," she said, "my party seems to have broken up early."

"Broken's the word," answered Bobby.

"Isn't Eleanor absurd?" said Lydia. "She loves so to be superior—'Order my carriage'—like the virtuous duchess in a melodrama."

"She doesn't seem absurd to me," said Bobby.

"Oh, you've been tiptoeing about binding up everybody's wounds, I suppose," she answered. "Did you tell them that you knew I didn't mean a word I said? Ah, yes, I see you did. Well, I did mean every single word, and more. Upon my word, I wish you'd mind your own business, Bobby."

"I will," said Bobby, and got up and left the room.

He went out and walked quickly up and down the flat stones under the grape arbor. The moon was not up, and the stars twinkled fiercely in the crisp cool air. He thought of other women—lovelier and kinder than Lydia. What kept him in this bondage to her? All the time he was asking the question he was aware of her image in her orange tea gown against the dark woodwork of the room, and suddenly, before he knew it—certainly before he had made any resolve to return he was back in the doorway, saying, "Would you like to play a game of piquet?"

She nodded, and they sat down at the card table. Bobby's faint resentment had gone in ten minutes, but it was longer before Lydia, laying down her cards, said, as if they had just been talking about her misdeeds instead of merely thinking about them, "But Benny is awfully obstinate, isn't she? I mean the way she goes on doing things the way she thinks I ought to like them instead of finding out the way I do like."

"She's very sweet—Benny is."

"And that's just what makes everyone think me so terrible—the contrast. She's sweet, but she wants her own way just the same. Whereas I ——"

"You don't want your own way, Lydia?"

They nearly fought it out all over again. This time it was Lydia who stopped the discussion with a sudden change of manner.

"The truth is, Bobby," she said with an unexpected gentleness, "that I feel dreadfully about Evana. You don't know how fond you get of a person who's about you all the time like that."

"Horrid that they'll rob you, isn't it?"

"Yes." Lydia stared thoughtfully before her. "I think what I mind most is that she wouldn't tell me—kept denying it, as if I were her enemy—and then in the first second she confessed to the district attorney."

"Oh, well, that's his profession."

She seemed to think profoundly, and her next sentence surprised him:

"Do you think there's anything really between him and Eleanor? I couldn't bear to have Eleanor marry a man like that."

Bobby, trying to be tactful, answered that he was sure Eleanor wouldn't, but as often happens to consciously tactful people, he failed to please.

"Oh," said Lydia, "you mean that you think he's crazy about her?"

"Mercy, no!" said Bobby. "I shouldn't think Eleanor was his type at all, except perhaps as a friend. It's the chorus-girl type that really stirs him."

"Oh, is it?" said Lydia, and took up the cards again.

They played two hours, and the game calmed her but could not save her from the blackness of her mood. It came upon her, as it always did if it were coming, a few minutes after she had got into bed, turned out her light and had begun to discover that sleep was not close at hand. Life seemed to her all effort without purpose. She felt like a martyr at the stake; only she had no vision to bear her company. She felt her loneliness to be not the result of anything she said or did, but inevitable. There seemed to be nothing in the universe but chaos and herself.

She turned on her light again and read until almost morning. Nights like this were not unusual with Lydia.

VI

JOE THORNE had been fond of telling a story about Lydia in her childhood—in the days before Miss Bennett came to them. After some tremendous scene of naughtiness and punishment, she had come to him and said: "Father, if you're not angry at me any more, I'm not angry at you."

It was characteristic of her still. She was not afraid to come forward and make up, but she was shy with the spoken word. She couldn't make an emotional apology, but she managed to convey in all sorts of dumb ways that she wanted to be friends—she contrived to remember some long ungratified wish of Benny's, whether it were a present, or a politeness to some old friend, or sometimes only an errand that Benny had never been able to get her to do. There was always a definite symbol that Lydia was sorry, and she was always forgiven.

Part of Eleanor's sense of her own superiority to the world lay in being more than usually impervious to emotion. Besides, she had expressed herself satisfactorily at the time by leaving the house, so that she forgave too. Only of course a scene like that is never without consequences—everybody's endurance had snapped a few more strands, like a fraying rope. And there were consequences, too, in Lydia's own nature. She seemed to have become permanently

(Continued on Page 51)

Shampooing takes no longer than shaving

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What Proper Shampooing does for Your Hair

THE appearance and healthy condition of your hair depend largely upon the care you give it. If the scalp is allowed to become hard and dry and dandruff accumulates, falling hair and baldness are apt to result.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which keeps the hair and scalp healthy; besides, it brings out the real life and lustre and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, life-like, bright and fresh looking.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it in good condition, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soap. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating men use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how well you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

First, wet the hair and scalp in good warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and the hair.

Rub the Lather In Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, rub it briskly with a towel until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

Make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright and fresh looking, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

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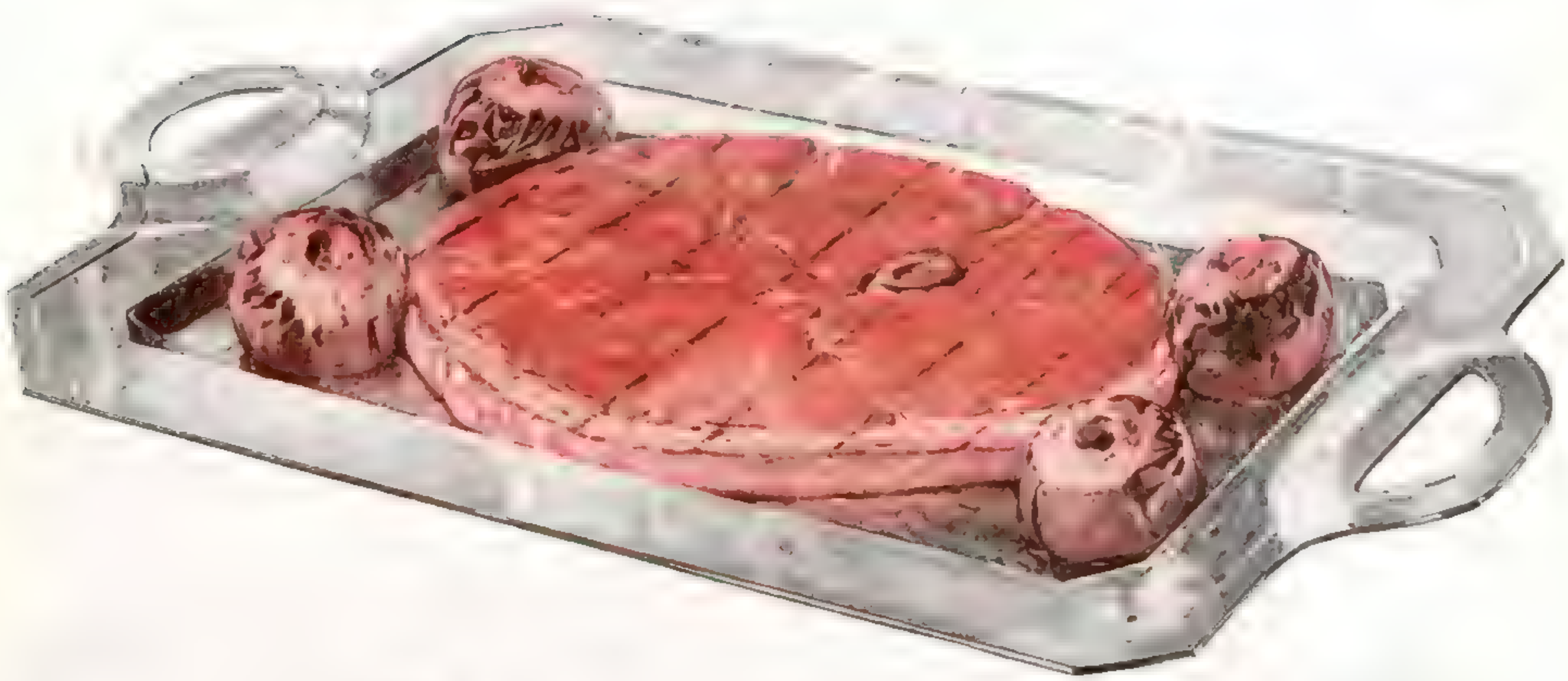

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(Continued from Page 46)

wrong-headed and violent on any subject even remotely connected with the district attorney.

This was evident a few days later when a voice proclaiming itself that of Judge Homans' secretary asked her if she could make it convenient to stop at the judge's chambers that afternoon to give the court some information in regard to a former maid of hers—Evans. Lydia's tone showed that it was not at all convenient. It seemed at one instant as if she were about to refuse point-blank to go. Then she yielded, and from that minute it became clear that her mind was continually occupied with the prospect of the visit.

Late in the afternoon she appeared before the judge's desk in his little room lined with shelves of calf-bound volumes. It was a chilly November afternoon, and she had just come from tea at the golf club after eighteen holes. She was wrapped in a bright golden-brown coat, and a tomato-colored hat was pulled down over her brows. The judge, for no reason ascertainable, had imagined Miss Thorne, the landed proprietor, the owner of jewels of value, as a dignified woman of thirty. He looked up in surprise over his spectacles. His first idea—he lived much out of the world—was that a mistake had been made and that an unruly female offender had been brought to him, not a complaining witness.

Even after this initial misunderstanding was explained the interview did not go well. The judge was a man of sixty, clean shaven and of a waxy hue. From his high, narrow brow all his lines flowed outward. His chin was heavy and deeply creased, and he had a way at times of drawing it in to meet his heavy, hunched shoulders. A natural interest in the continuity of his own thought, joined to fifteen years of pronouncements from the bench, rendered him impervious to interruption. He now insisted on reviewing the case of Evans, while Lydia sat tossing back first one side and then the other of her heavy coat and thinking—almost saying, "Oh, the tiresome old man! Why does he tell me all this? Doesn't he know that it was my jewels that were stolen?" She began to tap her foot, a sound which to those who knew Lydia well was regarded almost as the rattle of the rattlesnake. The judge began to draw his monologue to a close.

"The district attorney tells me that you feel that there was some carelessness on your own part which might be considered in a measure as constituting an extenuating circumstance ——"

He got no further.

"The district attorney says so?" said Lydia, and if he had quoted the authority of the janitor's boy her tone could not have expressed more contemptuous surprise.

His Honor, however, missed it.

"Yes," he went on, "Mr. O'Bannon tells me that the charge of your safe, without supervision ——"

"Mr. O'Bannon is completely misinformed," said Lydia, shutting her eyes and raising her eyebrows.

The judge turned his head squarely to look at her.

"You mean," he said, "that you do not feel that there was any contributory carelessness which might in part explain, without in any true sense excusing ——"

"Certainly not," said Lydia. "And I have never said anything to anyone that would make them think so."

"I have been misinformed as to your attitude," said the judge.

"Evidently," said Lydia, and almost at once brought the interview to a close by leaving the room.

As she walked down the path to her car a figure came out of the shadow as if it had been waiting for her. It was the same traffic policeman who had stopped her on her way to Eleanor's. He took off his brown cap. She saw his round, pugnacious head and the uncertain curve of his mouth. He was a nice-looking man, and younger than she had supposed—quite boyish in fact. She caught a glimpse of some sort of ribbon on his breast—the croix de guerre. She looked straight at him with interest, and saw that he was tense with embarrassment.

"I believe I have something of yours," he said. "I want to give it back." He was fumbling in his pocket. She couldn't really permit that.

"Bribed people," she thought, "must be content to remain bribed." She walked rapidly toward her car without answering. The chauffeur opened the door for her.

"Home," she said, and drove away.

An hour or so later the judge was giving a description of the interview to the district attorney. It began as a general indictment of the irresponsibility of the wealthy young people of to-day, touching on their dress, appearance and manners. Then it descended suddenly to the particular case.

"She came into this room in a hat the color of a flamingo"—the judge's color sense was not good—"and her skirts almost to her knees; as bold—well, I wouldn't like to tell you what my first idea was on seeing her. She was as hard as—I could have told her that some of her own father's methods were not strictly legal, only the courts were more lenient in those days. A ruthless fellow—Joe Thorne. Do you know this girl?"

"I've met her," said O'Bannon.

"She made a very unfavorable impression on me," said Judge Homans. "I don't know when a young woman of agreeable appearance—she has considerable beauty—has made such an unfavorable impression." And His Honor added, as if the two remarks had nothing to do with each other, "I shall give this unfortunate maid a very light sentence."

The district attorney bowed. It was exactly what he had always intended.

But a sentence which sounded light to Judge Homans—three years—sounded heavy to Lydia. She was horrified. The recent visit which, under Mrs. Galton's auspices, she had paid to a man's prison was in her mind—the darkness, the crowded cells, the pale, abnormal-looking prisoners, the smell, the guards, the silence. She simply would not allow Evans to spend three years in such torture. She was all the more determined because she knew, without once admitting it, that she might have prevented it.

She read the sentence in the local newspaper at breakfast—she breakfasted in bed—and the next minute she was up and in Miss Bennett's room.

"This is a little too much," she said, walking in so fast that her silk dressing gown stood out like a rose-colored balloon. "Three years! Those men must be mad! Come, Benny, put on your things. You must go with me to the district attorney's office and have this arranged. Imagine it! After her confessing too! I said she was wrong to confess."

But when she reached the office she found no one there but Miss Finnegan, the stenographer.

"Where's Mr. O'Bannon?" she asked as if she had an engagement with him which he had broken.

Miss Finnegan raised her head from her keys and looked at the unexpected visitor in a tomato-colored hat, whose feet had sounded so sharp and quick on the stairs and who had thrown open the door so violently.

"Mr. O'Bannon's in court," she answered in a tone which seemed to suggest that almost anyone would know that. By this time, mounting the stairs with more dignity, Miss Bennett entered, appealing and conciliatory.

"We want so much to see him," she murmured.

Miss Finnegan softened and said that she'd telephone over to the courthouse. He might be able to get over for a minute. She telephoned and hung up the receiver in silence.

"When will he be here?" demanded Lydia.

"When he's at liberty," Miss Finnegan answered coldly.

Waiting did not calm Lydia nor the atmosphere of the office which proclaimed O'Bannon's power. People kept coming in with the same question—when could they see the district attorney? An old foreigner was there who kept muttering something to Miss Finnegan in broken English.

"Yes, but then your son ought to plead," Miss Finnegan kept saying over and over again, punctuating her sentence with quick roulades on the typewriter.

There was a thin young man with shifty eyes, and a local lawyer with a strong flavor of the soil about him.

Miss Bennett watched Lydia anxiously. The girl was not accustomed to being kept waiting. Her bank, her dentist, the shops where she dealt had long ago learned that it saved everybody trouble to serve Miss Thorne first. At last O'Bannon entered.

Lydia sprang up.

"Mr. O'Bannon ——" she began. He held up his hand.

"One minute," he said.

He was listening to the story of the old woman, not even glancing in Lydia's direction; yet something in the bend of his head, in the strain of his effort to keep his eyes on his interlocutor and his mind on what was being told him made Miss Bennett believe he was acutely aware of their presence. Yet Lydia patiently bore even this delay. Miss Bennett drew a breath of relief. The girl had evidently come resolved to show her better side. The impression was strengthened when he approached them. Lydia's manner was gentle and dignified.

"Mr. O'Bannon," said she, "I feel distressed at the sentence of my maid—Evans."

Miss Bennett looked on like a person seeing a vision—Lydia had never seemed—had never been like this—gentle, feminine, well, there was no other word for it, sweet—poignantly sweet. She did not see how anyone could resist her and, glancing at the district attorney, she saw he was not resisting; on the contrary, with bent head, and his queer light eyes fixed softly on Lydia's, he was drinking in every tone of her voice. Their voices sank lower and lower until they were almost whispering to each other, so low that Miss Bennett thought that anybody coming in unexpectedly might have thought they were lovers.

"She isn't a criminal," Lydia was saying. "She was tempted, and she has confessed. Won't you help me to save her?"

"I can't," he whispered back. "It's too late. She's been sentenced."

"Too late, perhaps, by the regular methods—but there are always others. You have so much power—you give people the feeling you can do anything." He shook his head, still gazing at her. "You give me that feeling. Do this for me."

"You could have done it yourself, so easily, before she was sentenced."

"I know, I know. That's why I care so. Oh, Mr. O'Bannon, just for a moment, you and I ——" Her voice sank so that Miss Bennett could not hear what she said, but she saw her put her hand on his arm like a person taking possession of her own belongings. Then there was no use in listening any more, for a complete silence had fallen between them; they did not even seem to be breathing.

The district attorney suddenly raised his head with a quick shake, like a dog coming out of water, and stepped back.

"It can't be done," he said. "If I were willing to break the law into pieces, I couldn't do it."

Lydia's brow darkened. "You mean you won't," she said.

"No," he answered quietly. "I mean just what I say. I can't. Remember you have had two chances to help the girl—at the first complaint, and in your conversation with the judge. Why didn't you do it then?"

Why hadn't she? She didn't know, but she answered hastily: "I did not understand ——"

"You wouldn't understand," he returned, in that quiet, terrible tone that made her think somehow of Ilseboro. "I tried to tell you and you wouldn't wait to hear, and the judge tried to tell you and you wouldn't listen. People don't often get three chances in this world, Miss Thorne."

His tone maddened her, in combination with her own failure. "Are you taking it upon yourself to reprove me, Mr. O'Bannon?" she asked.

"I'm taking it upon myself to tell you how things are," he answered.

"I don't believe it is the way they are," she said.

Angry as she was, she did not mean the phrase to sound as insulting as it did. She meant that there must be some unsuspected avenue of approach; but her quick tone and insolent manner made the words themselves sound like the final insult.

O'Bannon simply turned from her and, holding up his hand to the shifty-eyed boy, said clearly, "I'll see you now, Gray."

There was nothing for Lydia to do but accept her dismissal. She flounced out of the room, and all the way home in the car shocked Miss Bennett by her epithets. "Insolent country lout" was the mildest of them.

A few days afterward Miss Thorne moved back to New York to the house in the east seventies that had replaced Joe Thorne's hideous Fifth Avenue palace. Miss Bennett, who hated the country, partly because there she was more under Lydia's thumb, rejoiced at being back in New York. She had many friends—was much more personally popular than her charge—and in town she could see them more easily. Every morning after she had finished her housekeeping she went out and walked round the reservoir. She liked to walk, planting her little feet as precisely as if she were dancing or skating. Then there was usually some necessary shopping for Lydia or the house or herself; then luncheon, and afterward for an hour or two her own work. She was a member of endless committees, entertainments for charitable purposes, hospital boards, reform associations. Then before five she was at home, behind the tea table, waiting on Lydia, engaged in getting rid of people whom Lydia didn't want to see and keeping those whom Lydia would want to see but had forgotten. And then dinner—at home if Lydia was giving a party; but most often both women dined out.

The winter was notable for Lydia's sudden friendship, or flirtation or affair as it was variously described, with Stephen Albee, the ex-governor of a great state. It would have seemed more natural if he had been one of Eleanor's discoveries, but he was not—he was Lydia's own find. Eleanor, with all her airs of a young old maid, had never been known to distinguish any man lacking in the physical attractions of youth. Albee, though he had been a fine-looking man once and still had a certain magnificent leonine appearance, was over fifty and showed his years. He had come to New York to conduct an important Federal investigation, and the masterly manner in which he was doing it led to presidential prophecies. Lydia's friends were beginning to murmur that it would be just like Lydia to end in the White House. Besides, the governor was rich, the owner of silver mines and a widower. It was noticed that Lydia was more respectful to him than she had ever been to anyone, followed his lead intellectually, and quoted him to the verge of being comic.

"It is painful to me," Eleanor said, "to watch the process of Lydia's discovering politics. Last Monday the existence of the Federal Constitution dawned upon her, and next week states' rights may emerge."

It was equally painful to the governor's old friends to watch the even less graceful process of his discovery of social life. The two friends adventured mutually. If Lydia sat all day listening to his investigation, he appeared hardly less regularly in her opera box.

Oddly enough, they had met at a prison-reform luncheon given by the same noble women whose presence at her house had so much irritated Lydia. The object of the luncheon was to advertise the cause, to inspire workers and to raise money. Albee was the principal speaker, not because he had any special interest in prison reform, but because he was the most conspicuous public figure in New York at the moment, and as he was known not to be an orator, everyone was eager to hear him speak. Mrs. Galton, the chairman of the meeting, was shocked by his reactionary views on prisons when he expounded them to her in an attempt to evade her invitation; but with the sound worldliness which every reformer must acquire she knew that his name was far more important to her cause than his views, and with a little judicious flattery she roped him into promising he would come and say a few words—not, he specially insisted, a speech. Mrs. Galton agreed, knowing that no speaker in the world, certainly no masculine speaker, could resist the appeal of a large, warm, admiring audience when once he got to his feet. "The only difficulty will be stopping him," she thought rather sadly. It would be wise, too, she thought, to put someone next to him at luncheon who would please him. Flattery from an ugly old woman like herself wouldn't be enough. Then she remembered Lydia, whom, after their unfortunate meeting at luncheon in the autumn, she had taken through one of the men's prisons in an effort to enlist the girl's cooperation. They had had conferences over Evans too, for Lydia had not remained utterly indifferent to Evans' situation, had indeed permitted, even urged, Miss Bennett to go to visit the girl and see what could be done for her.

Miss Thorne accepted the invitation to attend the luncheon; and then, as coldbloodedly as a diplomat might make use of a lovely courtesan, Mrs. Galton put her next to the great man at the speakers' table, where of course so young, idle and useless a person had no right to be.

The governor arrived very late, with his fingers in his waistcoat pocket to indicate

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(Continued from Page 51)

to all who saw him hurrying in between the crowded tables that he had been unavoidably detained and had spent the last half hour in agonized contemplation of his watch. As a matter of fact, he had been reading the papers at his club, wishing to cut down the hour of too much food and too much noise which he knew would precede the hour of too much speaking. He knew he would sit next to Mrs. Galton, whom he esteemed as a wise and good philanthropist but dreaded as a companion.

Everything began as he feared. He took his place on Mrs. Galton's right, with an apology for having been detained—unavoidably. It had looked at one time as if he could not get there, but of course his feeling for the great work ——

Mrs. Galton, who had been through all this hundreds of times and knew he had never intended to arrive a minute earlier than he did, smiled warmly, and said how fortunate they counted themselves in having obtained an hour of the time of a man whom all the world ——

On the contrary, the governor esteemed it a privilege to speak on behalf of a cause which commanded the sympathy ——

It was a turning point, indeed, in the history of any cause, when a man like the governor ——

They would have gone on like this through luncheon, but at this moment a sudden rustling at his side made the governor turn, and there—later a good deal than he had contrived to be—was Lydia. Lydia in a tight plain dress and a small plumed hat that made her look like a crested serpent. Mrs. Galton introduced them, and with a sigh of relief settled back to eating her lunch and running over her own introductory remarks in the comfortable certainty that the governor would give her no more trouble.

He didn't. He looked at Lydia, and all his heavy politeness dropped from him. His eyes twinkled, and he said, "Come, my dear young lady, let us save time by your telling me who you are and what you do and why you are here."

This amused Lydia.

"I think," she said, "that that is the best conversational opening I ever heard. Well, I suppose I ought to say that I am here to listen to you."

"Yes, yes—perhaps," answered Albee with a somewhat political wave of his hand, "in the same sense in which I am here to meet you—because fate, luck, divine interposition arranged it so. But why, according to your own limited views, are you here?"

"Oh, in response to a noble impulse. Don't you ever have them?"

"I did—I did when I was your age," said the governor, and he leaned back and studied her with open admiration, which somehow in a man of his reputation was not offensive.

"Why are you here yourself?" said Lydia, giving him a gentle look to convey that she was very grateful to him for thinking her so handsome.

"Why, I just told you," answered the governor, "because Fate said to herself: Now here's poor old Stephen Albee's been having a dull, hard time of it. Let's have something pleasant happen to him. Let's have him meet Miss Thorne."

A lady on Lydia's other side, who gave her life to the reform of criminals and particularly hated those who remained outside of penal institutions, was horrified by what she considered the flirtatious tone of the conversation. She could hear—in fact she listened—that several meetings had been arranged before the governor's time came to speak.

Everything worked out exactly as Mrs. Galton had intended. The governor—who had expected to say that he was heart and soul with this great cause, to rehearse a few historic examples of prison mismanagement, to confide to his audience that a man of national reputation was at that moment waiting to see him about something of international importance, and then to get away in time to play a few holes of golf before dark—rose to his feet, fired with the determination to make a good speech, good enough to impress Lydia; and he did. He had a simple, direct manner of speaking, so that no one noticed that his sentences themselves were rather oratorical and emotional. Most speakers, too many at least, have just the opposite technic—an oratorical manner and no matter behind it. He gave the impression, without actually saying so, that the only reason he had not given his life to prison reform was that the larger duty of public service called him, and the only reason why he did not swamp his audience with the technical details of the subject was that it was too painful, too shocking.

There was great and sincere applause as he sat down. Workers were inspired, subscriptions did flow in. Before the next speaker rose, Lydia, in sight of the whole room, walked out, followed by the great man, who had explained hastily to Mrs. Galton that he was already late for an engagement with a man of national reputation who was waiting to discuss a matter of international importance. Mrs. Galton nodded amiably. She had little further use for the governor.

The next day Lydia went downtown to hear him conducting his investigation, and was impressed by the spectacle of his dominating will and crystalline mind in action. She came every day. Her life heretofore had not stimulated her to intellectual endeavor, but now she discovered that she had a good, keen mind. She learned the procedure of the investigation, remembered the evidence, read books—Wellman on Cross-Examination and the reminiscences of Sergeant Ballantine. She enjoyed herself immensely. It was the best game she had ever played.

The vision of a vicarious career as the wife of a great politician was now always in the back of her mind.

Eleanor, with her superior intellectual equipment, might laugh at Lydia's late discovery of the political field; but Lydia's knowledge was not theoretical and remote, like Eleanor's. It was alive, vivified by her energy and coined into the daily action of her life. With half Eleanor's brains she was twice as effective.

She admired Albee deeply, almost dangerously, and she wanted to admire him more. She enjoyed all the symbols of his power. She liked the older, more important men of her acquaintance to come suing to her for an opportunity of meeting Albee socially. She liked to watch other women trying to draw him away from her. She even liked the way the traffic policemen would let her car through when he was in it. She liked all these things, not from vanity, as many girls would have liked them, but because they constantly held before her eyes the picture of Albee as a superman. And if Albee were a superman the problem of her life was solved. Then everything would be simple—to give her youth and beauty and money, her courage and knowledge of the world to making him supreme. It was true that he had not as yet asked her to marry him—had not even made love to her, unless admiration is love-making—but to Lydia that was a secondary consideration. The first thing was to make up her own mind.

She had two great problems to face. At first he did not want to go out at all—did not want to enter her field. He appeared to think, as so many Americans do, that there was something trivial, almost immoral, in meeting your fellow creatures except in professional relations. The second problem was worse, that having overcome his reluctance, he began to like it too much, to take it too seriously. He had never had time for it before, he said, but actually he must have felt excluded from it, either at college or as a young man in the legislature of his state.

The first time he went to the opera with her—he was genuinely fond of music—she noticed this. Lydia's box was next to Mrs. Little's. The newspapers made her name impressive, but her slim, white-haired presence made her more so. Lydia herself admired her, and if ever she thought of her own old age she thought she would like to be like Mrs. Little—a wish very unlikely of realization, for Mrs. Little had been molded by traditional obligations and sacrifices to duties which Lydia had never acknowledged.

As they were waiting in the crowded lobby of the Thirty-ninth Street entrance—all the faces above velvets and furs peering out and all the footmen's faces peering in and everyone chattering and shouting and so little apparently accomplished in the way of clearing the crowd—Albee said: "Mrs. Little has asked me to dine on the sixteenth."

Lydia caught something complaisant in the tone. The idea that he could be flattered by such an invitation was distasteful to her.

"Did you accept?" she asked in a cold tone that she tried to make noncommittal.

Fortunately politics had taught Albee caution. He had not accepted. He had said that he would let the great lady know in the morning.

"Do you think that sort of thing will amuse you?"

He answered that it would amuse him if she were going, and against her better judgment she allowed herself to believe that the eagerness in his voice had been occasioned by the promised opportunity of seeing her.

The fancy ball was more serious. The Pulsifers were giving it in their great ballroom just before Lent. Lydia and Miss Bennett were discussing costumes one afternoon at tea time when Albee was announced. Lydia had been at his investigation that morning, and had never admired him more.

"It's the Pulsifers we're talking about," said Miss Bennett as he entered. "Lydia will be wonderful in her costume—so suitable. She's going as an American Indian."

With a vivid recollection of him deciding a struggle that morning between two lawyers, Lydia felt ashamed, humbled, that she should be presented to him as occupied with such a subject as a fancy costume. His voice cut in. "Oh, yes, the Pulsifers! I had a card this morning." It was the same complaisant tone—as if it mattered whether he had or not.

"Oh, do go!" cried Miss Bennett. She meant to be helpful, and added the first thing that came into her head. "You would make a wonderful Roman senator. I'll arrange your costume for you."

In a flash Lydia saw him before her, bare legged, bare armed, bare throated. She recoiled, though of course it was not his fault. If Benny had said a doge or a cardinal; but glancing at her friend she saw he was not suited to either rôle. He was not fine and thin and subtle. He was the type of a Roman senator.

"It would be a great temptation to go—to see Miss Thorne as an Indian," he answered, smiling his admiration at her.

"I don't think I shall go," said Lydia, waving her head slightly. "I don't think it's dignified—dressing up like monkeys."

Miss Bennett looked up, surprised. Lydia had been so interested in the whole subject a few minutes before. She thought the girl was growing uncommonly capricious. Albee caught the note at once.

"If they would let me go as a spectator ——" he began.

"That spoils it, you know," Miss Bennett answered, but Lydia interrupted:

"Of course, they'd be glad to get the governor on any terms."

But the question was more simply settled. Albee was summoned to Washington to testify before a committee of the Senate which, under the guise of helping him, was actually trying to steal the political thunder of his investigation, and Lydia, with her Indian just completed—and Benny's, too, from a Longhi picture—abandoned the whole thing and went off to Washington to hear the great man testify, carrying the reluctant Miss Bennett with her.

Bobby Dorset, who had said immediately just what Lydia had longed to hear Albee say—that parties like that were more trouble than they were worth—had been coerced by Lydia into going. She had made him get a Greek warrior's costume, in which he was very splendid. He was left with his costume and his party, and no Lydia to make it pleasant.

He had come in late one afternoon and had stayed on, as he often did to dinner. In the middle of the meal Lydia was called away—Governor Albee wanted to speak to her on the telephone. She sprang up from the table and left the room. Miss Bennett looked pathetically at Bobby.

"It's to decide whether we go to Washington to-morrow," she said.

"To Washington?"

"The governor is going to testify before a Senate committee and has invited us to come. It will be very interesting," Miss Bennett added loyally.

"But the Pulsifers?"

"Oh, I'm surprised Lydia cares so little for that. Of course, at my age, I'm grateful to escape it."

"Oh, Benny," said Bobby, "you're not a bit! You'd much rather go to it than to any old Senate committee. You love parties for the same reason that the lamb loved Mary."

"You make me seem very frivolous—at fifty-five," said Miss Bennett.

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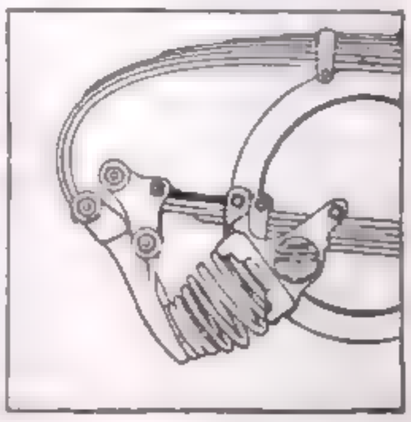

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Several months in advance of the usual time of presentation of such a car comes this new 1922 model Haynes 75, priced fully a thousand dollars below what you would ordinarily expect it to be.

A newly developed, big, powerful, Haynes-built engine, perfected after many months of careful scientific research, equipped with the Haynes fuelizing system, assures power, flexibility and acceleration even greater than ever before enjoyed with the always popular Haynes power plant. Larger valves, larger intake and exhaust, thermostatic engine heat control and other decidedly advanced features emphasize the distinct advantage of the Haynes 75 motor alone.

The new 1922 Haynes 75 has a more rugged chassis and in lines and finish, as well as fittings, is completely a 1922 idea. The seven-passenger touring car offers the extreme of luxury and utility in such a production, and the price—$2485 f. o. b. factory—is in keeping with the Haynes policy of extending to the purchaser every benefit of the organization's manufacturing and distributing methods.

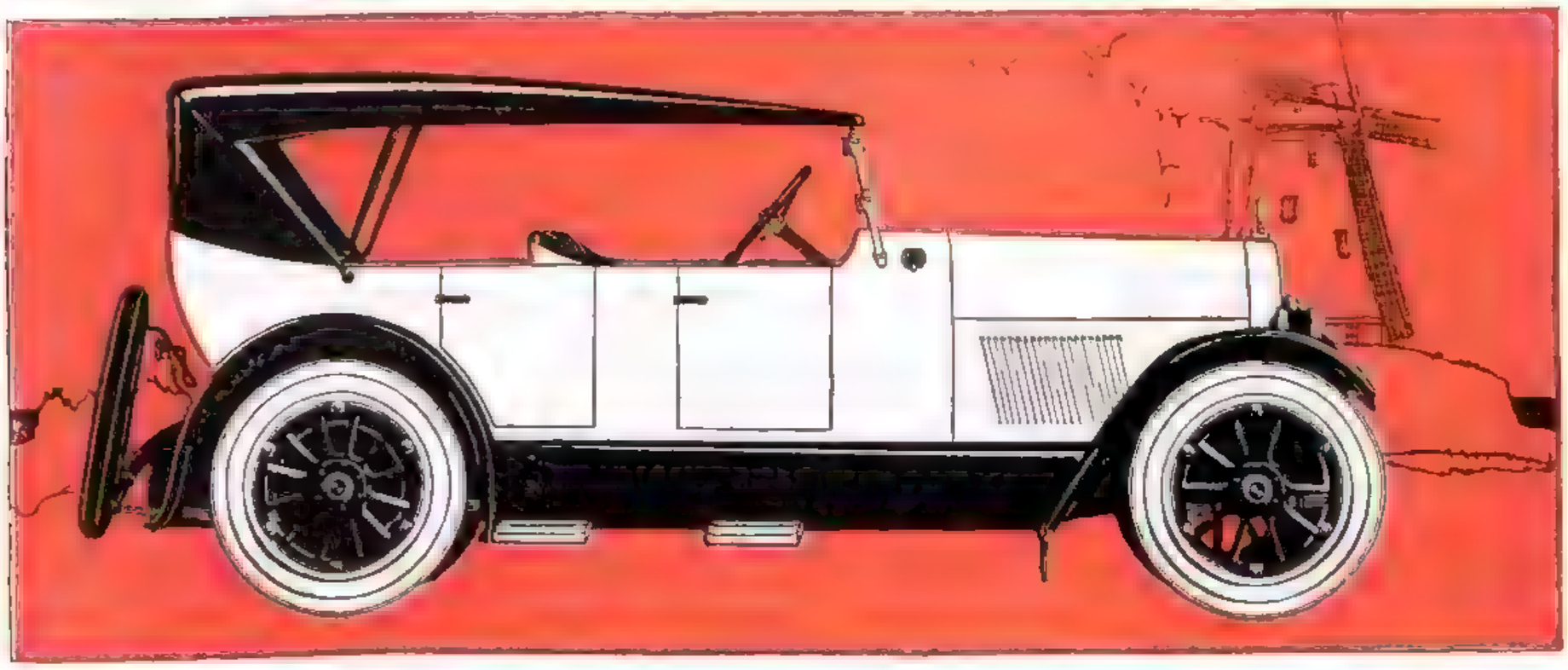
The Haynes 75 is also available in the four-passenger Tourister at $2485, the two-passenger Special Speedster at $2685, the five-passenger Brougham at $3185, the seven-passenger Sedan and Suburban at $3485—each price remarkably low. All the new 1922 Haynes 75 models have a 132-inch wheelbase. Cord tires are standard equipment.

The Haynes models 55 and 75 are the result of more than a quarter of a century of fine automobile manufacturing by the oldest automobile institution in the United States. Consequently, these Haynes models represent the combined skill of a corps of engineers who possess the accumulated experience of such an extensive period.

(All prices quoted are f. o. b. factory)

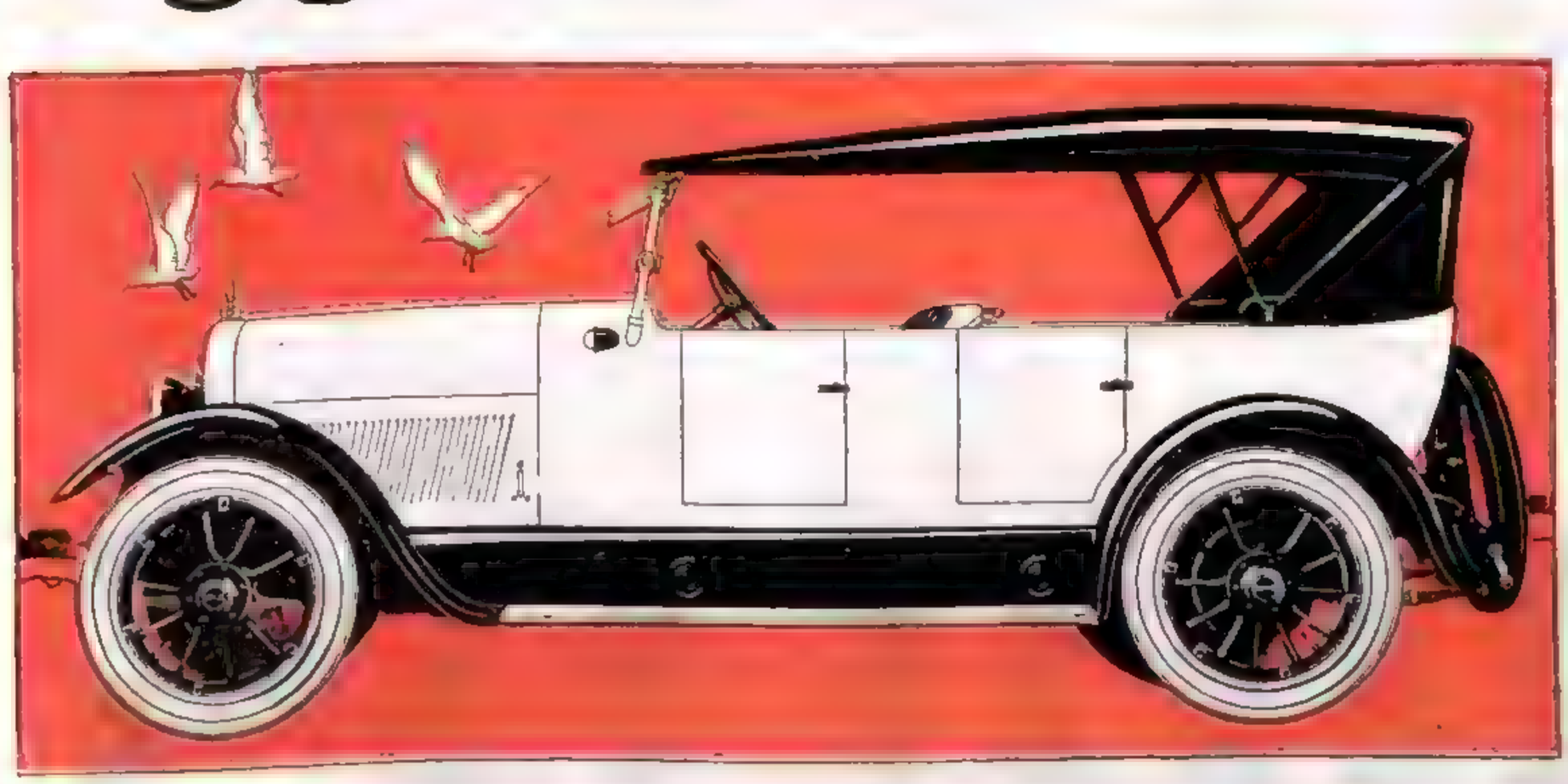
THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, *Kokomo, Indiana* · EXPORT OFFICE: 1715 BROADWAY, *New York City, U. S. A.*

NES'
OFFERINGS



The 55

With individual fenders and steps, a body greatly beautified and adorned with pleasing and useful motor car niceties, a finely fitted instrument panel embodying the finger button starting system, this new 1922, five-passenger Haynes 55 at $1785 represents maximum dollar-for-dollar value. Cord tires are standard equipment. The wheelbase is 121 inches.



The 75

An exceptionally roomy, and more beautiful, full seven-passenger touring car with a wheelbase of 132 inches and a newly developed, more powerful, Haynes-built, six-cylinder motor, the new 1922 Haynes 75 is the greatest motor car offering ever made by The Haynes Automobile Company at the extremely low price of $2485.

PUMPS

INDUSTRIAL · AGRICULTURAL · MUNICIPAL · RESIDENTIAL

Old Sol—*Nature's Pump*

ACCORDING to the geography which you studied in the fourth grade, three-quarters of the earth's surface is covered with water to an average depth of two miles.

This water is constantly being pumped up into the clouds, to be showered upon the earth in the form of rain.

Old Sol does the pumping. Every year he pumps from the seven seas enough moisture to cover an area the size of France with a solid blanket of water one mile deep. The water he pumps from the ocean replenishes our natural sources of supply on land.

Old Sol is Nature's pump—the biggest and oldest pump on record. Installed billions of years ago, this wonderful solar pump is today in as good working order as when the earth spun off into space, a cooling, nebulous mass.

Old Sol does Nature's pumping. Goulds Pumps do man's pumping—all over the world. They take up the work where Old Sol leaves off, by moving water from rivers, lakes and underground levels and diverting it to man's uses.

Old Sol's activities are confined to water. Goulds Pumps at this moment are pumping soup and soap—hot tar and freezing brine—grape juice and petroleum—shoe blacking and bread dough—as well as water. They are pumping away in steel works and silk mills—in coal mines and skyscrapers—in sugar refineries and paint factories.

Wherever there are liquids and semi-liquids to be pumped, there Goulds Pumps, constructed for the purpose, are at work. If you have a pumping problem, bring it to Pump Headquarters. Solving pumping problems has been a Goulds specialty since 1848.

The GOULDS MANUFACTURING COMPANY

SENECA FALLS *Established 1848* NEW YORK

Boston New York Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburgh
Detroit Houston Atlanta *Agencies in all principal cities*

When touring the beautiful Finger Lakes Region of Central New York, you are invited to visit our plant at Seneca Falls.

GOULDS

(Continued from Page 53)

Then Lydia came back from the pantry, her eyes bright, and laid her hand on her companion's shoulder, a rare caress, as she passed.

"We're going, Benny. It isn't closed to the public." Her whole face was softened and lit by her pleasure.

Bobby thought, "Can it be she really cares for that old war horse?"

VII

IT WAS great fun traveling with Albee. He had engaged a drawing-room on the Congressional Limited and, with a forethought old-fashioned but agreeable, had provided newspapers and magazines and a box of candy. His secretary was hovering near with letters to be signed. The conductor came and asked whether everything was all right, governor, and people passed the door deliberately, staring in to get a glimpse of the great man; and Lydia could see that they were murmuring, "That's Albee, you know, going down to testify."

Lydia did not know Washington at all. She had been taken there once as a child by one of the energetic young American governesses—had gone to Mt. Vernon by boat and home by trolley, had whispered in the rotunda and looked at the statues and seen the House and been secretly glad that the Senate was in secret session so that she couldn't see that, and there would be time to go up the monument—something that she really had enjoyed not only on account of the view but because her governess was afraid of elevators and was terrified in the slow, jerky ascent. Then during the period of her engagement to Ilseboro she had been at one or two dinners at the British embassy. But that had been long ago, before the days of her discovery of the Federal Constitution. Of governmental Washington she knew nothing.

The Senate committee met at ten the next morning. There was a good deal of interest in the hearing, and the corridors were full of people waiting for the doors to open. Miss Bennett and Lydia were taken in first through a private room to assure their having good seats. Lydia found the committee room beautiful—more like a gentleman's library than an office—wide, high windows looking out on the Capitol grounds, tall bookcases with glass doors and blue-silk curtains, a huge polished-wood table in the center, with chairs about it for the senators.

She recognized them as they came in from Albee's description—the neat blue-eyed senator who looked like a little white fox, his enemy; the fat blond young man, full of words and smiles, who was a most ineffective friend; and the large suave chairman, in a tightly fitting plum-colored suit, with a grace of manner that kept you from knowing whether he were friend or foe.

Not that you would have suspected from anyone's manner that there was such a thing as enmity in the world—they were all so quiet and friendly. Indeed, when Albee came in he was talking—"chatting" would be a better word—with the little fox-faced senator against whom he had so specially warned Lydia. The whole tone was as if eight or ten hard-working men had called in a friend to help them out on the facts.

Lydia thought it very exciting, knowing as she did how much of hate and party politics lay behind the hearing. She was only dimly aware that her own future depended on the impression Albee might now make upon her. In his own investigation in New York he was the chief, but here he would be attacked, ruled against, tripped up if possible. There he was a general, here he was a duelist. She saw several senators glancing at her, asking who she was, and guessed that the answer was that she was the girl Albee was in love with, engaged to, making a fool of himself over—something like that. She didn't mind. She felt proud to be identified with him. She looked at him as he sat down at the chairman's right, and tried to think how she would feel if she were saying to herself, "There's my husband." Could you marry a man for whom you felt an immovable physical coldness? She thought of Dan O'Bannon's kiss, and the continuity of her thought broke up in a tangle of emotion—even there in the white morning light of that remote committee room.

The hearing was beginning; it was beginning with phrases like, "The committee would be glad, governor, if you would tell us in your own words ——"

"If I might be permitted, Mister Senator, my understanding is ——"

Again and again she saw the trap laid for him and thought with alarm that there was no escape, and then saw that with no effort, with just a turn of his easy wrist, he escaped and, what was more remarkable, had told the truth—yes, as she thought it over, it was nearly the truth. He was particularly successful with the fox-faced senator, whose only interest seemed to be to get the governor to say something that would look badly in newspaper headlines. She grasped Albee's method after a few instances. It was to make the senator define and redefine his question until whatever odium attached to the subject would fall on the questioner, not the answerer.

After fifteen minutes she knew that he was a match for them—his mind was quicker, subtler and more powerful. He made them all seem mentally clumsy and evilly disposed. He could put their questions, even the hostile ones, so much better than they could. Again and again, with a gentle, an almost loving, smile he would say, "I think, Mister Senator, if you will allow me, that what you really mean to ask in that last question is whether ——" And a clear exact statement of the confused ideas of the senator would follow, as the senator, with an abashed nod, would be forced to admit.

Lydia, unused to this sort of thing, thought it little short of a miracle that anyone's mind could work as well as that under such pressure. He seemed to her a superman.

After the hearing they lunched downstairs in the airless basement in which the Fathers of the Senate are provided with excellent Southern dishes, served by white-jacketed negroes.

Lydia met most of the notables, even the fox-faced senator who, she was told, was very much of a ladies' man. She was for the first time a satellite, a part of the suite of a great man, and glad to be.

Then after luncheon, Benny having tactfully expressed a wish to go back to the hotel and rest as they were going out to dinner, Lydia and the governor took a walk along the banks of the Potomac. March is very springlike in Washington. The fruit trees were beginning to bud and the air was mild and still, so that the river reflected the monument like a looking-glass.

"You seemed to me very wonderful this morning," she said.

He turned to her.

"If I were thirty years younger you wouldn't say that to me with impunity."

"If you were thirty years younger you would seem like an inefficient boy compared to what you are now." Her face, her eyes, her whole body expressed the admiration she felt for his powers.

There was a little silence; then he said gravely, "If I could only persuade myself that it was possible that a girl of your age could love a man of mine ——" Lydia caught her underlip in a white tooth—she had not meant love—she had not thought it a question of that. His sensitive egotism understood her thought without any spoken word, and he added, "And I should be content with nothing else—nothing else, Lydia."

In all her cogitation on the possibility of her marriage with the governor she had somehow never thought of his expecting her to love him—to be in love with him.

She walked on a few steps, and then said, "I don't think I shall ever be in love—I never have. I feel for you a more serious respect and admiration than I have ever felt for anyone, man or woman."

"And what do you feel for this little blond whippersnapper who is always under your feet?"

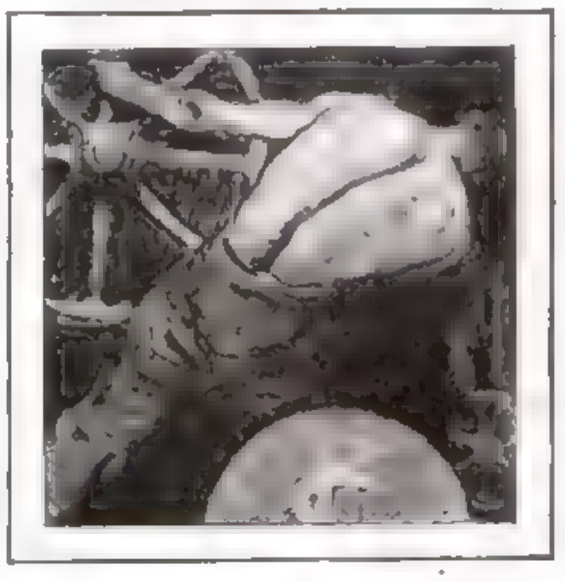
"For Bobby?" Her surprise was genuine that his name should be dragged into a serious discussion. "I feel affection for Bobby. He is very useful and kind. I could never love him. Oh, mercy no!"

"Do you mean to say," said Albee, "you have never felt—you have never had a man take you in his arms, and said to yourself as he did, 'This is living?'"

"No, no, no, no! Never, never!" said Lydia. She lied passionately, so passionately that she never stopped to remember that she was lying. "I don't want to feel like that. You don't understand me, governor. To feel what I feel for you is more, much more than ——"

She stopped without finishing her sentence.

"You make me very proud, very happy when you talk like that," said Albee. "I certainly never expected that the happiest



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Leadership

In every industry—in every branch of commerce—some man is inexorably rising to leadership because his fellows have confidence in his judgment and faith in his honesty and purpose.

Leadership is not a reward but a job—a command from society to make selfish interest serve the interest of all—to point the way for all to prosper.

The greatness of a merchant is measured by the number of people who believe in him.

To build a powerful organization, an employer must first win the loyalty of his employes by being loyal to them.

Business is pushing forward toward the solution of many problems. Men look for a broader acceptance of economic truths and for the observance of higher standards. From the tangle of international conflict, social unrest and commercial uncertainties must come an era of better methods, better banking, better business.

The leaders of business must assume responsibilities greater than men have heretofore been asked to shoulder.

Upon the character of our leaders—upon their vision, courage, determination, wisdom and honesty—depends our progress toward better times.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York coöperates with business leadership which measures up to the requirements of the times.

National Bank of Commerce
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Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits
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time of my life—these last few weeks—would come to me after I was fifty. I wonder," he added, turning and looking her over with a sort of paternal amusement which she had grown to like—"I wonder if there were really girls like you in my own time, if I had had sense enough to find them."

Lydia, who was under the impression that her whole future was being settled there and then in Potomac Park, within sight of the White House, on which she kept a metaphysical eye, felt that this was the ideal way for a man and woman to discuss their marriage—not coldly, but without surging waves of emotion to blind their eyes. Marriage had not been actually mentioned. Nothing definite had been said by either of them when before five they came in to join Benny at tea. But Lydia had no doubt of the significance of their talk. Like most clear-sighted heiresses, she knew, rationally, that her fortune was a part of her charms; but like most human beings, she found it easy to believe that she was loved for herself.

They were to go back to New York on the midnight, so that the governor might be in time for his morning's work in the investigation, but before going he was having a small dinner party. An extra man for Benny, a distinguished member of the House, and the senator from his own state—an old political ally—and his wife. His wife had been a Washington woman of an old family, and now with her husband's money and position her house was a place of some political importance.

From the moment the Framinghams arrived a cloud began to descend on Lydia. She liked them both—the fresh-faced, white-haired, clever, wise senator and his pretty, elegant wife—elegant, but a little more elaborate than the same type in New York. Mrs. Framingham's hair was more carefully curled, her dress a trifle richer and tighter, her jewels more numerous than Lydia's or Miss Bennett's; but still Lydia recognized her at once as an equal—a woman who had her own way socially in her own setting.

She liked the Framinghams—it was Albee she liked less well. He was different from the instant of their entrance. To use the language of the nursery, he began to show off, not in connection with his success of the morning—Lydia could have forgiven some vanity about that performance—but about social matters, the opera, Miss Thorne's box, and then—Lydia knew it was coming—the Pulsifers. He wanted Mrs. Framingham to know that he had been asked to the Pulsifers'. He did it this way:

"You may imagine, Mrs. Framingham, how much flattered I feel that Miss Thorne should have come on to the hearing, missing one of the most brilliant parties of the season—yes, the Pulsifers'. Of course, as far as I am concerned, it is a great relief to side-step that sort of thing. Oh, I don't wish to appear ungracious. It was very kind of Mrs. Pulsifer to invite me, but I was glad of an excuse to avoid it. Only for Miss Thorne ——"

Even his voice sounded different—specious, servile—"servile" was the word in Lydia's mind. Mrs. Framingham, if she were impressed by the news that the governor could have gone if he had wanted, betrayed not the least interest. Lydia pieced out the story of her attitude to the governor. Evidently when she had been last in the capital of her husband's state, Albee had been only a powerful member of the legislature—useful to her husband, but not invited to her house. All very well, thought Lydia—a criticism of Mrs. Framingham's lack of vision—if only Albee would stand by it, resent it, and not be so eager to please.

As she grew more and more silent the governor, ably seconded by Miss Bennett, grew more and more affable. It would have been a very pleasant party if Lydia had not been there. Miss Bennett could not imagine what was wrong; and even Albee, with his instinctive knowledge of human beings and his quick egotism to guide him, was too well pleased with his own relation to his party to feel anything wrong. Lydia's silence only gave him greater scope.

She did not see him alone again. After dinner they went to the theater and then to the train. In the compartment she and Benny had the little scene they always had on these occasions. Lydia assumed that she as the younger woman would take the upper berth. Miss Bennett asserted that she infinitely preferred it. Lydia ignored the assertion, doubting its accuracy. Miss Bennett insisted, and Lydia yielded—yielded largely for the reason that the dispute seemed to her undignified.

She was glad on this occasion that she was in the lower berth, for she did not sleep, and raising the shade she stared out. There was something soothing in lying back on her pillows watching the world flash past you as if you were being dragged along on a magic carpet while everyone else slept.

Her future was all in chaos again. She could never marry Albee. She thought, as she so often did, of Ilseboro's parting words about her being such a bully that she would always get second-rate playmates. It seemed to her the real trouble lay in her demand that they should be first-rate. Most women would have accepted Albee as first-rate, but she knew he wasn't. She felt tragically alone.

Their train got in at seven, and as soon as Lydia had had a bath and breakfast—that is, by nine o'clock she was calling Eleanor on the telephone. Consideration of the fact that her friend might have been up late the night before was not characteristic of Lydia. Tragic or not, she was curious to hear what had happened at the Pulsifers'. She wanted Eleanor to come and lunch with her. No, Miss Bellington was going back to the country that morning. It was finally settled that Lydia should drive her home in the little runabout and stay for luncheon with her.

It was one of those mild days that make you think March is really a spring month. Eleanor did not like to drive fast; and Lydia, with unusual thoughtfulness, remembered her friend's wishes and drove at a moderate pace. That was one way to tell if Lydia was really fond of anyone—if she showed the sort of consideration that most people are brought up to show to all human beings. The two women gossiped like schoolgirls.

"Was Bobby too wonderful in his costume?"

"My dear, I wish you could have seen him. May Swayne made really rather a goose of herself about him."

"Yes"—this thoughtfully from Lydia—"she always does when I'm not there to protect him. And Fanny—was her Cleopatra as comic as it sounded?"

Eleanor wanted to know about Lydia's experiences—the hearing, Washington. Lydia told how magnificently the governor had defended himself, and added nothing at first about the less desirable aspects of his character. She thought this reserve arose from loyalty, but the fact that the governor was generally considered to be her own property made her feel that to criticize him was to cheapen her own assets. But she had great confidence in Eleanor, and by the time they had sat down to lunch alone together she found herself launched on the whole story of the impression Albee had made upon her. So interested, indeed, was she in the narrative that when toward the end of luncheon Eleanor was called to the telephone she hardly noticed the incident, except as it was an interruption. She sat going over it all in her mind during the few minutes that Eleanor was away, and the instant Eleanor came back she resumed what she was saying.

Eleanor was a satisfactory listener. She did not begin scolding you, telling you what you ought to have done before you had half finished. She did not allow herself to be reminded of adventures of her own and snatch the narrative away from you. She sat silent but alert, conveying by something neither words nor motion that she followed every intricacy.

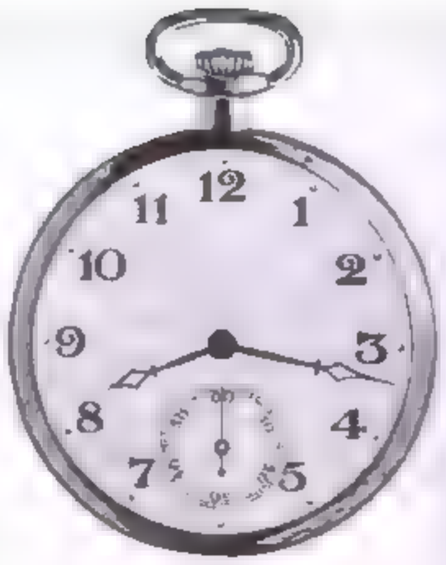
Her comment was, "I feel rather sorry for Albee."

"You mean you don't think he's a worm?" Lydia was genuinely surprised.

"Oh, yes, I think he is just as you represent him! I feel sorry for people whose faults make them comic and defenseless. After all, Albee has great abilities. You don't care a bit for those, because he turns out not to be perfect. And who are you, my dear, to demand perfection?"

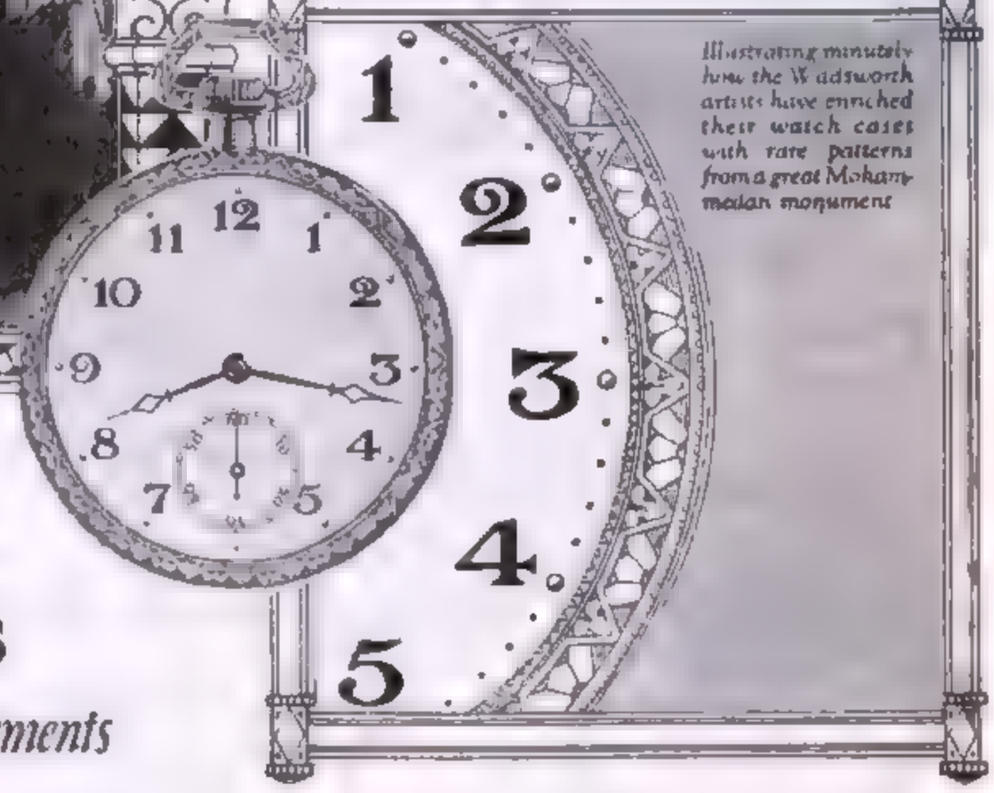
"I don't! I don't!" cried Lydia eagerly. "Oh, Eleanor, men are fortunate! Apparently they can fall in love without a bit respecting you—all the more if they don't—but a woman must believe a man has something superior about him, if it is only his wickedness. I don't demand perfection—not a bit—but I do ask that a man's faults should not be contemptible faults; that he should have some force and snap; that he should be at least a man."

(Continued on Page 60)



A practical, compact case unsurpassed for sturdiness, elegance and simplicity of line

A Wadsworth creation which reflects the consummate artistry of the Spanish Moors



Illustrating minutely how the Wadsworth artists have enriched their watch cases with rare patterns from a great Mohammedan monument

Watch Case Designs that Echo the Clash of Christian and Mohammedan Arms

Portraying the Wadsworth art of fashioning Cases for the leading movements

IN 1492, a few months before Columbus set sail on his memorable voyage, the silver cross of the Christians was raised over the Alhambra, and the unfortunate Boabdil, last king of Granada, rode mournfully forth to deliver up the keys of his Mohammedan palace to Ferdinand and Isabella, sovereigns of Spain.

Thus, after ten years of incessant fighting, the power of the Moorish Empire in Spain was shattered. Though the strength of the Moors was broken, the mark of their greatness was stamped imperishably upon Spanish history and art.

Within this ancient home of the monarchs of Granada, with its fretted halls in blue and red and gold, its courts and gardens of oriental luxury, Spanish architects of the Renaissance found inspiration for their greatest works.

In spite of the vandalism and neglect of the following centuries, rare patterns which enriched this colossal Mohammedan monument endure today—and are found in the products of the Wadsworth artists. So do the watch cases pictured above echo the clash of Christian and Mohammedan arms and the fall of a great empire.

Here are examples of the way Wadsworth has combined, in watch cases, beauty of design with that sturdiness of construction so essential for the protection of the delicate watch movements. Among the Wadsworth creations there is a case for every taste, a case for every purse.

With great skill the movement maker constructs the "movement" or "works", an intricate mechanism for the measurement of time. But, for the completion of the watch he now turns to the case maker, who employs such artistry in the designing of the case as will make the completed watch a beautiful article of personal wear.

Thus it is that for thirty years Wadsworth cases have dressed and protected the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers. Many of the most beautiful, most popular designs with which you are acquainted are Wadsworth creations.

When you buy a watch, select a movement that your jeweler will recommend and insist that it be dressed in a Wadsworth case. The Wadsworth name is your assurance not only of correct design but of the finest material and workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
CINCINNATI, OHIO
Makers of watch cases exclusively
Factories: Dayton, Ky.

Wadsworth Cases for Fine Watches

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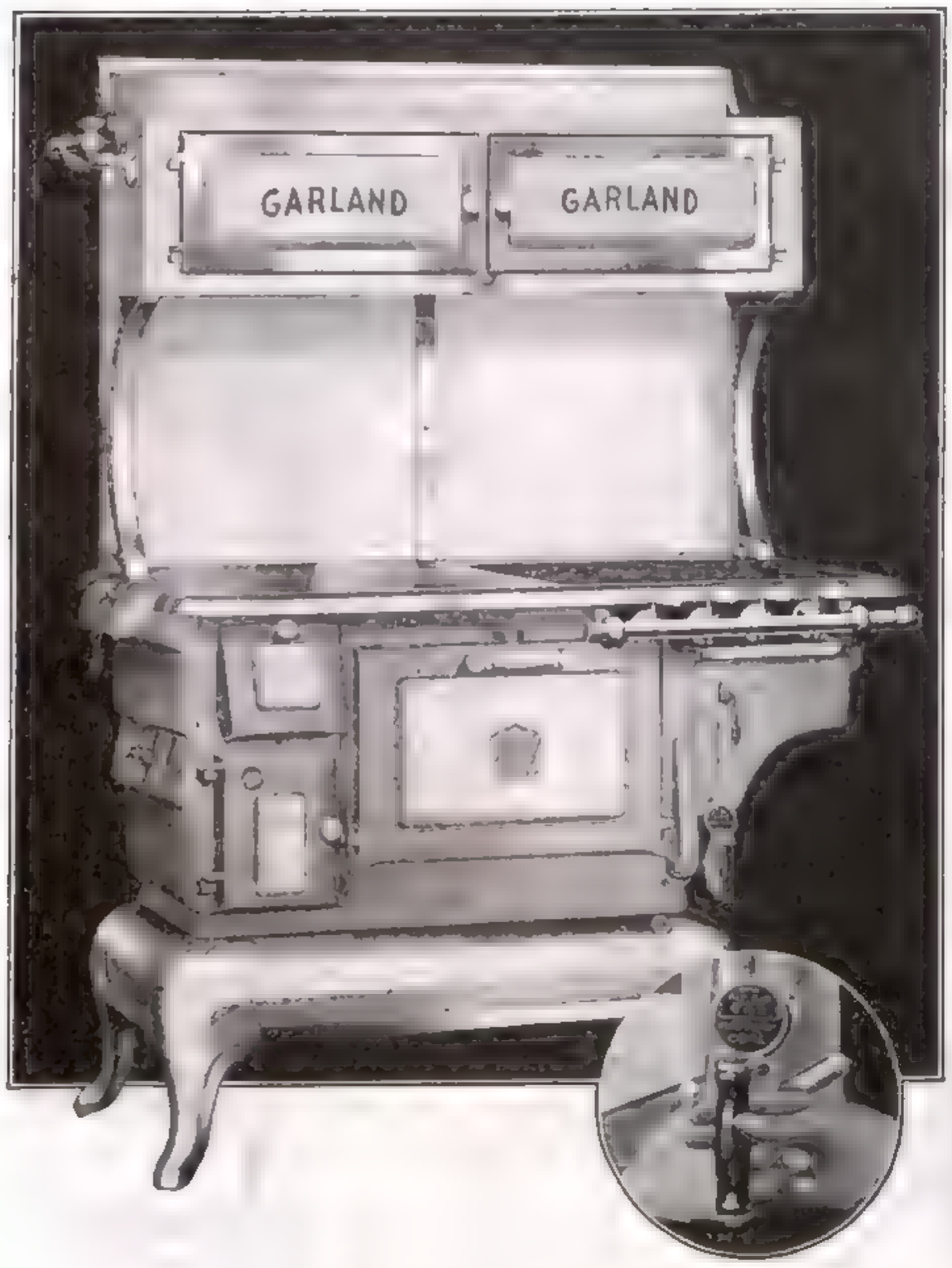

Garland Ranges, at their new and lower prices, are now a greater home economy than ever before.

The Garland does better cooking at a lower cost. It actually does get more heat from the same fuel, or the same heat from less fuel.

It brings such superiorities to the housewife because it is the scientific product of our 50 years' experience.

The Garland dealer will be glad to explain these advantages in detail, and to quote you the new prices on the type of Garland you prefer.

The illustration shows the Garland Combination Coal and Gas Range, in full-enamel finish. Furnished also in semi-enamel finish. The change from one fuel to the other is made by the simple process of pulling out or pushing in the lever shown in the small picture. This range has been and is now being installed in thousands of American homes in preference to any other cooking equipment.

If there is not a Garland Distributor in your locality, write direct to

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit

Makers of the Famous Garland Line of Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, and Pipeless Furnaces, for Coal, Wood, Gas, and Electricity

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San Francisco *Pacific Coast Distributors* *Los Angeles*

GARLAND

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES The World's Best

(Continued from Page 58)

"That doesn't seem to please you always either."

"You're thinking of Ilseboro. I did like Ilseboro, though he was such a bully."

"No, I was thinking of Dan."

Lydia opened her eyes as if she couldn't imagine whom she meant.

"Of Dan?"

"Dan O'Bannon."

"Oh, it's got as far as being 'Dan' now, has it?"

"You dislike him for these very qualities you say you demand," Eleanor went on—"force and strength ——"

Lydia broke in.

"Strength and force! What I really dislike about him, Eleanor dear, is that you take him so seriously. I can't bear to see you making yourself ridiculous about any man."

"I don't feel I make myself ridiculous, thank you."

"I don't mean you'd ever be undignified, but it is ridiculous for a woman of your attainment and position to take that young Irishman so seriously—a country lawyer. Why, I can't bear to name you in the same breath!"

Eleanor raised her shoulders a little.

"He'll be here in a few minutes."

"Here?" Lydia sprang up. "I'm off then!"

"I wish you wouldn't go. If you saw more of him you'd change your opinion of him."

"If I saw more of him I'd insult him. Send for my car, will you? No, no, Eleanor! I know I'm right about this—really, I am. Some day you'll come to agree with me."

"Or you with me," answered Eleanor, but she rang and ordered Lydia's car.

A few minutes later Lydia was on her way home. It was a day when everything had gone wrong, she thought; but now a cure for the nerves was open to her. The roads were empty at that hour, and her foot pressed the accelerator. She thought that if Eleanor married O'Bannon she would lose her. She would like to prevent it. With most girls she could poison their minds against a man by representing him as ludicrous, but Eleanor was not easily swayed. Lydia wondered if after they were married she could be more successful. She had never hated anyone quite the way she hated O'Bannon. It was fun, in a way, to hate a person. Her spirits began to mount as speed, like a narcotic, soothed her nerves. The road was smooth and new and had stood the winter frosts well. The first spring thaw had deposited on its cement surface a dampness which glistened here and there and made the wheels slip and the car waver like a living thing. This only increased Lydia's pleasure and fixed her attention as on the narrow ribbon of cement she passed an occasional car.

Suddenly as she dashed past a crossroad she caught a glimpse of a motorcycle and a khaki figure already preparing to mount. She turned her head far enough to be sure that it was the same man. She saw him hold up his hand, heard his voice calling to her to stop.

"No more bracelets, my friend," she thought, and her car shot forward faster than ever.

She fancied that he must be having trouble getting his engine started, for she did not hear the motorcycle behind her. She knew that just before she entered the village about half a mile ahead of her there was an unfrequented little road that ran into the highroad she was on, almost parallel to it. If she could get on that she could let the car out for miles and miles. The only trouble was that she would have to turn almost completely round and, going at this pace, that wouldn't be easy.

Presently she caught the sound of the quick, regular explosions, and the anticipated speck appeared in her mirror. All her powers were concentrated now on keeping her car straight on the slippery road, but she thought grimly, "Worse for him on two wheels than for me on four." She felt a mounting determination not to be caught—a willingness to take any risk. Still the man on the motorcycle was gaining on her. At an inequality in the road her front wheels veered sharply. With a quick twist she recovered control and went straight again. She knew how to drive, thank goodness!

With the man gaining on her, she welcomed the sight of her back road coming in on the right. Even at the pace she could get round it, she thought, by skidding her car; and the motorcycle couldn't, but would shoot ahead right into the village of Wide Plains, scattering children and dogs before him as he came. She felt a wild amusement at the thought, but her face did not relax its tense sternness.

She tightened her grip on the wheel, working the car to the left, preparing for the turn, and then put on her brakes hard enough to lock the back wheels, expecting to feel the quick sideways slip of a skidding car. Instead there was a terrific impact the crash of steel and glass, a cry. Her own car shot out of her control, turning a complete circle, bounded off the road and on again, and came slowly to a standstill, pointing in the same direction as before, but some yards beyond the fork in the road. She looked about her. Fragments of the motorcycle were strewn from the corner to where in a ditch at the foot of a telegraph pole the man was lying, a featureless mass.

She leaped out of her car. Amid the wreckage of the motorcycle the clock stared up at her like a little white face. The world seemed to have become silent; her feet beating on the cement as she ran made the only sound. The man lay motionless. He was bent together and strangely twisted like a boneless scarecrow thrown down by the winds. An arm was under him, his eyes were closed, blood was oozing from his mouth. She stooped over him, trying to lift his body into a more natural position; but he was a large man, and she could do nothing with him. She looked up from the struggle and found to her astonishment that she was no longer alone. People seemed to have sprung from the earth, the air was full of screams and explanations. A large touring car had come to a standstill near by. She vaguely remembered having passed it. A flivver was panting across the road. Everyone was asking questions, which she did not stop to answer. The important thing was to get the man into the touring car and take him to the hospital.

She was so absorbed in all this that her own connection with the situation did not enter her mind. As she sat in the back of the car supporting his body, the blood stiffening on her own dark clothes, she thought only of her victim. She was not the type of egotist who thinks always, "How terrible that this should have happened to me!"

She said to herself, "He probably has a wife and children. It would have been better if I had been the one to be killed."

Arrived at the hospital, she followed him into the ward where the stretcher bearers carried him, and waited outside the screen while the nurses cut his clothes off. It seemed to her hours before the young house surgeon emerged, shaking his head.

"Fracture of the base," he said. "If he gets through the next twenty-four hours he'll have a 60 per cent chance"; and he hurried away to telephone the details to his chief.

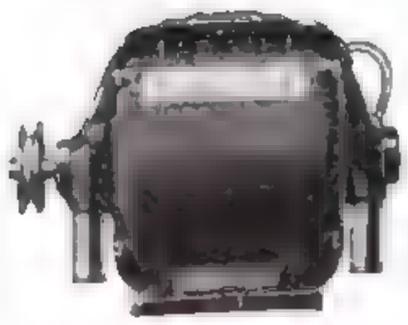
As she sat there she realized that her own body was sore and stiff. She must have wrenched herself, or struck the steering wheel in the sudden turn of her car. She felt suddenly exhausted. There seemed no point in waiting. They could telephone her the result of the night. She left her name and address and went home by train.

She made a vow to herself that she would never drive a car again. She would not explain it or discuss it, but nothing should ever induce her to touch a steering wheel. It was an inadequate expiation. Every time she shut her eyes she saw that heap of blood and steel at the foot of the telegraph pole. Oh, if time could only be turned back so that she could be starting a second time from Eleanor's door! It never crossed her mind that this terrible personal misfortune which had befallen her made her seriously amenable to the law.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Westinghouse

SMALL MOTORS FOR HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES



This is the Westinghouse Trouble-proof Motor—so distinctive in appearance as to be easily recognized on nearly all appliances.

Women Should Know About Motors

Men folks told us that it would be useless to try to interest women in electric motors. Some of them said, "the motor question is outside the woman's province"; others said, "women just naturally run away from any technical question."

Probably these are the same people who, ten years ago, said that women would never drive automobiles nor vote.

We believe that women *do* want to know the facts about the motors which drive the household helps that they are using. Because we are certain that the women who have bought or are buying the electric washers, vacuum cleaners, sewing machines, ironers, grinders and the rest, realize that *it is the motor itself* that has made the fundamental difference between the old day and the new. If the motor isn't good the machine is no good.

There isn't room to say anything more except that Westinghouse has designed a motor that is particularly and definitely adapted to run appliances used by women. The main object in the manufacture of this motor has been to make it *trouble-proof in every way*. It is so certain that this purpose has been achieved that it is really worthwhile for any woman to be sure that she gets a Westinghouse Motor on any appliance she buys.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co. [Offices in all Principal Cities · Representatives Everywhere]

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Copyright 1921 by
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

It's P. A. that jams such joy in jimmy pipes!

Prince Albert is sold in toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors —and—in that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

Say — bet you've often bent-an-ear to that spill-of-speech about hopping from five to f-i-f-t-y p-e-r by "stepping on her a bit!" Guess that's going some, all right— BUT — just among ourselves, you better start a rapidwhiz system to keep tabs as to how fast you'll buzz from low smoke spirits to *tip-top-high*—once you line-up behind a jimmy pipe that's all aglow with that peach-of-a-pal, Prince Albert.

And repeat-o every hour of the night or day! (That's P. A.!) For Prince Albert is john-on-the-job—always joy'usly more-*ish* in flavor; always delightfully cool and fragrant! For a fact, you never hooked such double-decked, copper-riveted, two-fisted smoke enjoyment! *And, you can prove it!*

Some-swell-smoke-sport, you'll say, paling it with a pipe packed jam full of Prince Albert—tobacco that can't bite or parch the tenderest tongue because our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch!

Go to a pipe — speed-o-quick like you light on a good thing! It's a peach of a pal! Why—packed with Prince Albert you can play a joy'us jimmy straight across the boards! *And you know what that means!*

ITALY FROM A DIRIGIBLE WINDOW

(Continued from Page 4)

stepped forward he invariably kicked someone in the ankle. Such crowding is usually annoying under the best of conditions; but when it occurs half a mile in the air, so that when a crowded person looks over his shoulder to find out where his next move is going to take him and his eyes encounter nothing but an extremely vacant void, it leaves one in a constant twitter.

Among those who climbed aboard the Roma were the American ambassador to Italy, the chief of the Italian air service, the United States aviation attaché, the United States naval attaché, the assistant United States military attaché, the third secretary of the American Embassy, the inventor of the Roma, the three American officers who had come to superintend the shipping of the Roma to America, seven young women connected by blood or by marriage to several of the distinguished passengers, and a Danish prince and his aide. The two latter personages were young and handsome, and garbed in light-blue uniforms covered with silver frogs and facings which lent a Prisoner-of-Zenda atmosphere to the proceedings.

The entrance ladder of the Roma led directly into the navigator's cockpit, which is a semiopen compartment about fifteen feet long and about ten feet wide. On each side of the cockpit are two glassed-in bay windows in which the navigators stand. One helmsman controls the up-and-down motion of the ship so far as he is able, and another helmsman steers it to the right or to the left as the occasion demands. From the front end of the cockpit a short flight of steps leads up to the passengers' cabin, which is a neatly decorated room with four small, deeply recessed windows on each side. The cabin is furnished with twelve armchairs, and a passenger sitting in one of the armchairs has about as good a view of the scenery below him as though he were looking through a keyhole. If he wishes to get a better view he must stand up and wedge his head and shoulders into the recessed window, thus obstructing everyone else's view from it. Probably the Roma's designer devoted all his energies to making a success-flying machine out of her, and consequently didn't lie awake nights over the problem of making her into a sightseeing bus—an oversight for which he could scarcely be criticized.

The Bishop's Orvieto

The buzz-saw hum of the motors made conversation difficult. Everybody had brought a bag of food and a bottle of his pet Italian wine. These were stowed in the cabin and helped to counteract the fifty-pound bags of sand which two strong members of the Italian Army were engaged in unloading from racks just forward of the cabin. Squabbles arose over seats polite squabbles of course. Those who offered seats hoped that they wouldn't be accepted, while those who refused hoped that the offerer would insist. Two or three of the women looked a little white around the gills. One of them asked another in a piercing but tremulous shriek whether she was subject to seasickness. An American officer stuck his head in the cabin door.

"Hey," he said, "we're going up!"

There was a general rush to the windows. The ship seemed to be motionless, but the earth had dropped far below and was dropping farther every second. A little behind and beneath the ship a cluster of gray dots stood in front of the hangar—the little army of men that had hauled the Roma into the open. Far away to the left Rome shone white in the early morning sun, topped by the swelling dome of St. Peter's. The aqueducts of the emperors stretched beneath like overgrown centipedes. Off to the right bulked the Alban Mountains, among which was located the venerable city of Alba Longa, oldest of the Latin cities and mother of ancient Rome itself; and beyond the Alban Mountains rose the Sabine Hills, where the early Romans gave a striking exhibition of caveman stuff and solved the first recorded servant shortage by stealing large numbers of Sabine women.

The hands of the ship's clock pointed to nine o'clock. The drone of the loafing motors rose to a roar, and the ship turned and started full speed ahead for the Alban Mountains and the sea to the southeast, beyond them.

She rode easily, except for a gentle rolling motion, like the rolling of an ocean liner in a long cross sea. The American ambassador, who is a poet as well as a diplomat, took copious notes for future poems. Two of the ladies got out their knitting and began to knit industriously. A self-appointed guide began to point out landmarks.

"In America you have ceased to drink," said he innocently, "so it is possible that these places below us will have no interest for you. Over there against the hill slope, with the many large white buildings, is Frascati. The wine of Frascati is sold largely in Rome. It is a pleasant wine, neither too sweet nor too sour, but rather heavy. Beneath the town there are great caves where the wine is stored; and it is very pleasant to go into these cool caves on a hot day in summer and sample the contents of the casks. The sampling is done with small glasses fastened to the end of long sticks, and the guardians of the caves thrust the glass first into one cask and then into another cask, insisting that the visitor drink a glassful from each. After a few glasses one suddenly knows what it is like to be kicked by a mule."

One of the Americans licked his lips furtively.

"I have a bottle of Frascati in my lunch bag," said he.

"Just below us," continued the informant, "is Genzano, which has long been noted for its wine; while just beyond Genzano is the town of Albano, whose natives make a delicious wine a little sweeter and much lighter than Frascati. There are some who say that the Albano wine is second only to the wine of Orvieto, which is very delicious and so delicate that it cannot be exported, and which even cannot be sent to the extreme north or the extreme south of Italy without losing its flavor.

"There was a German bishop in the Middle Ages who traveled through Italy, stopping at every inn to which he came in order to sample the wine of the country. Whenever he found an exceptionally good wine he gave his servant a piece of chalk from his pocket, and the servant wrote the Latin word '*Est*' on the door of the inn, meaning 'It is good.' Finally the bishop came to Orvieto, and was served with a bottle of Orvieto wine. When he had finished it he asked for another; and when he had finished the second he called for a third; and when he had finished the third he took a piece of chalk from his pocket and went in person to the door of the inn and wrote on it the words '*Est! Est! Est!*' which meant that the wine of Orvieto was three times as good as any other wine that he had ever tasted. And from that day until the day of his death he remained in Orvieto and drank nothing but Orvieto wine; and his tombstone may be seen in Orvieto to this day, stating that he died of too much Orvieto."

Why Rome Fell

"As for the wine of Orvieto, the bottles in which it is sold always bear the words '*Est! Est! Est!*' to commemorate the excellent taste of the German bishop. But of course such things do not interest you Americans, who live in a country that frowns on drinking."

"I have two bottles of that Orvieto stuff in my lunch bag," said another American hoarsely. "We might as well get 'em out and frown on 'em."

The Roma passed to the right of the two crater lakes, Albano and Nemi. The town of Nemi, said our self-appointed guide, was famous for its strawberries. He added that it was easier for a town to become famous for bad wine than for good strawberries. In this there seemed to lurk another moral lesson. Our guide also attempted to point out the remains of two imperial house boats which were launched on the Lake of Nemi during the reign of the Emperor Caligula in the year 40 A.D. Our guide insisted that Caligula used to get drunk on them with great enthusiasm. When pressed to divulge the source of his information he said he based his statement on the well-known fact that the Emperor Caligula used to get drunk everywhere, and that it was therefore reasonable to suppose that he ran true to form on the imperial house boats. These sunken house boats were like the Lady in the Moon. Everybody declared enthusiastically that he could see them, but privately nobody was quite sure about it.

The ground beneath the Roma was such a fertile field for ancient history that one could have dropped a rock from the scudding ship and written a book about any spot on which it landed. It was traveling along the white ribbon of the ancient Via Appia, constructed in 312 B.C. Along this ancient road marched the Roman legions to do battle in Africa and Asia Minor and Greece when Rome was mistress of the world. It saw the Carthaginian cavalry of Hannibal, the chariots of the emperors, and it felt the footsteps of Horace, of Cicero, of Cæsar, of Pliny. It saw Rome become the center of the world; and then along it rushed a cataract of immigrants eager to scramble for crumbs of the wealth which the enterprise, the courage and the resource of the early Romans had created—such immigrants as the Carthaginian mongrels, Iberians, Egyptians, Lydians, Syrians, Arabians, Cappadocians, Numidians, Thessalians. It saw the Roman people degenerate into a mass of half-breeds who produced no generals, no statesmen, no artists, no authors, no poets. It saw its government decay; it saw the empire disintegrate; and it saw the flourishing cities of Italy crumble to obscure and poverty-stricken villages. It saw Rome wrecked by excessive immigration, just as the ancient and mighty civilizations of Chaldea, Phenicia, Carthage, Egypt and Greece were mongrelized and wrecked in turn by excessive immigration, and just as any great nation of to-day will inevitably be wrecked if it permits the same thing.

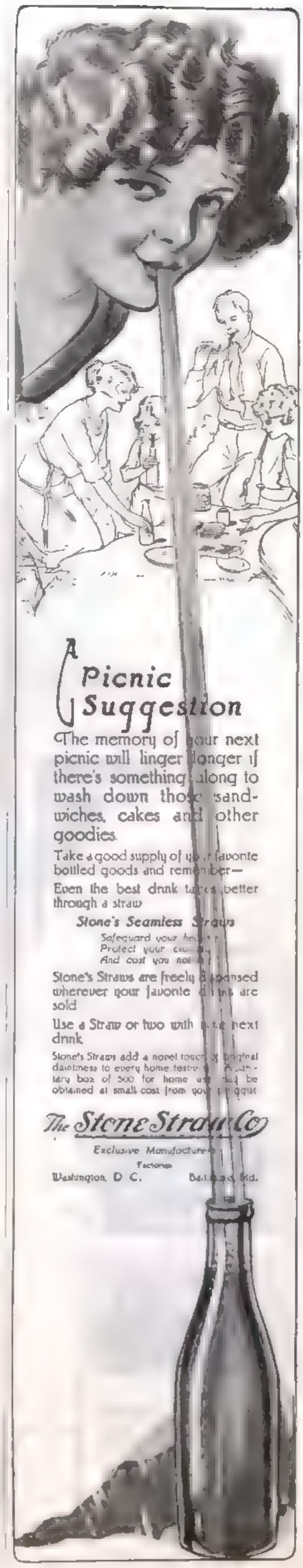
Air-Sick Passengers

The sun, increasing steadily in heat, injected a little more action into the air waves that were rising from the irregular hills and the marshy land beyond them. The rolling of the Roma became more pronounced. There was nothing unpleasant about it, merely a long roll to the left and then a long roll to the right. A few of the women succumbed to it, however. One of them sat down on the floor of the cabin, her face set in a bleak and pallid smile which plainly implied that she hoped it was all for the best, but that she doubted it. The windows of the Roma are made with window ledges that can be opened downward—an arrangement that is very convenient for seasick people, for they only need to wedge their heads and shoulders into a window embrasure in order to be practically alone with their pangs. Two of the seasick ones took advantage of this clever window construction, and to look at them one would scarcely have suspected that they were doing anything but studying the scenery below.

One of the two Italian ladies, finding all the window embrasures occupied, started hastily from the cabin to the navigator's cockpit, where one can lean over the rail in good old steamship style. Unfortunately the catch of the door leading from the cabin to the cockpit chose that moment to jam. The lady rattled the handle frantically and spouted a voluble stream of Italian, but the door refused to open. Various members of the crew rushed to both sides of the door and participated gallantly in the rattling. The lady grew paler and paler. Passengers seated near the door hastily moved to other portions of the cabin. A strong mechanician attacked the door catch ferociously with a screw driver. After the removal of three screws it came to pieces. Gallantly assisted by an Italian officer, the lady rushed down the stairs and leaned dangerously over the rail. The motion of the ship, however, was gentle, and there were none of the convulsive drops, bucks and skids which cause the base of one's spine to squinch nervously in an airplane until two hours of flight have dulled the novelty of the sensations.

The Via Appia emerged from the hills and held its course straight as a billiard cue through the desolation of the Pontine Marshes; and quarter of a mile above it the Roma swung southward at sixty-five miles an hour. Every little while somebody steps forward with a scheme to drain the Pontine Marshes. Even now there is such a scheme on foot, and in past years it has

(Continued on Page 66)


A Picnic Suggestion
The memory of your next picnic will linger longer if there's something along to wash down those sandwiches, cakes and other goodies.
Take a good supply of your favorite bottled goods and remember—
Even the best drink tastes better through a straw
Stone's Seamless Straws
Safeguard your health
Protect your children
And cost you not
Stone's Straws are freely dispensed wherever your favorite drinks are sold
Use a Straw or two with your next drink
Stone's Straws add a novel touch of original daintiness to every home festivity. A sanitary box of 500 for home use may be obtained at small cost from your druggist
The Stone Straw Co
Exclusive Manufacturers
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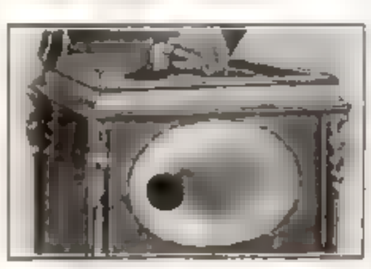
Washington, D. C. Baltimore, Md.

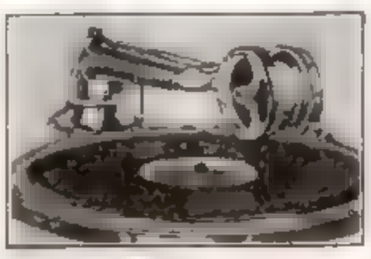
All phonographs, all records have been weighed on the delicately balanced scales of musical knowledge. And in the homes of great musicians, both in Europe and America, you will find Brunswick—the musical world's accepted ideality in phonographic expression.

The Exclusive Brunswick Method of Reproduction

The Oval Tone Amplifier

Made entirely of seasoned wood, like a fine old violin—no metal. Rounded at the "throat" like the human throat, expands into an oval like the mouth, and is responsible for the famous Brunswick Tone. Does away with "metallic" sounds.





The Ultona

Plays all makes of records at a turn of the hand. Not an "attachment" but a part of The Brunswick. Cushions the path of the needle by proper suspension. Hence sweeter notes, a surprising modification of all "scratching" noises, and longer lasting records.

B R U

PHONOGRAPHS

What They Say
in High Musical Circles

ASK musical authorities which phonograph they prefer. Ask music teachers, musicians, critics. And the number who say The Brunswick will surprise you.

Ask which *records* they prefer, and again you will hear The Brunswick.

And they will tell you, too, that while these records are sweeter and more beautiful, on *any* phonograph, the *ideality* is attained with a Brunswick Record on a Brunswick.

Exclusive Methods the Reason

Due to *exclusive* methods of Reproduction and of Interpretation, Brunswick achieves perfect rendition of the so-called "difficult" tones — the piano, the harp, the human voice; attaining even soprano High "C" without "metallic" intrusion, "chatter" or vibration. ***Methods which apply to no other phonograph or records.***

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is *exclusively* Brunswick. (Note illustrations at left.) The Brunswick Method of Interpretation, in producing records, has not been successfully imitated.

Hence, buying any phonograph, without at least hearing The Brunswick, is a mistake. And to be without Brunswick Records is to miss much of what is best in music.

Ask your nearest Brunswick dealer for a demonstration. The Brunswick plays all records—and Brunswick Records can be played on any phonograph. Hear, compare —then judge for yourself.

NOTE—New Brunswick Records are on sale at all Brunswick dealers' on the 10th of each month in the East, and in Denver and the West on the 20th.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., Chicago
Manufacturers—Established 1845

Hear These Brunswick

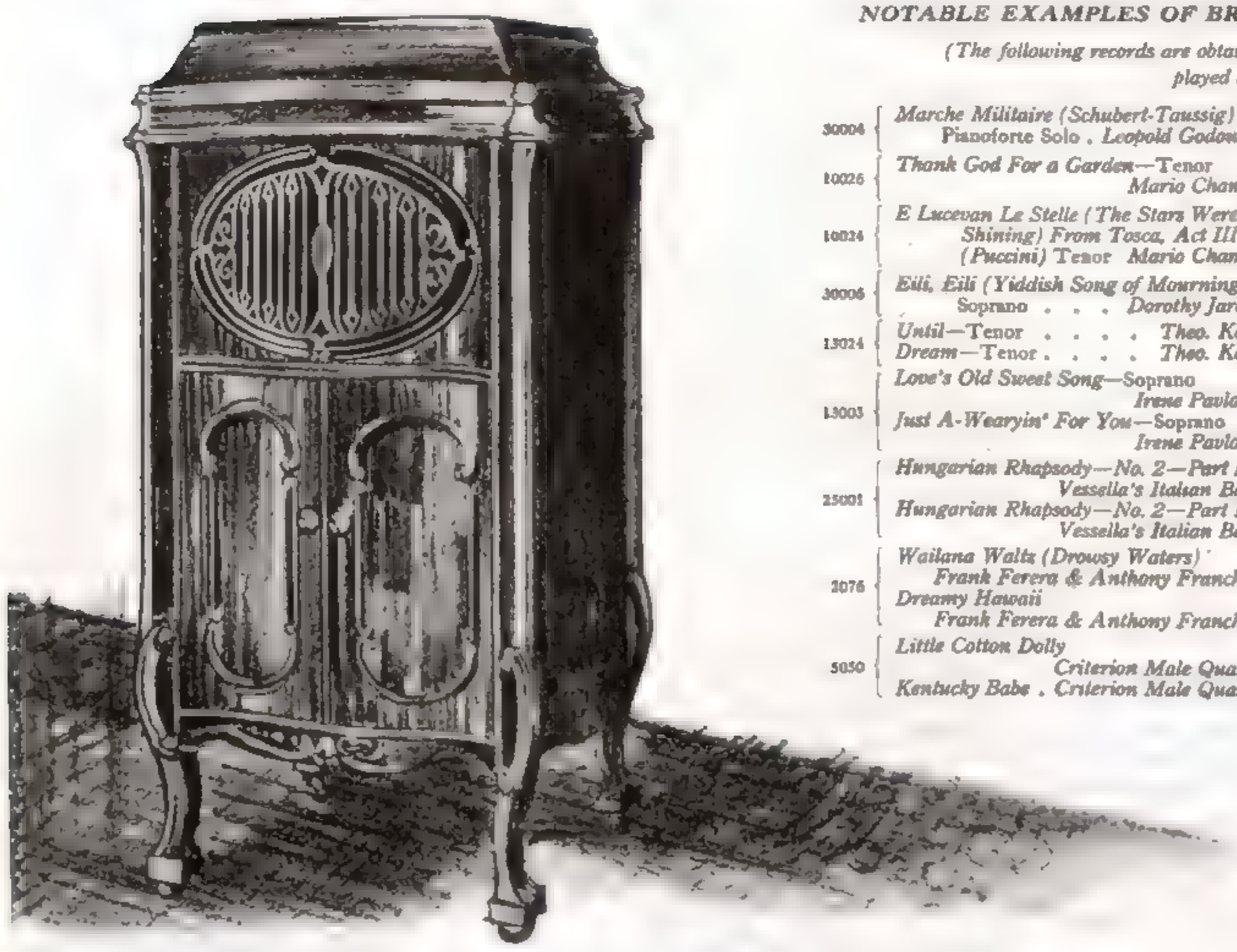
Super-Feature Records

The musical sensation of the day—widely discussed throughout the entire musical world. A revelation of what the new Brunswick Method of Interpretation is doing for phonographic music *By all means hear them.*

10022	*Rustle of Spring*	*Godowsky*
15031	*I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen*	*Theo. Karle*
	Last O'Killeen	*Theo. Karle*
10001	*Absent*	*Chamlee*

The above records can be obtained in conveniently packed envelopes of three at any Brunswick dealer's —price $3.25. Or singly if desired.

(Any phonograph can play Brunswick Records)



NOTABLE EXAMPLES OF BRUNSWICK'S NEW INTERPRETATION

(The following records are obtainable at all Brunswick dealers' and can be played on any phonograph)

30004	*Marche Militaire (Schubert-Taussig)*	Pianoforte Solo . *Leopold Godowsky*
10026	*Thank God For a Garden*—Tenor	*Mario Chamlee*
10024	*E Lucevan Le Stelle (The Stars Were Shining) From Tosca, Act III (Puccini)* Tenor	*Mario Chamlee*
30006	*Eili, Eili (Yiddish Song of Mourning)*	Soprano . . . *Dorothy Jardon*
13024	*Until*—Tenor	*Theo. Karle*
	Dream—Tenor	*Theo. Karle*
13003	*Love's Old Sweet Song*—Soprano	*Irene Pavloska*
	Just A-Wearyin' For You—Soprano	*Irene Pavloska*
25001	*Hungarian Rhapsody—No. 2—Part I*	*Vessella's Italian Band*
	Hungarian Rhapsody—No. 2—Part II	*Vessella's Italian Band*
2076	*Wailana Waltz (Drowsy Waters)*	*Frank Ferera & Anthony Franchini*
	Dreamy Hawaii	*Frank Ferera & Anthony Franchini*
5030	*Little Cotton Dolly*	*Criterion Male Quartet*
	Kentucky Babe .	*Criterion Male Quartet*
2082	*Kitten On The Keys*—Novelty Ragtime Piano Solo	*Zez Confrey*
	My Pet—Novelty Ragtime Piano Solo	*Zez Confrey*
2062	*Beale Street Blues*—Tenor .	*Al Bernard and Carl Fenton's Orchestra*
	St. Louis Blues—Tenor .	*Al Bernard and Carl Fenton's Orchestra*
5049	*Make Believe*—Fox Trot	*Isham Jones' Orchestra*
	Do You Ever Think Of Me?—Fox Trot	*Isham Jones' Orchestra*
2116	*Moonlight*—Fox Trot *Introducing "I'm Missin' Mammy's Kissin'"*	*Carl Fenton's Orchestra*
	Deep In Your Eyes—Waltz	*Carl Fenton's Orchestra*
2109	*Ain't We Got Fun*—Fox Trot	*Bennie Krueger's Orchestra*
	Dangerous Blues—Fox Trot	*Bennie Krueger's Orchestra*
2083	*Spread Yo' Stuff*—Fox Trot	*Bennie Krueger's Orchestra*
	Wang Wang Blues—Fox Trot	*Bennie Krueger's Orchestra*

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BRUNSWICK AND RECORDS

SILENT
SIWELCLO
Prices
White Seat . $108.35
Mahogany Seat . 99.60
F. O. B. Trenton

WELLING
Price . . $65.65
F. O. B. Trenton

MERIT
Price . . $57.50
F. O. B. Trenton

SAXON
Price . . $53.15
F. O. B. Trenton

TEPECO Water Closets

TO the average man or woman water closets all look alike. The subject being one which they do not care to discuss with the freedom its importance deserves, they seldom learn enough about this necessary household fixture to form a basis for purchase when a new water closet must be installed or for specifications when a home is being built.

Too often plumbing contractors, seeing this embarrassment, pass the subject by also, and you, perhaps thinking water closets are all alike anyway, buy on price. A grievous mistake!

The Trenton Potteries Company has always made every recognized type of water closet, along with its bathtubs, lavatories, sinks and other all-clay plumbing fixtures. We have always tried to make each better than possible competitors could produce. People tell us we have succeeded.

Now we are ready to tell you frankly and honestly what you can expect from each type, why some are better than others, and why they naturally cost more.

To make your problem easier, we have selected the four principal types and will standardize them for your benefit. Each has a name stamped clearly upon it—each bears the "Star Within the Circle" trademark—each bears a price F. O. B. factory. Each in its class and at its price—Si-wel-clo, Welling, Merit and Saxon—satisfies us. In design, sanitary qualities, china tank and fittings—we are proud of them.

Write for Booklets

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY

Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A.

BOSTON NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

World's Largest Makers of All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures

(Continued from Page 63)

been tried by Cæsar, Augustus, Trajan, Theodoric the Ostrogoth and four popes.

When Rome was young this section of Italy was both fertile and well cultivated by small landowners. Then the land went to the dogs, where it has stubbornly remained ever since. For nearly an hour the Roma cruised above the scum-covered pools and the tangled vegetation of these marshes. At widely separated intervals were tiny houses with conical roofs, like the nipa shacks of the South Seas or the huts of African savages.

The Pontine Marshes are tremendously popular with the malaria mosquito, and any person who sets foot within them during the summer months has about one chance in thirty of getting out alive; but mosquitoes, under present conditions, are about the only ones that have any use for them.

Many persons have an idea that Europe is overcrowded and that immigrants rush to America to escape the congestion; but there are vast tracts of unoccupied and uncultivated land in all of Southeastern Europe. Greece, Bulgaria, Serbia, Turkey, Italy; all of them are sprinkled with great unoccupied plains and prairies which lie untouched and undeveloped because of the lack of gumption and the absence of the pioneering instinct in the people of the different countries. Whenever these people move on to a better land the only things that they take with them are their lack of gumption and of pioneering instinct—two donations which America cannot use at the present writing or at any other time.

The monotony of the journey drove a number of the passengers to drink, and several bottles of Orvieto and a bottle or two of Frascati appeared and were absorbed with loud lip smackings. Two young women produced packs of cards and a bridge game was started.

To one wall of the cabin was attached a set of trick instruments which, according to some of the aviation experts, merely registered the ship's height, her speed, the speed of the wind, the barometric pressure, the ship's drift and two or three other abstruse matters. These instruments were observed minutely by an elderly gentleman with a set of populist whiskers and a suit of clothes that looked as though they had been slept in since the retreat from Mons. In his left hand he held a stop watch and with his right hand he took copious notes. It was his business to watch the medicine, in a manner of speaking; and his absorption in his duties was more passionate than that of a home-brewer trying to worry a quart of rum out of a converted milk pan full of diluted molasses. Ribald passengers stumbled over his feet; beautiful women were seasick less than two feet from his ear; bottles of fragrant wine were passed back and forth across his stooped shoulders; a bridge game was carried on in a mixture of Italian, French, Danish and English immediately behind him; sandwiches were passed around him, under him and over him; but nothing could divert him from his instruments.

Airing Ship

All efforts to distract him proved fruitless; and finally, in desperation at the lack of diversion, all the male and a few of the female passengers went down into the cockpit of the ship where they could lean over the side and get in everyone's way and interfere with the helmsmen. If many of the passengers of a transcontinental express were to crowd up into the cab of the engine and lean on the shoulders of the engineer and the fireman and bawl pleasantries at each other and rush restlessly from side to side the effect would be similar to that which was produced on the Roma. The Italians, fortunately, are very polite, and that accounts for the fact that none of the Americans who thronged the cockpit were thrown overboard or even cursed at.

Occasionally two of the Roma's crew would push their way to the front of the cockpit and pull down wildly on several ropes. This proceeding was regarded with indifference until it was learned that when certain ropes were pulled air was let into certain portions of the ship's envelope, and that if it were not done the ship would be likely to buckle at the unaired spot and descend with the utmost vivacity. Thereafter the operation was watched with almost breathless interest.

Major Buffi, commander of the ship, stood in the right-hand bay window of the cockpit and saw to it that her height remained constant. He stuck to his control dial for eight consecutive hours. In the bay window across from Major Buffi a young Italian captain swung the wheel that held her on her course. His job was not a hard one. Almost everyone was allowed to steer, and occasionally the wheel was entirely unguarded.

Behind the stairs leading from the cockpit to the cabin was a wireless house where wireless messages to any part of the world were started on their way. Up and down the cockpit roamed people desirous of sending messages, an official photographer who was forever pushing people away from the rail so that he could climb up and take pictures of the country below, members of the crew rushing from one end of the ship to the other, the American officers who were learning how to run the ship; and among them all, as the ship boomed through the air, milled the enthusiastic passengers—ladies, Danish prince, Italian general, diplomats, poet, reporters, military attachés, all in a space about as large as a kitchenette. It was a scene of confusion that must have sickened the occasional sea gull over which the Roma passed, and must have made it long for less congested airways.

Over Cicero's Home Town

The glassy blue of the Mediterranean drew closer and closer, and finally the ship shot over the long strip of beach which marked the end of the Pontine Marshes and the beginning of the sea. At one end of the beach rose the bulky headland of Monte Circeio, and at the other end the barren slopes of the Volscian Mountains. Monte Circeio is reputed to have been the home of Circe, the ocean nymph represented by Homer as being a complete mistress of magic arts and hair-raising drinks. It was on Monte Circeio that the companions of Ulysses accepted with pleasure a potent brand of wine which Circe seductively offered them, and which, in addition to giving them that muzzy feeling, changed them into swine. It was probable, commented one of the Roma's passengers, that she got too much fusel oil in her liquor.

In the old days of Rome, Monte Circeio was something of a summer resort. It was covered with the villas of the wealthy; and Tiberius, Domitian and Cicero were frequent visitors. To-day the only people who live there among the Roman ruins are a few Italian fishermen and peasants, and one Englishman who fought through the war and then went to Monte Circeio to be sure of quiet for the remainder of his life. He lives like a peasant, makes his own wine and spends most of his time shooting ducks. A passenger who had visited him ventured the opinion that a couple of years of such solitude would set the Englishman to longing for another war, or even to starting a private war of his own.

The Mediterranean was as clear and smooth as a piece of blue glass. Schools of porpoises or dolphins, asleep on the glassy surface, awoke and plunged to safer depths in a burst of foam as the shadow of the ship passed over them. The helmsman altered the course more to the east in order to parallel the coast. The self-appointed guide of the party pointed out the little town of Arpino, a dusty blotch on the greenish-brown hill slope. It was in Arpino that Cicero was born and spent most of his life, except for short excursions to Rome to attend banquets or lambaste Catiline with verbal bludgeons. In Arpino he wrote most of the deathless orations that have contributed so largely to the boredom of high-school students in America. Beyond Arpino lay Terracina, perched on a rocky headland. Terracina was a flourishing city before the rise of Rome, but it has decayed considerably. From half a mile in the air it looks the way that Kennebunk Beach, Maine, will probably look at the end of another two thousand years.

A twenty-minute flight across the shimmering sea brought the Roma abreast of Gaeta. Gaeta is off the beaten track, and tourists seldom see it. Yet in appearance it is very similar to the Rock of Monaco and the town of Monte Carlo, most beautiful of all the beautiful spots along the French Riviera. Our self-appointed guide, who was an Italian, said that its beauties were largely nullified by its evil odor. He said he had frequently gone down there for the shooting, and that it was the smelliest place in which he had ever been. When a native Italian complains that a place

(Continued on Page 69)

What is the source of your motor troubles?

Poor compression means leaky piston rings. Your rings are leaking if the motor turns over too easily.

Boiling radiators are often caused by heavily carbonized cylinders. Leakless piston rings would prevent this excess carbon.

That black, shiny drop of oil on the firing points of your spark plugs tells the story of leaky piston rings.

When all the plugs foul and compression is bad, a motor can't be blamed for quitting on a muddy road. These troubles come from leaky piston rings

THE first things you notice when your car goes wrong are the outward signs of the real trouble: Loss of power, misfiring, carbon, poor compression, etc. But many owners do not realize that most of the common motor troubles have their *source* in a more vital defect —leaky piston rings.

Don't waste your time, your money, your high-priced fuel! Don't spoil the pleasure of motoring by constantly fussing with little repairs! Don't run the risk of having your car fail you when you need it most! Go to the *source* of your motor troubles. Arrange today to have leakless piston rings installed!

American Hammered Piston Rings were recently taken out of a White motor bus after 75,000 miles of service. They still held their tension, their leakless contact.

Records like this explain why fifty-nine of the leading automotive manufacturers install American Hammered rings as factory equipment. They are permanently leakless. Whatever your car, you can get them from your dealer or garage man.

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The Car of a Thousand Service Stations

The two big things to consider when purchasing a motor car today are its ten principal units and the service available after you buy it.

Moon engineers have carefully selected, and scientifically combined in Moon cars, only units universally accepted as standard. Each a proven unit. All are recognized as having no equal in specialized production. They represent the foremost engineering skill of the world and all that genius has developed for motor car efficiency during our entire generation.

Moon's ten proven units are well known by mechanics and garagemen everywhere — even in the smallest villages. And where is there a leading city that hasn't well established parts and service stations for Delco, Continental, Timken and the other Moon units? In order to be selected by the Moon engineers as one of these standard parts, one of the first requisites is that its manufacturer maintain first-class service stations throughout the United States. Their total investment, running into millions of dollars, makes an outlay that probably no one individual car manufacturer could hope to equal—and all their parts are up-to-date, uniform and standard.

In addition to all this are the Moon dealers and service stations, completing a source of parts supply and service that is probably broader, more up-to-date, and more intelligently managed than any other service of this kind in the country today. Compare the Moon unit by unit with any car for both value and service.

Built by MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Founded 1907 by Joseph W. Moon

Moon's Ten Proven Units
Try to Match Them

1. *Continental Red Seal Motor*
2. *Delco Starter and Ignition.*
3. *Timken Axles*
4. *Spicer Universal Joints.*
5. *Brown-Lipe Transmission.*
6. *Borg & Beck Clutch.*
7. *Rayfield Carburetor.*
8. *Exide Battery.*
9. *Fedders Radiator—Victory-Silver.*
10. *Gemmer Steering Gear.*

MOON

Standard Touring — Completely Equipped

$1985

F. O. B. St. Louis

From actual photograph Six-48 Touring

(Continued from Page 66

smells badly it usually makes phosgene gas smell like an exotic perfume by comparison. Gaeta is so full of history that any schoolboy would instinctively despise it. It can't be any fuller of smell than it is of history. The Romans owned it, the Arabs captured it, the Normans beat it up, the Sicilians grabbed it, the Austrians stormed it; and others who toyed with it were the French, the Spanish, the Sardinians and the Neapolitans. Pope Pius IX fled there in disguise after the revolution of 1848, and twelve years later the King of Naples held out there against the forces of United Italy.

Two Italians on the Roma tried to tell me the history of Gaeta; but they got to fighting over it and I had to take it out of an encyclopedia. Both of them agreed, however, that the best hunting dogs in all Southern Italy could be bought there. They were very expensive, they added; a perfectly trained pointer cost eight hundred lire. At that time eight hundred lire represented a trifle less than thirty dollars. Such information is enough to make American sportsmen groan with anguish.

Another twenty-minute flight took the Roma across the Gulf of Gaeta and to the mainland. Through the warm haze to the south loomed the blue bulk of Mt. Vesuvius, with its plume of smoke, and the Island of Capri, half sunk in the dim blue mirror of the Bay of Naples. Two of the engines had gone out of commission, and a third one was suffering from occasional fainting spells; so two of the engineers hung over the edge and timed the speed of the ship's shadow between two roads. Then they measured off the same distance on their military maps and announced that she was making only forty-seven and a half miles an hour.

She worked up the serpentine windings of the River Volturno and in half an hour reached the ancient city of Capua, another excellent sample of the results of mixing the breeds of a nation. Capua was founded about 600 B.C. by the Etruscans. Rome then took it, and it became the greatest road center of Southern Italy. It increased so much in size and wealth that it was close behind Rome and Carthage in importance when those cities were at the height of their glory. In the war against Carthage it furnished thirty thousand infantry and four thousand cavalry. Along the great highways that passed through it poured the mongrel hordes from the south—cheap labor rushing to Rome.

What Happened to Capua

The people of Capua, mongrelized in turn by these mongrels, became worthless. The vice and luxury of ancient Capua is a byword to-day, after the lapse of two thousand years. Capua became incapable of governing itself; its people became treacherous and degenerate. It threw in its lot with Hannibal, the enemy of Rome; and Hannibal's troops, wintering there, were ruined by the vice and luxury of the city. In the Middle Ages it had crumbled into a village. It has improved a little in recent years, because it is a fortified town and supports a garrison; but if baseball leagues existed in Italy it wouldn't be large enough or important enough to support a Class C baseball team.

The Roma circled once over Capua and dropped a message for the commander of the Capua air squadron. Then she straightened out and headed south across the fertile fields of Campania for Vesuvius and Naples.

The Campania vineyards were hot in the noon sun, and the rising heat waves set the Roma to wallowing. She surged downward like an ocean liner sliding down an endless wave; but at the bottom of the wave there was a total lack of the sickening resistance which marks the turning point in a liner's plunges. Each downward surge ended softly, and the ensuing upward surge, though long, was equally soft. Bottles of mineral water, which for some unknown reason had been stacked at the feet of one of the helmsmen, plunged briskly across the floor of the cockpit and broke noisily.

An Italian officer, without bothering to look to see what was beneath the ship, picked them up and tossed them overboard. Small as they were, the eye could follow them easily. One of them, as it flashed down and down, seemed to be making a bee line for a pair of horses which were standing in a dark-brown field, probably attached to a plow. It is reasonable to suppose that their driver had stopped them while he gawped upward at the speeding Roma, and it is also reasonable to suppose that he could see the bottle headed straight for him. It landed directly in front of the horses, not more than two yards away, and a burst of dirt showered back on them. What an inglorious death that would be—to be hit by a falling mineral-water bottle! The incident lends some force to the contention of aviation enthusiasts that walking is more dangerous than flying. If it isn't now, it probably will be when air travelers become more careless about throwing overboard such things as apple cores, sandwich boxes and empty bottles.

The program of the flight, as understood by the passengers, had called for a journey over the top of Mt. Vesuvius, so that those on board could look straight down into the crater. But as the ship drew nearer and nearer to the mountain her course was gradually altered so that she would pass to the left of it. A passenger who was supposed to be thoroughly conversant with aviation matters declared that the life of a dirigible's gas bags was only two years; that the Roma's gas bags had been inflated for fifteen months; that they were very leaky, and that she couldn't develop enough lift to get over Vesuvius at the proper height. He also remarked that since this flight was a demonstration flight for the purpose of showing how well the Roma would act, and since she was wallowing badly on a cloudless and windless day, her officials proposed to get her away from the hot land and out over the nice cool sea, where there wouldn't be any nasty air waves to make her stand on her nose and then on her tail.

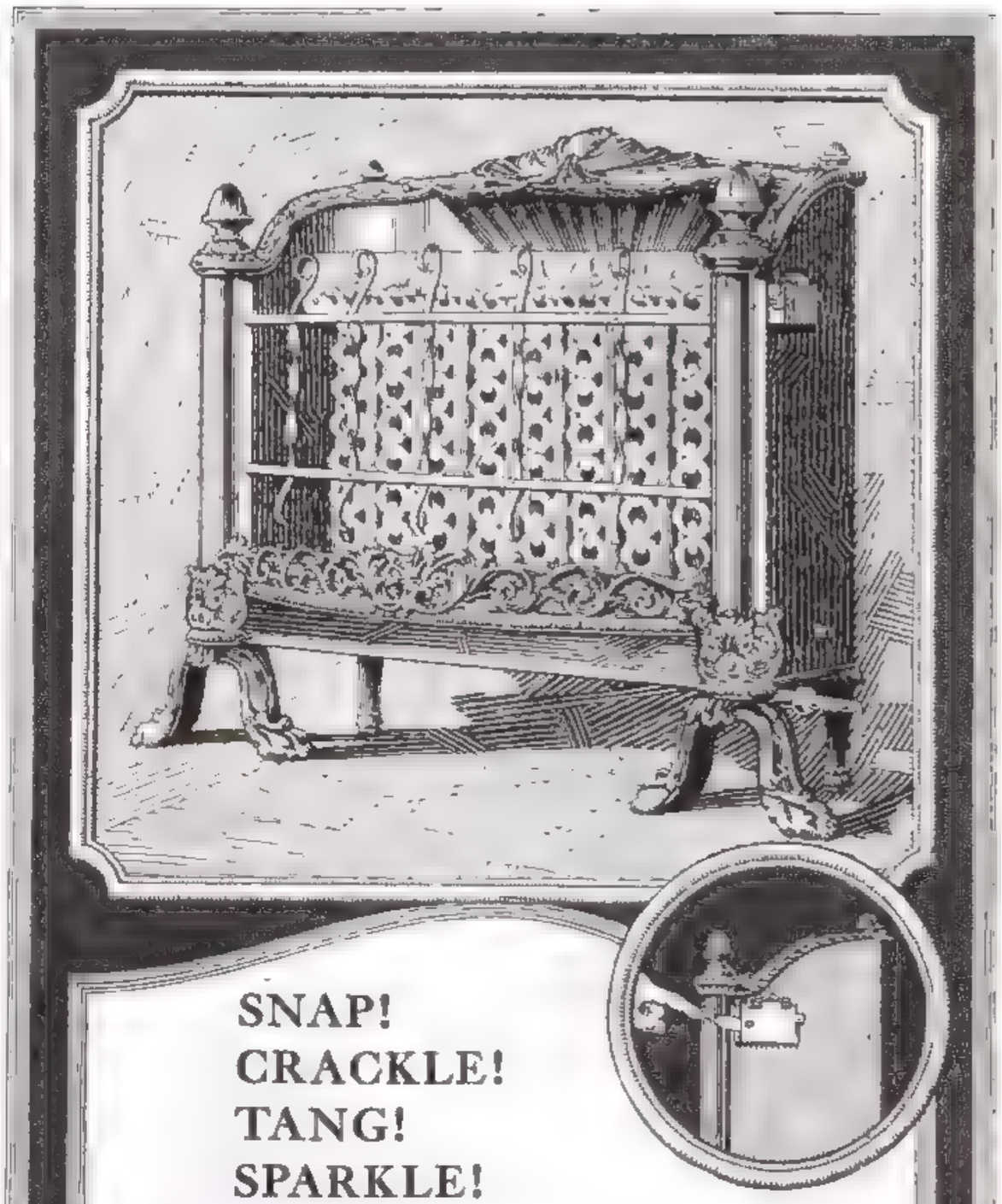
The Roman Sapheads' Saying

So she wallowed on over the checkerboard vineyards of Campania, with Vesuvius growing larger and larger on her right, past Caserta and the smaller towns of the great plain, until the hot white buildings of Naples, fringing the edge of the luminous blue water of the Bay of Naples, came clearly into sight just ahead. As a final farewell to land the Roma indulged in some plunging that made the passengers stare straight ahead with strained and absent-minded looks. She started downward at such an angle that she seemed to have determined to poke her nose solidly into Naples, and then she turned upward with such vigor that she might well have been contemplating standing herself up on end and falling over backward. Conversation came to a sudden and complete end; and Major Buffi, pulling frantically on his controls, looked like one of the old vaudeville musicians who used to play Dixie on strings of sleigh bells by leaping goatishly from string to string and shaking each string viciously.

The ancients were greatly impressed with the glories of the scenery of the Bay of Naples; and a favorite saying among the old Roman sapheads, who thought more of pretty phrases than they did of the thought behind them, was "See Naples and die." Even to-day, when one enters Naples by train or by boat, there is always some mushy person present to roll up his eyes and exclaim soulfully, "See Naples and die." But nobody quoted that sentimental quip aboard the Roma when she swayed and rocked above the city. Probably they were afraid that it might come true.

The Roma cut straight across the heart of the city, down to the water front and out over the bay. She passed over the American consulate, with its long line of immigrants waiting for consular attention in the alleyway beside it, and as she passed the entire consulate staff scurried out of its front door like the industrious and overworked ants that they are.

It is a source of great regret to me that the nit-wits who love to exclaim "See Naples and die" cannot see the bay from an airship. In the endeavor to express their sensations at that tremendous and colorful expanse of scenery spread out beneath them they would probably choke to death. At the extreme outer tip of the bay's great crescent rises the Island of Capri. Inland from Capri the bay is walled with the gray and lavender cliffs behind Sorrento and the neighboring towns, which sweep around nearly to the bottom of the bay. At the bay's base bulks Vesuvius, with sullen smoke clouds pouring from her summit, and the remnants of Pompeii and Herculaneum at her base to remind the



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world that there is more to the threat of her smoke clouds than mere hot air. The other horn of the crescent holds Naples and Posilipo and Pozzuoli, and is completed by the Island of Ischia, Capri's larger but less renowned twin. Inside this great crescent little clusters of fishing boats moved together like flocks of shore birds. The Roma seemed to drone through a blue world. One of the young women—she must have been a very modern young woman—said that it made her feel as though she were crying and laughing and kissing someone and drinking her fourth cocktail, all at the same time.

All of the Roma's wallowing and rolling had ceased. Plowing forward as steadily as a canal boat, she crossed the bay, passed between Capri and the cliff to which Sorrento clings, and turned the headland so that she looked down on Positano and Amalfi and the celebrated Amalfi drive. Then she turned completely around and headed back to the northwest toward Capri and Rome.

Pleasant Surprises

Somewhere or other, during the trip down from Rome, the ship's officers had concealed from the passengers a regular waiter in the regular Italian waiter's costume, which invariably consists of a full dress suit with a large spot of grease on the left lapel, a shirt with a bosom that the cat has slept on for a couple of nights, and a black string necktie that seems to have been used as a teething ring by a strong-jawed child. It may be that he had doubled in brass, so to speak, during the early part of the voyage, and had been a mere propeller expert or a carburetor repairer who had suddenly crawled into a hole and exchanged his army uniform for the more elegant waiter's regalia. At any rate, this conventional waiter appeared suddenly and mysteriously, in much the same way that Mephistopheles appears in Faust, and began to spread a large dining table in the passenger cabin. Since most of the passengers had been told to bring their own lunches, and since most of them had done so, and had eaten the lunches into the bargain, washing them down with large bottles of wine, the table-spreading was a great surprise.

The mysterious waiter unpacked a tablecloth of gleaming linen and spotless napkins and a large assortment of knives and forks and spoons and what not. Then from the dark recesses of the ship he dragged out hamper after hamper loaded with food and with bottled goods. At each place he stood several wine glasses, an act which sent a distinct thrill through the passenger list. Then he added the final touch by furnishing each place with a menu which mentioned such intriguing matters as assorted cold meats, fish in jelly, fillet of veal, pastry, coffee, old Chianti wine, white Capri wine and the heady wine of Marsala.

The Italians never do things by halves. Like the girl with the curl, they can be very, very good, especially at entertaining. Not all of the fifty-four on the Roma could sit down to a lunch in the cabin; but there was plenty of food for all of them—Italian crew and American crew and everyone else—and plenty of wine as well. In addition to the wines mentioned on the menu, there was a very excellent champagne; and there was plenty of that for everyone too. Occasionally a member of either the Italian or the American crew would wander down the board walk from an engine platform, abstract a bottle of Capri or Marsala from one of the hampers and wander back to his post again. It is pleasant to think that since the wine was furnished by the Italian Government, and since a refusal of it would have been regarded by our Italian hosts as gross rudeness, the party cannot be made the subject of an investigation by a congressional committee.

Owing to the fact that there were no dish-washing facilities aboard ship, the hampers contained fresh sets of china and flat silver for each course. Possibly the large amount of weight which the Roma carried in food and table furnishings accounts for her failure to develop sufficient lift to fly over Vesuvius.

The only things lacking at the luncheon were cigars and cigarettes with the coffee. This was due to the antiquated notion that matches shouldn't be lit in the vicinity of a gas bag. One of the American officers explained that, as a matter of fact, one could light a bonfire on the floor of the cockpit and cook a meal over it without the slightest danger of an explosion. None the less, the average dirigible passenger will have the same aversion for fire while he is suspended from a gas bag half a mile in the air that he would have for the act of throwing a lighted cigar into a full gasoline tank. Both operations may be devoid of danger—there's a sentiment against them.

There were even speeches by the chief of the Italian air service, the American ambassador and the inventor of the Roma. They contained the usual amount of diplomatic hot air which usually obtains on such an occasion, and the ship seemed to rise higher as a result of them. One of the most interesting features of the luncheon was the gentleman with the populist whiskers, who continued to scrutinize his trick instruments and take notes on their variations in spite of the activities of the waiter, the musical gurgle of wine passing from bottle to glass, and the sonorous phrases of the postprandial speakers. His power of concentration was almost superhuman.

When the ship had passed beyond Ischia there was nothing to divert the eye except a broad expanse of ocean. The ever-thoughtful Italians therefore arranged that two members of the crew should go out on one of the engine platforms—a fragile-looking bit of framework protruding from the underbody of the ship—unship the propeller and replace it with another. The idea of this acrobatic feat was merely to show the American crew how easily repairs could be made while the ship was traveling at full speed. The propeller was approximately eight feet long, and looked as though it were as easy to handle as a dining-room table. The two young men crawled out on the platform, wound their knees loosely around a thin metal railing, hung out over half a mile of nothing, with a fifty-mile breeze fanning their heated brows, and proceeded to wrench the propeller from its fastenings. The job looked as safe and as easy as dancing a Highland Fling on the top of Bunker Hill Monument. When they had removed the propeller they dragged out another, went through a series of hair-raising contortions, and fastened it securely in the place of the first one.

Home Again the Same Day

At half past three in the afternoon the Roma struck inland again over the town of Anzio, which used to be known as Antium when Rome was great. Antium was the birthplace of two Roman emperors, Caligula and Nero; but it doesn't hold a candle to Quincy, Massachusetts, which produced two presidents who were far better presidents than Caligula and Nero were emperors.

Twenty minutes' flying brought the ship above the ruins of Ostia, the ancient port of Rome at the mouth of the Tiber; and another quarter of an hour sufficed to carry her up the bed of the Tiber and over Rome. She was flying low—so low that the upturned faces of the tourists in the carriages before St. Peter's were white disks. She slipped over the heart of the modern city and over the great monuments of a vanished people—the tangled mass of rubbish that is the Forum; the crumbling brick ruins of the palaces of the emperors; the sad gray remains of the Colosseum—and passed on over the lush green of the Roman Campagna. Rome vanished in the glare of the setting sun. The aqueducts of the emperors reappeared below like elongated centipedes. The Ciampino hangar appeared.

The Roma circled once, nosed down and down, and two hawsers were shot over the sides. Scores of soldiers, running beneath her, caught at the hawsers and secured them. Three minutes later her keel touched ground as lightly as a feather at the exact spot from which she had risen eight hours earlier. She had covered practically four hundred miles; and the same trip, made by train and steamer, might possibly be made in two days.

One of the American officers took me to one side.

"Come and take a ride with us when we get this boat to America," said he. "We'll run her like a battleship: sail in any weather; work the men in shifts, four hours on and four hours off. None of this all-day steering stuff, and only flying in picnic weather. Come on over to New York and make the Chicago run with us—New York to Chicago in one night. This is the way to travel!"

I think he's right. Nobody who tries it can help being enthusiastic about it.

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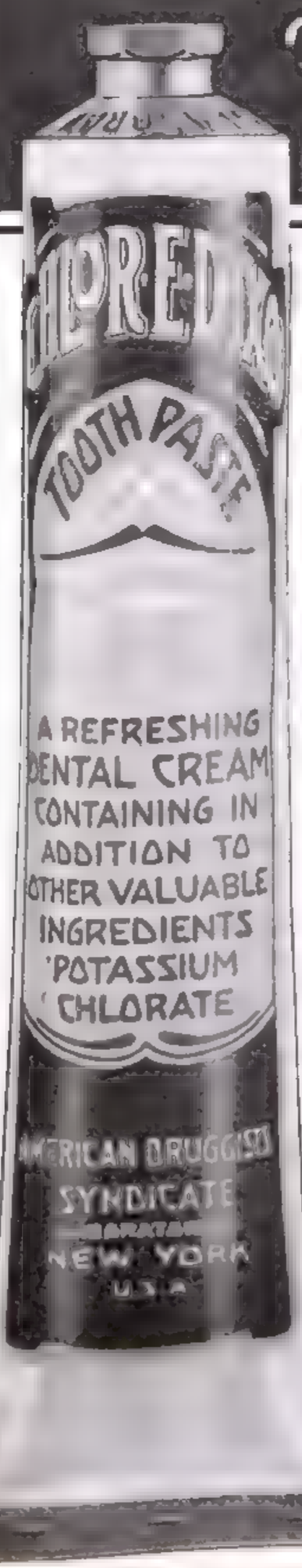

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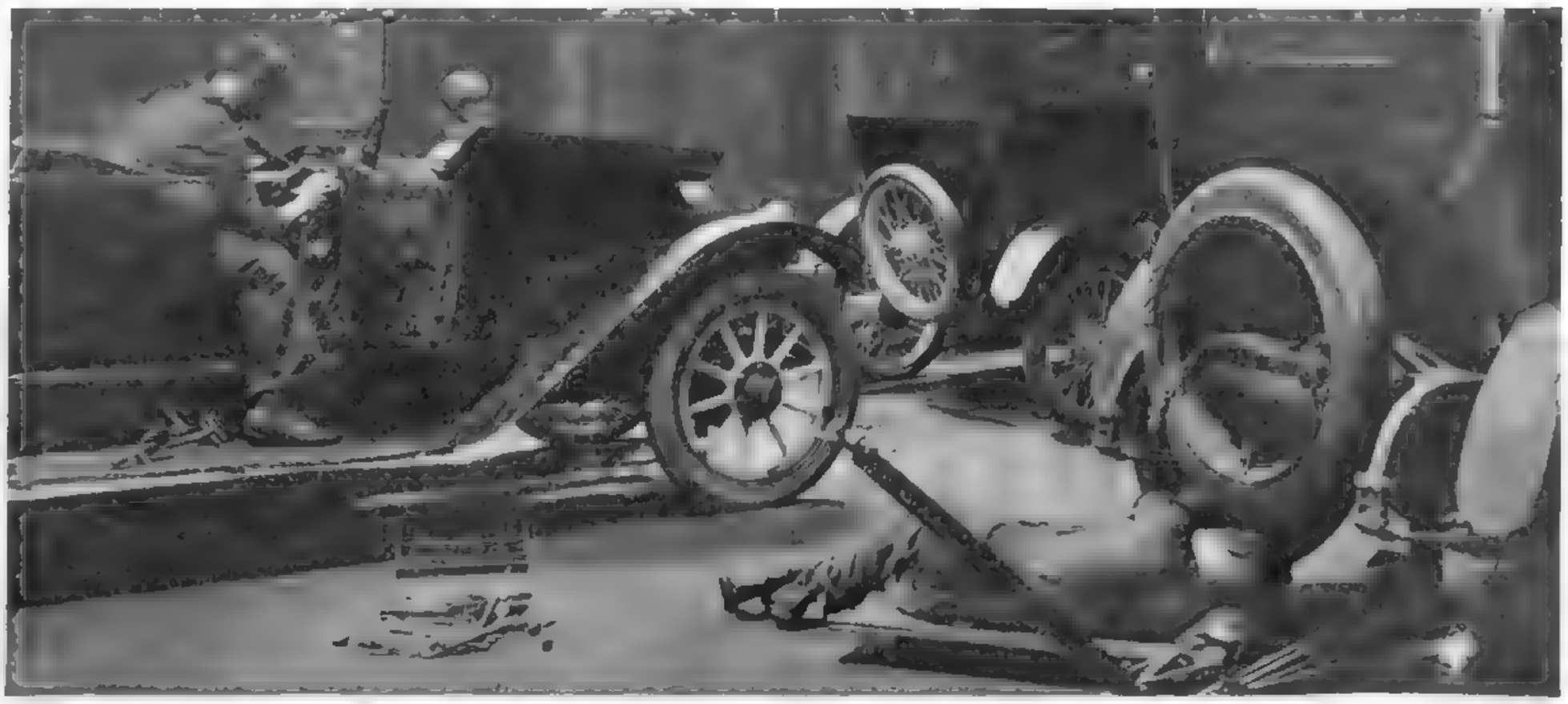

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FIFTY-TWO WEEKS FOR FLORETTE

(Continued from Page 11)

"Mamma's blessed sugar lump!" jeered Howard, with an ugly gleam in his eye. "Ought to wear a bib with pink ribbons, so he ought. Gimme a nursin' bottle for the baby, waiter!"

The impertinence of this person amazed Freddy. He could only look at his tormentor speechlessly. Freddy and Florette had been such great chums that she had never used the maternal prerogative of rudeness. He had never had any home life, so he was unaware of the coolness with which members of a family can insult one another. Howard's tones, never low, were unusually loud this morning, and people turned around to laugh at the blushing child. The greasy waiter grinned and set the oatmeal which Howard had ordered before Freddy.

"Now then, young man," commanded Howard sternly, "you eat that, and you eat it quick!"

Freddy obeyed literally, swallowing as fast as he could, with painful gasps and gulps, fighting to keep the tears back. Florette reached under the table and silently squeezed his knee. He flashed her a smile and swallowed a huge slimy mouthful.

"You ain't eatin' nothin' yourse'f, Howard," said Florette acidly. "W'y don' you have some oatmeal?"

"Tha's right!" shouted Howard. "Side with the kid against me! Tha's all the thanks I get for tryin' to make a man out o' the li'l' sissy. Oughta known better'n to marry a woman with a spoiled brat."

"Sh-h-h!" whispered Florette. "Don' tell the whole resterunt about your fam'ly troubles."

"Say," hissed Howard, bending down toward her and thrusting out his jaw, "lay off o' me, will yer?"

"Lay off yourse'f!" retorted Florette under her breath. "If you wanna fight le's go back to the hotel where it's private."

"I don' min' tellin' the world I bin stung!" roared Howard.

Florette flushed up to the slightly darker roots of her too-blond hair.

"You?" she gasped furiously. "After all I've put up with!"

"Say, you ain't got any kick comin'! I treated you white, marryin' you, an' no questions asked."

"What-ta you mean?" breathed Florette, growing deathly pale.

Freddy, alarmed, half rose from his chair.

"Sit down there, you!" roared Howard. "What-ta I mean, Miss Innocence?" he said, mimicking Florette's tone. "Oh, no, of course you ain't no idea of what I mean!"

"Come on, Freddy," Florette broke in quickly. "It's a katzenjammer. He ain't got over last night yet."

She seized Freddy's hand and walked rapidly toward the door. Howard lurched after her, followed by the interested stares of the spectators. On the street he caught up with her and the quarrel recommenced.

The act went badly that afternoon. It must be hard to frolic in midair with a heavy heart. Under cover of the gay music there were angry muttered words and reproaches.

"Yoo-hoo! Yoo-hoo!" Florette would trill happily to the audience as she poised on one toe. "What-ta you tryin' to do—shake me off'n the bar?" she would mutter under her breath to her partner.

"Tha's right! Leggo o' me an' lemme bus' my bean, damn you!" snarled Howard. And to the audience he sang, "Oh, ain't it great to have a little girlie you can trust for—life!"

They were still muttering angrily as they came off. The handclapping had been faint.

"Aw, for God's sake, stop your jawin'!" half screamed Florette. "It ain't no more my fault than it is yours. If they don' like us they don' like us, tha's all."

She ran up the stairs sobbing. Howard followed her. They shared a dressing room now. It was small, and Freddy was in the way, although he tried to squeeze himself into the corner by the dingy stationary washstand. Howard shoved Freddy. Florette protested. The quarreling broke out afresh. Howard tipped over a bottle of liquid white. Florette screamed at him, and he raised his fist. Freddy darted out of his corner.

"Say, ya big stiff, cut out that rough stuff, see?" cried little pale Freddy in the only language of chivalry that he knew.

Howard whirled upon him furiously, calling him a name that Freddy did not understand, but Florette flung herself between them and caught the blow.

"He certainly looks as if he had fallen asleep," Miss Nellie Blair repeated. "Better run out and get him, Mary. He might tumble off the wall."

As Mary went out a maid came in.

"A gen'l'mun to see you, Miss Blair," she announced.

"Is it a parent?" asked Miss Nellie.

The maid's eyebrows twitched, and she looked faintly grieved, as all good servants do when they are forced to consider someone whom they cannot acknowledge as their superior.

"No ma'am, he doesn't look like a parent," she complained. "He really is a very queer-lookin' sort of person, ma'am. I wouldn't know exactly where to place him. Shall I say you are out, ma'am?"

"Yes," said Miss Eva. "No doubt he wants to sell an encyclopedia."

"No, let him come in," said Miss Nellie. "It might be a reporter about Madame d'Avala," she added, turning to her sister. "Sometimes they look queer."

"If it turns out to be an encyclopedia I shall leave you at once," said Miss Eva. "You are so kind-hearted that you will look through twenty-four volumes, and miss your dinner "

But the gentleman who came in carried no books, nor did he look like one who had ever been associated with them. Carefully dressed in the very worst of taste from his scarfpin to his boots, he had evidently just been too carefully shaved, for there were scratches on his wide ludicrous face, and his smile was as rueful as a clown's.

"The Misses Blair, I presume?" he asked in what was unmistakably his society manner, and he held out a card.

Miss Eva took it and read aloud, "Mr. Bert Brannigan, Brannigan and Bowers, Black-Face Comedians."

"Ah?" murmured Miss Nellie, who was always polite even in the most trying circumstances.

But Miss Eva could only stare at the rich brown suit, the lavender tie and matching socks and handkerchief.

"Well?" said Miss Eva.

Mr. Brannigan cleared his throat and looked cautiously about the room. His heavy clownlike face was troubled.

"Where's the kid?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

"What child?" Miss Eva snapped

"You've come to see one of our pupils?" Miss Nellie faltered.

"Yeah. Hers."

"Hers?"

"W'y, Miss Le Fay's li'l' boy."

"Oh, Freddy?"

"Sure! Does he—he don't—you ain't tole 'im yet, have you?"

"Told him what?"

"My God, don't you know?"

Bert Brannigan stared at the ladies, mopping his brow with the lavender handkerchief.

"Please explain yourself, Mr. Brannigan," said Miss Eva.

"She's dead. I thought you knew."

"Miss Le Fay is dead?" gasped Miss Nellie.

"Why weren't we told?" asked Miss Eva.

"It was in the papers," said Bert. "But they didn't give Florette no front-page headlines, an' maybe you don't read the theatrical news."

"No," said Miss Eva.

"Well, not bein' in the profession," Mr. Brannigan said, as if he were apologizing for her.

He sat down and continued to mop his brow mechanically. The two sisters stared in dismay at the clown who had brought bad news.

"W'at I don' know is how to tell the kid," said Bert. "He was nutty about Florette; didn't give a darn for no one else. I bin on the bill with them two, lots of times, an' I seen how it was. The money ain't goin' to be no comfort to that kid!"

"The money?"

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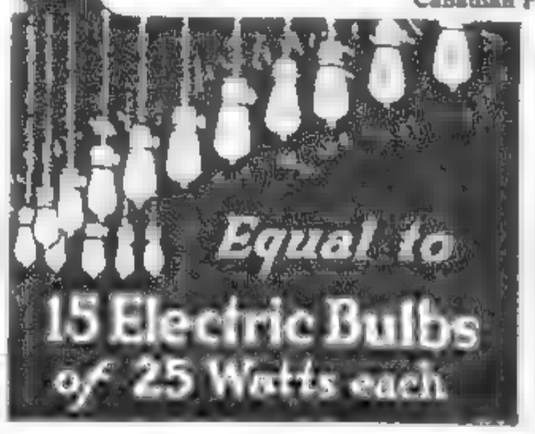

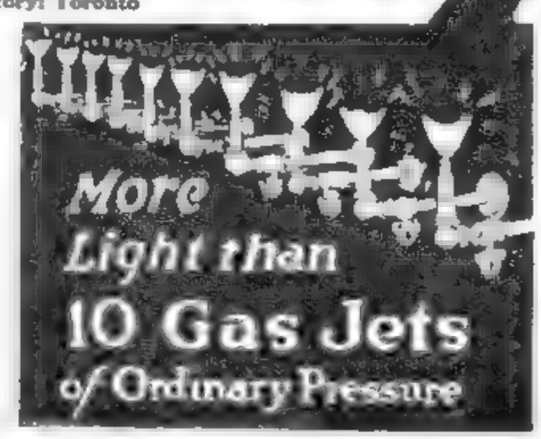

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United States Rubber Company

Keds

Not all canvas rubber-soled shoes are Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. Look for the name Keds on the shoes.

"Florette's insurance—made out to him. Tha's w'y I come. She wan'ed him to stay on here, see, till he was all educated. They's enough too. She was always insured heavy for the kid. They's some back money comin' to you too. She tole me. The reason w'y she didn' sen' it on was because she was out of luck an' broke, see?"

"But why didn't Miss Le Fay write to us?" asked Miss Nellie. "If she was in difficulties we ——"

"Naw, Florette wasn' that kind; nev' put up any hard-luck story, y' un'erstan'. But she'd bin outa work, sick. An' w'en she come back it looked like her a' was a frost. I run up on her in K. C., an' ——"

"What is K. C.?"

"Why, Kansas City! We was on the bill there two weeks ago. Me an' Florette was ole friends, see? No foolishness, if you know what I mean. I'm a married man myse'f—Bowers there on the card's my wife—but me an' Florette met about five years ago, an' kep' on runnin' onto one another on the bill, first one place an' then another. So she was glad to see me again, an' me her. 'W'y, w'ere's Freddy?' I says first thing. An' then I never seen any person's face look so sad. But she begun tellin' me right off w'at a fine place the kid was at, an' how the theayter wasn't no place for a chile. An' she says, 'Bert, I wan' him to stay w'ere he's happy an' safe,' she says. 'Even if I nev' see him again,' she says. Well, it give me the shivers then. Psychic, I guess."

Bert paused, staring into space.

"And then?" Miss Nellie asked gently.

"Well, like I was tellin' you, Florette had been playin' in hard luck. Now I don' know whether you ladies know anything about the vodvil game. Some ac's is booked out through the circuit from N' Yawk; others is booked up by some li'l' fly-by-night agent, gettin' a date here an' a date there, terrible jumps between stands, see, and nev' knowin' one week where you're goin' the nex', or whether at all. Well, Florette was gettin' her bookin' that way. An' on that you gotta make good with each house you play, get me? An' somethin' had went wrong with the ac' since I seen it las'. It useter be A Number 1, y' un'erstan', but looked like Florette had lost int'rust or somethin'. She didn't put no pep into it, if you know what I mean. An' vodvil's gotta be all pep. Then, too, her an' that partner of hers jawin' all the time somethin' fierce. I could hear him raggin' her that af'noon, an' me standin' in the wings, an' they slipped up on some of their tricks terrible, an' the audience laughed. But not with 'em, at 'em, y' un'erstan'! Well, so the ac' was a fros', an' they was canceled."

"Canceled?"

"Fired, I guess you'd call it. They was to play again that night an' then move on, see?"

"Oh, yes."

"An' they didn't have no bookin' ahead. Florette come an' talked to me again, an' she says again she wanted Freddy to be happy, an' git a better start 'n she'd had an' all. 'An', Bert,' she says, 'if anything ev' happens to me you go an' give 'um the money for Freddy,' she says."

"Poor thing! Perhaps she had a premonition of her death," murmured Miss Nellie.

Bert gave her a queer look.

"Yeah—yes, ma'am, p'raps so. I was watchin' her from the wings that night," he went on. "The ac' was almos' over, an' I couldn't see nothin' wrong. Howard had run off an' Florette was standin' up on the trapeze kissin' her han's like she always done at the finish. But all of a sudden she sort of trem'led an' turned ha'f way roun' like she couldn't make up her min' what to do, an' los' her balance, an' caught holt of a rope—an' let go—an' fell."

Miss Nellie covered her face with her hands. Miss Eva turned away to the window.

"She was dead w'en I got to her," said Bert.

"Be careful!" said Miss Eva sharply. "The child is coming in."

"Freddy wasn't asleep at all," said Mary, opening the door. "He was just playing a game, but he won't tell me —— Oh, I beg your pardon! I didn't know anyone was here."

Freddy had stopped round-eyed, open-mouthed with incredulous delight.

"Bert!" he gasped. "The son of a gun!"

"Freddy!" cried the Misses Blair.

But Bert held out his arms and Freddy ran into them.

"Gee, Bert, I'm glad to see ya!" rejoiced Freddy.

"Me too, kid, glad to see you! How's the boy, huh? Gettin' educated, huh? Swell school, ain't it?" babbled Bert, gaining for time.

"Aw, it's all right, I guess," Freddy replied listlessly, glancing at the Misses Blair. Then turning again with eager interest to Bert, "But say, Bert, what in the hell a—I mean what-ta you doin' here?"

"Why—ah—ah—jus' stoppin' by to say howdy, see, an'——"

"Playin' in N' Yawk?"

"No."

"Jus' come in?"

"Yeah."

Freddy drew his breath in quickly.

"Say, Bert, you—you ain't seen Florette anywheres?"

"Why, ye-yeah."

"Where is she, Bert?"

There was a deathly hush.

Then Miss Eva motioned to Miss Nellie and said, "If you will excuse us, Mr. Brannigan, we have some arrangements to make about the concert to-night. Madame d'Avala is to sing in the school auditorium, a benefit performance," and she went out, followed by her sister and niece.

"Where's Florette?" Freddy asked again, his voice trembling with eagerness.

"I—seen her in K. C., sonny."

"How's the ac'?"

"Fine! Fine! Great!"

"No kiddin'?"

"No kiddin'."

"Florette—all right?"

"Why, what made you think any different?"

"Who hooks her up now, Bert?"

"She hires the dresser at the theater."

"I could 'a' kep' on doin' it," said Freddy with a sigh.

"Aw, now, kid, it's better for you here, gettin' educated an' all."

"I don't like it, Bert."

"You don't like it?"

"Naw."

"You don't like it! After all she done!"

"I hate this ole school. I wanna leave. You tell Florette."

"Aw, now, Freddy ——"

"I'm lonesome. I don't like nobody here." His voice dropped. "An'—an' they don't like me."

"Aw, now, Freddy ——"

"Maybe Miss Mary does. But Miss Eva don't. Anyway, I ain't no use to anybody here. What's the sense of stayin' where you ain't no use? An' they're always callin' me down. I don't do nothin' right. I can't even talk so's they'll like it. Florette liked the way I talked all right. An' you get what I mean, don't you, Bert? The kids are stuck up, too, Bert. But they don't know nothin'. Why, they don't know nothin', Bert! Why, there's one boy ain't ever been inside a theater! What-ta you know about that, Bert? Gee, Bert, I'm awful glad you come! I'd 'a' bust not havin' somebody to talk to."

Bert was silent. He still held Freddy in his arms. His heart reeled at the thought of what he must tell the child. He cleared his throat, opened his mouth to speak, but the words would not come.

Freddy chattered on, loosing the flood gates of his accumulated loneliness. He told how Florette had bidden him "learn to be a li'l' gem'mum," and how he really tried; but how silly were the rules that governed a gentlemanly existence; how the other li'l' gem'mum laughed at him, and talked of things he had never heard of, and never heard of the things he talked of, until at last he had ceased trying to be one of them.

"You tell Florette I gotta leave this place," he concluded firmly. "Bert, now you tell Florette. Will you, Bert? Huh?"

"Freddy—I——Freddy, lissen now. I got somethin' to tell you."

"What?"

"I—I come on to tell you, Freddy. Tha's why I come out to tell you, see?"

"Well, spit it out," Freddy laughed.

Bert groaned.

"Whassa matter, Bert? What's eatin' you?"

"I—I——Say, Freddy, lissen—lissen now, Freddy. I——"

"Florette! She ain't sick? Bert, is Florette sick?"

"No! No, I——"

"You tell me, Bert! If it's bad news about Florette ——"

His voice died out. His face grew white. Bert could not meet his eyes.

(Continued on Page 77)

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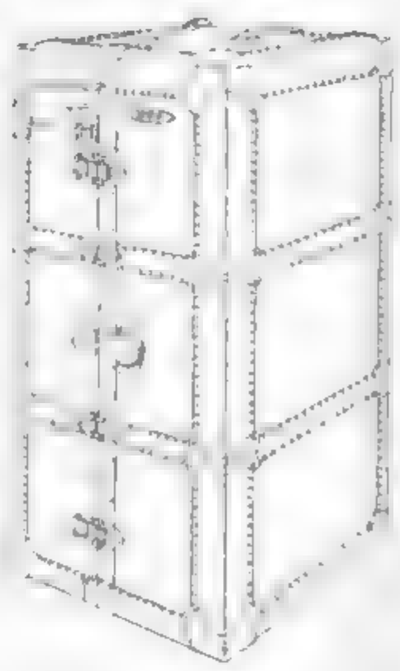

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How Manufacturer and User Can Co-operate in the Proper Utilization of Our Timber Resources

LUMBER plays such a vital part in American life that its proper utilization becomes a matter of interest to every citizen.

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Too many users, from force of habit, demand clear boards for concealed uses where lower grades would serve the purpose; or insist on wide boards in long lengths where narrower pieces in shorter lengths would fill the need at a saving in both cost and handling.

It may be a new thought to many that the percentage of clear lumber produced is relatively small—that wide boards of a high grade are naturally more difficult to obtain—and that each log produces a great variety of grades and lengths and sizes, all to be marketed to the best advantage if the lumber manufacturer is to perform the greatest economic service.

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(Continued from Page 74)

"No, no, now, Freddy," Bert mumbled, turning away his head. "You got me all wrong. It—it's good news, sonny."

Like a flash Freddy's face cleared.

"What about, Bert? Good news about what?"

"Why—ah—why, the ac's goin' big, like I tole you. An'—an' say, boy, out at one place—out at K. C., it—why, it stopped the show!"

"Stopped the show!" breathed Freddy in awe. "Oh, Bert, we never done that before!"

"An' so—so she—ah, Florette—y'see, kid, account of the ac' goin' so big, why, she—has to—go away—for a little while."

"Go away, Bert! Where?"

"To—to—Englund, an'—Australia."

"To Englund, an' Australia?"

"Yeah, they booked her up 'count o' the ac' goin' so great, see?"

"Oh, Bert!"

"Yeah. An' lissen. She's booked for fifty-two weeks solid!"

"Fifty-two weeks! Oh, Bert, that ain't never happened to us before!"

"I know. It's—great!"

Bert blew out his breath loudly, mopped his forehead. He could look at Freddy now, and he saw a face all aglow with love and pride.

"When's she comin' to get me, Bert?" the child asked confidently.

"Why—why, Freddy—now—you ——"

Bert could only flounder, and look dismayed.

"She ain't goin' off an' leave me!" wailed the child.

"Now lissen! Say, wait a minute! Lissen!"

"But, Bert! Bert! She ——"

"Say, don't you wanna help Florette, now she's got this gran' bookin' an' all?"

"Sure I do, Bert. I wanna he'p her with her quick changes, like I useter."

"You he'p her! Say, how would that look in all them swell places she's goin' to? W'y, she'll have a maid!"

"Like the headliners, Bert?"

"Sure!"

"A coon, Bert?"

"Sure! Like a li'l' musical com'dy star."

"Honest?"

"Honest!"

"But, Bert, w'y can't I go, too?"

"Aw, now, say—w'y—w'y, you're too big!"

"What-ta y' mean, Bert?"

"W'y, kid, you talk's if you never bin in the p'fession. How ole does Miss Le Fay look? Nineteen, tha's all. But with a great big boy like you taggin' on —— W'y, say, you'd queer her with them English managers right off. You don' wanna do that now, Freddy?"

"No, but I ——"

"I knew you'd take it sensible. You always bin a lot of help to Florette."

"Did she tell you, Bert?"

"Sure!"

"A'right. I'll stay. When—when's she comin' to tell me goo'-by?"

"Why—why—look-a-here. Brace up, ole man. She had to leave a'ready."

"She's gone?"

"Say, you don' think bookin' like that can wait, do you? It was take it or leave it—quick. You didn't wan' her to throw away a chancet like that, huh, Freddy? Huh?"

Freddy's head sank on his chest. His hands fell limp. "A' right," he murmured without looking up.

The big man bent over the child clumsily and tried to raise his quivering chin.

"Aw, now, Freddy," he coaxed, "wanna come out with me an'—an' have a soda?"

Freddy shook his head.

"Buy ya some candy too. Choc'late drops! An' how about one o' them li'l' airyplane toys I seen in the window down the street? Huh? Or some marbles? Huh? Freddy, le's go buy out this here dinky li'l' ole town. What-ta ya say, huh? Le's paint this li'l' ole town red! What-ta ya say, sport?"

Freddy managed a feeble smile.

"How come you so flush, Brudder Johnsing?" he asked in what he considered an imitation of darky talk. "Mus'a' bin rollin' dem bones!"

"Tha's a boy!" shouted Bert with a great guffaw. "There's a comeback for you! Game! Tha's what I always liked about you, Freddy. You was always game."

"I wanna be game!" said Freddy, stiffening his lips. "You tell Florette. You write to her I was game. Will ya, Bert?"

A bell rang.

"Aw, I gotta go dress for supper, Bert. They dress up for supper here."

"A'right, kid. Then I'll be goin' ——"

"Goo'-by, Bert. You tell her, Bert."

"So long, kid."

"Will ya tell her I was game, Bert?"

"Aw, she'll know!"

Madame Margarita d'Avala found herself in a situation all the more annoying because it was so absurd. She had promised to sing at the Misses Blair's School for the benefit of a popular charity, and she had motored out from New York, leaving her maid to do some errands and to follow by train. But it was eight o'clock, and the great Madame d'Avala found herself alone in the prim guest room of the Misses Blair's School, with her bag and dressing case, to be sure, but with no one to help her into the complicated draperies of her gown. There was no bell. She could not very well run down the corridor, half nude, shouting for help, especially as she had no idea of where the Misses Blair kept either themselves or their servants. The Misses Blair had been so fatiguingly polite on her arrival. Perhaps she had been a little abrupt in refusing their many offers of service and saying that she wanted to rest quite alone. Now, of course, they were afraid to come near her. And, besides, they would think that her maid was with her by this time. They had given orders to have Madame d'Avala's maid shown up to her as soon as she arrived, and of course their maid would be too stupid to know that Madame d'Avala's maid had never come.

Margarita d'Avala bit her lips and paced the floor, looked out of the window, opened the door, but there was no one in sight. Well, no help for it. She must try to get into the gown alone. She stepped into it and became entangled in the lace; stepped out again, shook the dress angrily and pushed it on over her head, giving a little impatient scream as she rumpled her hair. Then she reached up and back, straining her arms to push the top snap of the corsage into place. But with the quiet glee of inanimate things the snap immediately snapped out again. Flushing, Madame d'Avala repeated her performance, and the snap repeated its. Madame d'Avala stamped both feet and gave a little gasp of rage. She attacked the belt with no better luck. Chiffon and lace became entangled in hooks, snaps flew out as fast as she could push them in. Her arms ached and the dress assumed strange humpy outlines as she fastened it up all wrong.

She would like to rip the cursed thing from her shoulders and tear it into a million pieces! She felt hysteria sweeping over her. She knew that she was going to have one of her famous fits of temper in a minute.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Madame d'Avala screamed aloud, stamping her feet up and down as fast as they could go. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Damn! Damn! Damn!"

She did not swear in Italian, because she was not an Italian except by profession. Her name had been Maggie Davis, but that was a secret between herself and her press agent.

"Oh! Damn!" screamed Madame d'Avala again.

"Ain't it hell?" remarked an interested voice, and Madame d'Avala saw a small pale face staring at her through the door which she had left ajar.

"Come in!" she ordered, and a small thin boy entered, quite unabashed, looking at her with an air of complete understanding.

"Who are you?" asked Madame d'Avala.

"Freddy."

"Well, Freddy, run at once and find a maid for me, please. Mine hasn't come, and I'm frantic, simply frantic. Well, why don't you go?"

"I'll hook you up," said Freddy.

"You!"

"Sure! I kin do it better'n any maid you'd get in this helluva school."

"Why, Freddy!"

"Aw, I heard you sayin' damn! You're in the p'fession, huh? Me too."

"You too?"

His face clouded.

"I mean—I useter be."

"Oh! And now—you have retired?"

"Yeah—learnin' to be a gem'mum. Lemme there," said Freddy, stepping behind Madame d'Avala. "Say, you've got it all started wrong." He attacked the stubborn hooks with light, deft fingers.

The Alarm

Flashing out an alarm, a glaring white spot gives instant warning when a Super-Safety check has been tampered with. The sensitive surface color disappears, leaving the vivid white splash when acid, rubber, or knife erasure is attempted. That is sufficient to prevent your bank teller from paying an altered check.

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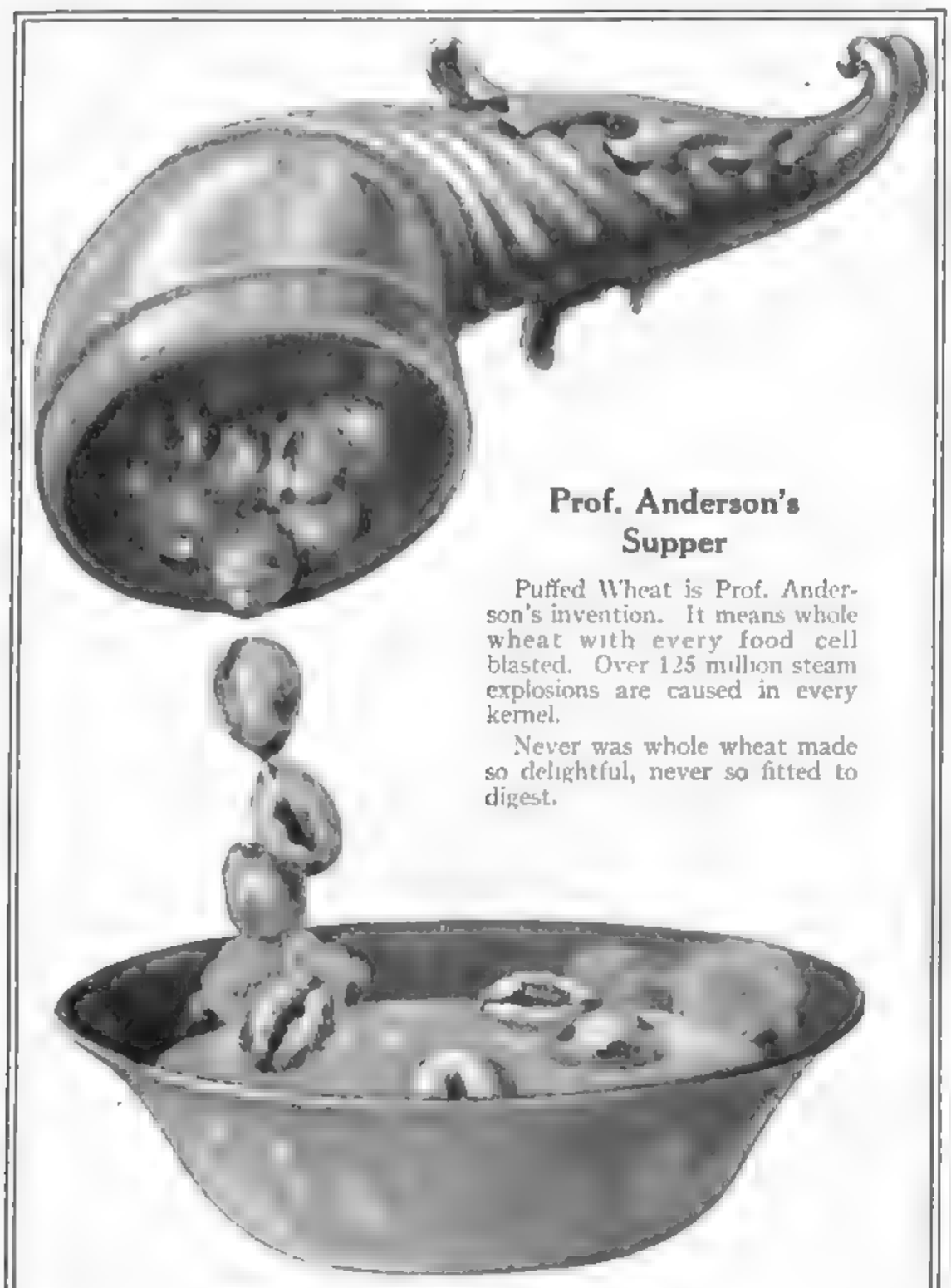


Prof. Anderson's Supper

Puffed Wheat is Prof. Anderson's invention. It means whole wheat with every food cell blasted. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

Never was whole wheat made so delightful, never so fitted to digest.

Wheat in Milk

Flimsy, flavory wheat grains puffed to bubbles

Puffed Wheat in milk is the greatest cereal dish you can serve. Children revel in these airy, toasted globules. And whole wheat, thus made wholly digestible, supplies 16 elements which growing children need.

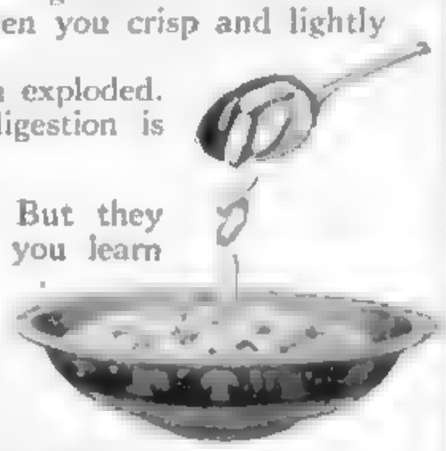
One object is to make whole wheat so tempting that children will be glad to eat enough.

Rice made a confection

Puffed Rice is a food confection. It tastes like toasted nuts. The texture is like snowflakes. It crushes at a touch.

It is used in candy making, used as garnish on ice cream. Hungry children eat like peanuts when you crisp and lightly butter.

Yet it is simply whole rice, steam exploded. Every food cell is blasted. Thus digestion is made easy and complete.



Puffed Grains are cereal tidbits. But they are also scientific foods. The more you learn of food hygiene, the more you will serve your cereals in this form.

Serve both kinds in all ways. Serve them all day long.

Mix Puffed Rice with your fruits

Puffed Rice

The supreme breakfast dainty

Puffed Wheat

Airy—toasted.
8 times normal size

The Quaker Oats Company *Sole Makers*

"Why, you can really do it!" cried Madame d'Avala.

"Sure! This ain't nothin'." Freddy's fingers flew.

"Careful of that drapery. It's tricky."

"Say, drapery's pie to me. I fastened up lots harder dresses than this."

"Really?"

"Sure! Florette had swell clo'es. This'n's swell too. My, ain't it great to see a classy gown again!"

Madame d'Avala laughed, and Freddy joined her.

"Say, you seen the teachers at this school?" he asked. "You seen 'em?"

Madame d'Avala nodded.

"Nice ladies," said Freddy in an effort to be fair. "But no class—you know what I mean. Way they slick their hair back, an' no paint or powder. Gee, Florette wouldn't wear their clo'es to a dog fight!"

"Nor I," said Madame d'Avala; "I love dogs."

"I tole Miss Eva she ought to put peroxide in the rinsin' water for her hair like Florette useter, but it made her mad. I b'lieve in a woman fixin' herself up all she can, don't you?" asked Freddy earnestly.

"Indeed, I do! But tell me, who is Florette?"

So Freddy told her all about his mother, and about the good fortune that had come to her.

"Fifty-two weeks solid! Some ac' to get that kinda bookin', huh?" he ended.

"Yes! Oh, yes, indeed!"

"There y'ah now! Look at yourse'f! See if it's a'right."

Madame d'Avala turned to the mirror. Her gown fell in serene lovely folds. It seemed incredible that it was the little demon of a few minutes before.

"Perfect! Freddy, you're a wonder. How can I thank you?"

"Tha's a'right. You're welcome."

He was regarding her with worshipful eyes.

"You're awful pretty," he breathed.

"Thank you," said Madame d'Avala. "Are you coming to my concert?"

"No, they put us to bed!" cried Freddy in disgust. "Puttin' me to bed at 8:30 every night! What-ta y' know about that! Jus' w'en the orchestra would be tunin' up for the evenin' p'formance."

"What a shame! I'd like to have you see my act."

"I bet it's great. You got the looks too. Tha's what it takes in this p'fession. Make a quick change?"

"No, I wear the same dress all through."

"Oh! Well," he sighed deeply—"well, it's been great to see you anyway. Goo'by."

The great lady bent down to him and kissed his forehead.

"Good-by, Freddy," she said. "You've helped me so much."

Freddy drew in a long breath.

"M-m," he sighed, "you know how I come to peek in your door like that?"

"Because you heard me screaming damn?"

"No, before that. Comin' all the way down the hall I could smell it. Smelled so nice. Don't none of these ladies use perfume.

"I jus' knew somebody I'd like was in here soon's I got that smell."

"Oh, Freddy, I like you too! But I've got to hurry now. Good-by. And thanks so much, dear."

She started out the door.

"Oh, gee! I can't go to bed!" Freddy wailed.

"Come along then!" cried Madame d'Avala, impetuously seizing his hand. "I'll make them let you go to the concert. They must!"

They ran down the hall together hand in hand, Freddy directing the way to the Misses Blair's study. Miss Eva and Miss Nellie and Mary were there, and they looked at Freddy compassionately. And though Miss Eva said it was most unusual, Miss Nellie agreed to Madame d'Avala's request.

"For," said gentle Miss Nellie, drawing Madame d'Avala aside and lowering her voice—"for we are very sorry for Freddy now. His mother ——"

"Oh, yes, she has gone to England."

"Why, no! She—is dead!"

"Oh, *mio povero bambino!* And how he adores her!"

"Yes."

"And what will he do then?"

"He can stay on here. But I am afraid he doesn't like us," Miss Nellie sighed.

"Has he no one else?"

"No—that is, a stepfather. But his mother put him here to save him from the stepfather's abuse, and—and all the coarsening influences of stage life, if you understand."

"Ah, yes, I understand," said Madame d'Avala. "And yet I think I understand the little one too. He and I—we have the same nature. We cannot breathe in the too-high altitudes. For us there must be dancing in the valley, laughter and roses, perfume and sunshine—always sunshine."

"Oh—er—yes," replied Miss Nellie, taken aback by this effusiveness, which she could only explain as being foreign.

"It's 8:30," said Miss Eva, looking at her watch.

"Ah, then I must fly," cried Madame d'Avala.

"Goo'-by!" said Freddy wistfully.

"*Au revoir*," said Madame d'Avala, and electrified the Misses Blair by adding, "See you after the show, kid."

"I am very lonely, too," said Margarita d'Avala after the concert—"lonely and sad."

"You are?" Freddy cried in amazement. Then, practically, "What about?"

"It's about a man," confessed the lady.

"Aw g'wan!" exclaimed Freddy incredulously. "Say," lowering his voice confidentially, "lemme tell you something! They ain't a man on earth worth crying for."

"How did you know?" asked Margarita.

"Flo—Florette used to say so." Then a cloud passed over his face. "She used to say so," he added.

There was a moment's silence, while the lady watched him. Then Freddy's mobile face cleared, his eyes shone with their old gay confidence.

"Say, I'm tellin' you!" said Freddy, spreading his feet apart, thrusting his hands in his pockets. "I ain't got no use for men a-tall! An' you take my advice—don't bother over 'em!"

Margarita laughed. She laughed so hard that Freddy had to join her, and without knowing how, he was by her side, holding onto her hand while they both rocked with merriment. When they could laugh no more he snuggled up to the shoulder that smelled so nice. His face became babyish and wistful. He stroked the satin of the lovely gown with one timid finger, while his blue eyes implored hers.

"Ladies an' children is nicest, ain't they?" he appealed.

Suddenly the great Margarita d'Avala caught him in her arms and drew him to that warm beautiful breast where no child's head had ever rested.

"Oh, Freddy, Freddy!" she cried. "You are right, and I must have you!"

"You kin, s'long's Florette's away," said Freddy.

Surf Riding, Hawaiian Islands

LINOLEUM FLOORS

were installed in this home, in every room, while the house was being built

Linoleum floors were installed, instead of hardwood, throughout these seven-bedroomed homes recently built at a cost of $16,000 each.

The plain brown Jaspé linoleum in this living room harmonizes appropriately with the oriental rugs and mahogany furniture. Plain linoleum is also used in the dining room.

The Floor for Your New House

THE architect specified floors of Armstrong's Linoleum for this home, and the floors were installed when the house was built.

The use of this flooring made it easy to carry out the chosen color motive in all the rooms of the home. The rugs blended harmoniously with the plain linoleum in the downstairs rooms and the plain Jaspé upstairs. More vivid colorings were introduced in the draperies and upholstery.

The linoleum floors were installed over an inexpensive soft wood by the merchant's expert layer, cemented down firmly over builders' felt paper and waxed immediately, with another coat in six weeks.

This long-wearing floor is watertight; the seams are practically invisible. It is a floor that the maid finds easy to clean and keep clean.

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You will find our book, showing effective decorative schemes, helpful in choosing the right floor for "every room in the house."

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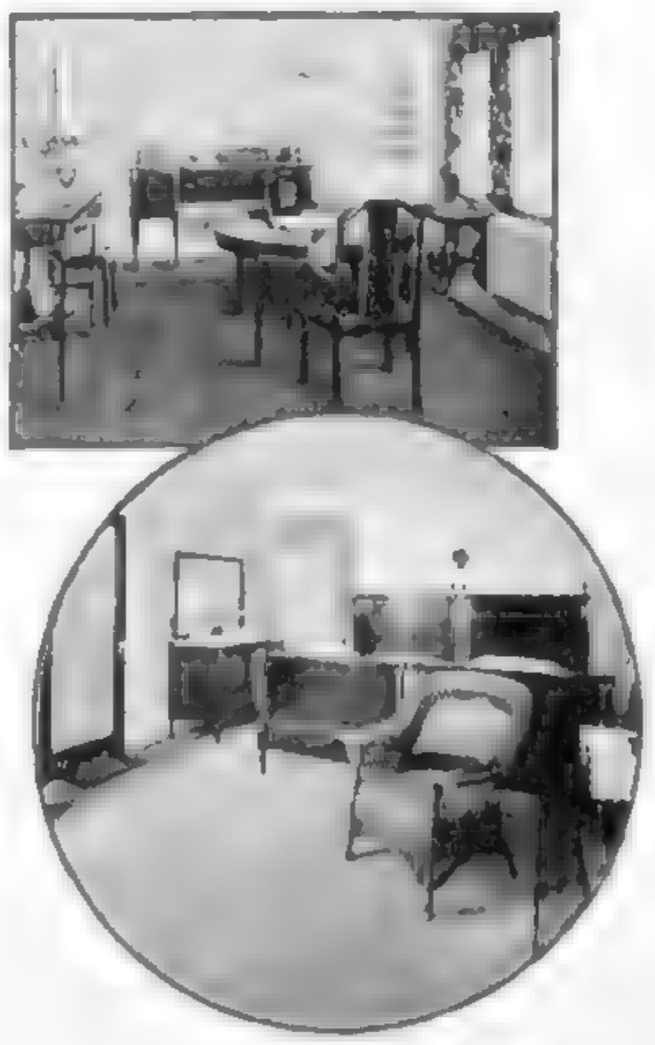
for Every Floor (A) *in the House*



The brown Jaspé linoleum was used in the bedrooms and throughout the upstairs, giving up the entire suite as a unit on a definite color plan.

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Four Passenger — *136 inch Wheelbase*

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While this Phaeton De Luxe strikes a new and distinctive note in body line and finish, yet you would not find it possible to discover anything which savors of else than rare good taste.

We will not attempt here to enter into details of its restful seating, its finish, its appointments, and its unmatched roading capabilities; but you will find the car replete with those many little, yet big, things which lend themselves to the very uttermost in motoring enjoyment—that measure of travel fascination which only a car of LINCOLN calibre can give you.

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Do these in your most critical mood, and it becomes certain that you will be no less enthusiastic than we are.

Leland-built Lincoln Eight-cylinder Motor Cars comprise eight body types

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY — DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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LELAND-BUILT

THE ROUND TURN

(Continued from Page 13)

reflected Mrs. Selby. "You remember—near the east corner of the Square. It's got one of those queer tea shops on the basement floor now. Poor dear"—Mrs. Selby's voice softened, took on a tone of interested sympathy—"she ought to be looked after. She could be companion to somebody, couldn't she? Or I'll ask Joe if he hasn't some position in the business."

To live in the Beeman house in the days of its glory, when the Knickerbockers once ruled New York; to live now in a bachelor-girl flat and to work—here was a tragedy Mrs. Selby could understand.

There came a soft, respectful tap at the door and the modulated voice of an English servant: "Mr. Selby says he is waiting, madam."

With a haste almost panicky Mrs. Selby finished adjusting her bathing cap.

When the rest emerged Alice sat by the pierhead, her long legs, formed like those of an active boy, trailing out on the rustic bench, her eyes on the glimmering, sapphire water of the lake, her whole pose a kind of passive alertness. Her grave, hazel eyes swept the gathering by the springboard, and she fell into reflection. What a splendid group of barbarians they were! Mrs. Selby now—all human beings should be made like that. From her perfect bony structure to the silken, light-shot texture of her skin; from the curve of her instep to the ample sweep of her eyesocket; from the pink stain as of strawberries at her finger tips to the golden lights in her tawny hair—she was a pattern for the molding works of the gods. Some of it had been born in her, no doubt; Nature alone could form an eyesocket like that. But the rest of her beauties—how many of them were due to the open air, regulated exercise, feeding, shelter against worries? Those business women whose lives Alice shared—wouldn't some of them seem as beautiful had their story been the same?

Kerrigan was just a lithe, well-developed boy; but Thorpe, clad in the revealing frankness of a California bathing suit, rather surprised her. Early athletics had taught her to appraise the physical build of men as few women do; she had hardly expected, from his average appearance in his clothes, so compact and well coördinated a build. It matched a little oddly, she felt, with a face all smiles and good humor on the surface, but with an underlay of hardness—as though he had been cultivating charm for a business proposition.

"Well, I'm going in at any rate!" called the decisive voice of Joe Selby.

Forthwith he dived, in good form but heavily. As he came up, dripping water, and struck out, memory traveled back again to the old days at the Springs. He used to dance a trifle heavily; even in her young-girl infatuation she marked that. He rode a horse too hard; and when he swam he fought the water. His smashing football, she fancied, had been a matter of brute force and dominance; he lacked a little the sense of rhythm which makes the perfect rider and swimmer as well as the perfect dancer. He was still fighting the water, slugging it with big strokes of arms and legs, instead of dancing through it, cajoling it. Thorpe, following—now he had the airy, feathery touch that makes water behave.

"Aren't you coming in, Alice?" called up Selby from his splashing.

"Not for a minute; I want to sun myself," she called back.

The men struck out for the nearest raft, making streaks of shimmering pearl in the sapphire. All events about this place moved as though they had been carefully rehearsed, giving Alice a vague impression that she had witnessed them before, for as the two other women took the water—Mrs. Carruthers was a timid swimmer—a green rowboat propelled by a silent, respectful boatman in a blue blouse glided out from the wharf, hovered about them. Mrs. Carruthers clung to the painter at the stern, exchanged light conversation with Mrs. Selby, treading water beside her.

Now the men had reached the first raft, some forty yards away. Across the mirror of the water, unruffled by the warm, windless day, she could catch their talk. Joe Selby was chaffing Kerrigan about his own late victory on the courts, was challenging Thorpe to a race back to the pier. She watched them poise, still chaffing, and dive; watched the whirlpool where Selby was pounding the water with a double overhand stroke. When Thorpe's cupped fingers struck the surface they sank into it as smoothly as though it had been oil. He had a fraction of a second the worst of the start; yet he drew lightly even in a dozen strokes. Then, as Selby put on more power, as the whirlpool about him became a maelstrom, she saw that Thorpe, too, was pounding water, noticed that his strokes finished halfway to the hip. Selby grasped the ladder below the springboard a finger's length before his adversary. As he rose, puffing, his face was illuminated by triumph touched by an emotion a little less agreeable.

"You've too much strength for me," puffed Thorpe.

"Good boy, Joe!" came the voice of Mrs. Selby from under the stern of the rowboat.

Alice gathered herself and ignoring the springboard dived with the grace of a skimming swallow.

"She loves him; she believes in him," her thoughts were saying as she came up. "That's part of his tragedy."

After the long dinner that evening Selby, Thorpe and Kerrigan strolled out to the pergola as though by prearrangement. Carruthers and Alice passed on to the drawing-room; Mrs. Selby threw a glance at Mrs. Carruthers, who lingered behind.

"I am afraid, my dear," said the hostess, "that you've dropped into a dull party; a business man's convention, I call it. Joe doesn't go into town much summers; he makes his executives come to him when they want to talk things over. We're off on the yacht next Thursday anyway, and I'd thought we'd have this week alone or just with you. I say this so you won't think you're here only for a mitigation. I'd asked you before Joe notified me of this visitation."

"Oh, but they're very pleasant men," said Mrs. Carruthers. "Mr. Thorpe ——"

"If they weren't always conferring with Joe in corners and otherwise taking up time that might be more pleasantly spent," broke in Mrs. Selby. "They've carried him off again. That leaves four of us, and I suppose we're down to bridge—if Miss Beeman plays. I suppose we'll have to make it funs, not keeps, on her account? Something important is on, I believe; Joe is talking of letting go of the Patterson works—that by-product stuff, however it's pronounced. There—that's a state secret, but it's safe with you."

"Isn't it paying?" asked Mrs. Carruthers, exercising her privilege of old friendship to satisfy her curiosity. "I remember that Joe's father ——"

"Hasn't paid," said Mrs. Selby briefly. "Joe thinks he might as well use the money as keep pouring in more money; you know we're dying to fix up that camp in Canada, and they tell me we can't afford it now. Of course Joe wouldn't take the price out of the business; but letting go for real money of something that has been only a drag—that's another matter, isn't it?"

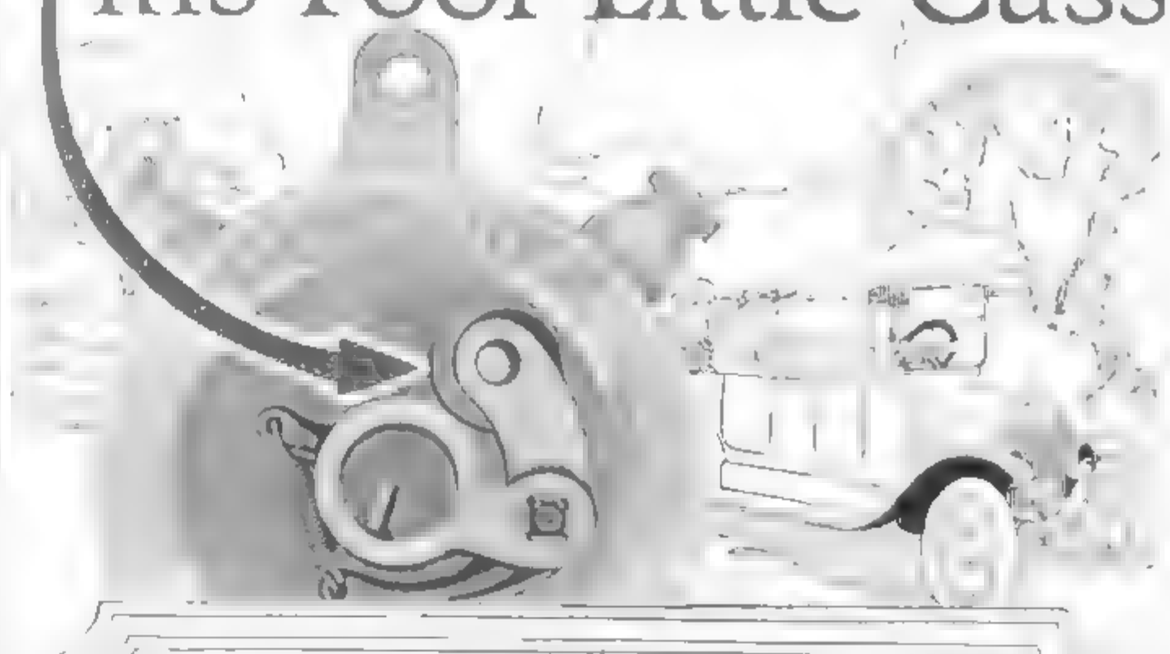
"Oh, of course," said Mrs. Carruthers; but a little flatness in her voice seemed to belie her words. Mrs. Selby did not seem to catch that.

"Let's join them," she said. "I'm looking forward to the yacht."

But they played only one rubber. Carruthers, what with a ride in the morning and tennis in the afternoon, was tired; and Alice, chosen as his partner, played badly, with flashes that seemed to prove that she really knew bridge, and long passages of pure carelessness. It was Mrs. Carruthers who broke up the game, suggesting that her husband go to bed. Alice, as though herself glad of the excuse, said good night.

The magic that seemed to arrange all things in that establishment had been at work in her room. Not only was her simple, severe toilet set ready to her hand on the dressing table but her nightdress lay across the coverlet, in that position where she could most easily put it on. Her negligee hung over the back of a painted chair, before which, at a distance that seemed mathematically calculated, stood her bed slippers. The covers were turned back, the pillow shams were raised, inviting sleep; a reading lamp glowed on a silver vacuum bottle, a glass, and the novel she had brought over in her bag. There came one of those low, respectful knocks at her door; and a maid entered to ask if she

This Poor Little Cuss



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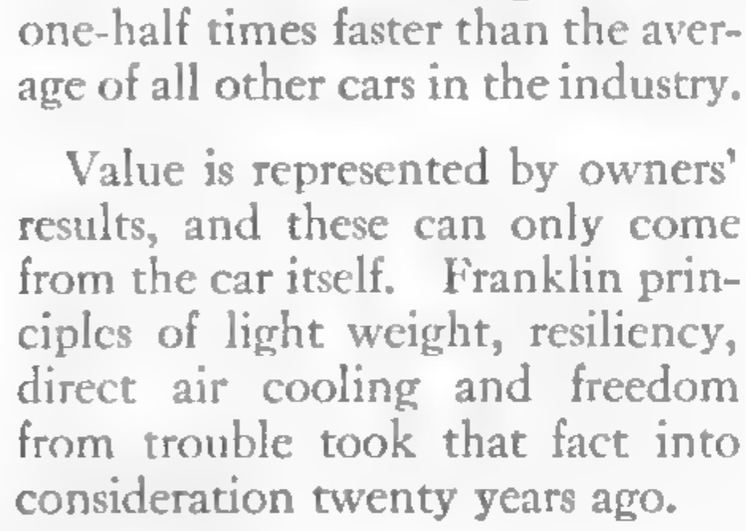

could help with undressing. Alice thanked her, dismissed her. All this, she reflected, happened not by accident. Certainly Mrs. Selby possessed at least one kind of competence.

She crossed the room to her open oriel window, sank down on the cushion of its seat.

Without, the night was moonless—a sky like polished black lacquer set with a million languorous stars. A breeze warm yet refreshing came in gentle puffs from the lake. When it touched the trees it set the voices of the night to whispering.

There were other voices, though; men talking in the distance, too far away for her to hear the words. Then came a laugh; it was Joe Selby's. That laugh, beginning on a slow chuckle, rising to an infectious crescendo, had been one of his attractions back in his twenties. It was harder now, but still agreeable. Then the laughs of two others joined in. They were not spontaneous somehow. If she had been close, she reflected, she might not have noticed that.

"The king laughs," she said to herself, and looked to the left.

Beyond a terrace of Italian stonework and a border of ornamental evergreen stood a rustic table under a spreading bay tree. A light, its source hidden in the branches, illuminated the figures of Selby, Kerrigan and Thorpe. They were raising their glasses, drinking. Then she saw them rise; Selby started first toward the house. Kerrigan seemed to have dropped his cigarette case; he stooped to pick it up. As he straightened himself his eyes met Thorpe's, exchanged a long glance before they both turned away. That fine perception of woman which we misname instinct read in their attitude satisfaction over something accomplished—even triumph. One of those ubiquitous soft-footed servants glided under the tree; the light went out. But as they came up on the terrace below her she heard their words and had a guilty sensation of eavesdropping.

"What will we do to-morrow?" asked Selby. "There's polo at the club in the afternoon. Want to go fishing in the morning—or how about some more tennis?"

"Oh, tennis for mine," said Kerrigan; "I'm out for my revenge." The pause before he spoke seemed significant to the involuntary listener upstairs; it was as though before this offhand acceptance he had weighed his words.

"It's there—if you can get it!" said Joe Selby. The laughter that followed died away in the corridor below.

Let us follow the last stages of the conversation whose pantomimic end Alice had witnessed from her oriel.

"Sell, I'm saying," remarked Selby, mechanically agitating the ice in the lees of his glass. "I've done nothing but shovel money into it since I took hold." He turned suddenly on Thorpe. "They'll pay cash on the dot?" he asked.

"They've never talked anything but cash," said Thorpe.

Selby raised his glass to his lips, found it empty. Kerrigan almost nervously signaled to the footman in the background, who slipped up, refilled it.

"Then close," said Selby.

"I'd hoped you'd decide that way, Joe," said Thorpe. "I haven't wanted to press you too much, but I'd felt that your certain business judgment ——"

Selby interrupted as though this approval of him and his ways were a matter of course, like the air he breathed.

"Anything else?"

"Only one thing," replied Thorpe. Here, if Alice had been watching close, she might have observed a moment of special tension in the hardness that underlay his agreeable expression. "They'll expect a ten-year contract for our waste. I suppose that's fair enough. They can't handle by-product ——"

"Without any by-product to handle," put in Selby.

"You express it exactly. There have been no other offers—worth considering—for our waste."

"I wonder what they think they're doing?" asked Selby.

"Oh," put in Thorpe—one would have said almost too promptly—"business, unless it's an old, established, copper-riveted, one-man proposition like yours, is all a matter of risks and failures. They're taking the usual chance; but they won't get away with it."

"No kick from the minority stockholders, I suppose?" asked Selby.

"What kick can they make? You own eighty per cent. Give me your proxy and you won't have to come down to the meeting."

"That's the advantage of staying up here; they can't get to me with their pathetic plaints, if they have any. Well, close it before Wednesday; I'll be off on the yacht Thursday," said Selby. "And, Kerrigan, get ready to close the option on that Canadian tract. If there's any papers to be signed send up somebody from Hard & Hard early next week—Tuesday, say. Not the weepy Mr. Hard—the human one." This was where they all laughed.

Then, as Alice saw from her oriel, Selby rose to end the session, Kerrigan reached for his cigarette case and he and Thorpe faced each other. Had she been nearer she would have assured herself that the look was pure, unadulterated triumph as of a long battle won, a long game come to checkmate.

Up in her room as the three men passed down the corridor Alice was fumbling among the skirts in her closet. She found what she was after—a bottle-shaped leather case, from which she drew a fourteen-ounce tennis racket, its hilt bound with tape, its frame nicked with much old use, but its strings taut as a drum. Before putting it back she swung at an imaginary ball with a sweeping forehand stroke and a raking backhand. She smiled once to herself; but for the rest her expression was pure determination.

Alice had lain late, but no one seemed to have missed her. The Selby household followed the English custom in its country breakfasts—eggs, bacon and sausages smoking in chafing dishes on the sideboard; coffee steaming in a French percolator on the table; a maid at hand to brew fresh tea, bring fresh toast. Otherwise you helped yourself. The rest were already gone to the tennis lawn when she appeared, carrying her racket case. From a cloudy start the day was coming off warm and pleasant. The last breathings of the morning mist lay mauve over everything, softening the brilliant, obvious colors of the greensward, the house, the lake.

As she rounded the corner of the bit of forest energetic male voices calling scores, feminine voices applauding, floated across the lawn.

She arrived just in time for the expected climax. Kerrigan was rushing the net, Selby playing back court. As she approached near enough to estimate the shots Selby aimed a stinging drive down the side lines in an effort to pass. She could have sworn that it was wide by at least a foot, but Kerrigan charged it with that surprising speed of his, swung in perfect form for a chopped volley, merely flicked it with the wood of his racket; the ball dribbled to the turf a yard outside the net posts. That evidently was set point—Selby the winner. As he tossed his racket and started for the side lines he was again—in the pose of his shoulders, the glance of his eye—the Balkan king. Then he saw Alice, sitting cross-legged on the lawn, her racket at her feet.

"Hello—I didn't know you had kept up your tennis," he said. "Have to arrange some mixed doubles later on."

"Well, the singles are out of my system—after yesterday—if you're going to challenge me," said Carruthers.

Alice had intended doing what she purposed doing subtly, tactfully. But now it was as though something took possession of her—perhaps the confident, candid little girl whom Joe Selby had known at the Springs twenty years ago—and said for her, with her voice, "I'd like to take you on in singles myself."

There was a pause, in which she heard Thorpe, behind her, smother a laugh. Selby looked down on her, his boyish smile relieving the dominant setness of his eyes.

"Very well—at what handicap?" he asked.

"I shan't ask for a handicap," said Alice as meekly as she could.

And now Thorpe laughed outright. In this sporting circle no one needed to be reminded that the best woman player is two classes below the best man player; for so Nature has set the terms of strength and speed.

"Best two out of three?" suggested Alice, meekly, coolly.

"Suppose you play one set even—and then the jury will set the handicap for the rest?" put in Mrs. Carruthers.

(Continued on Page 84)

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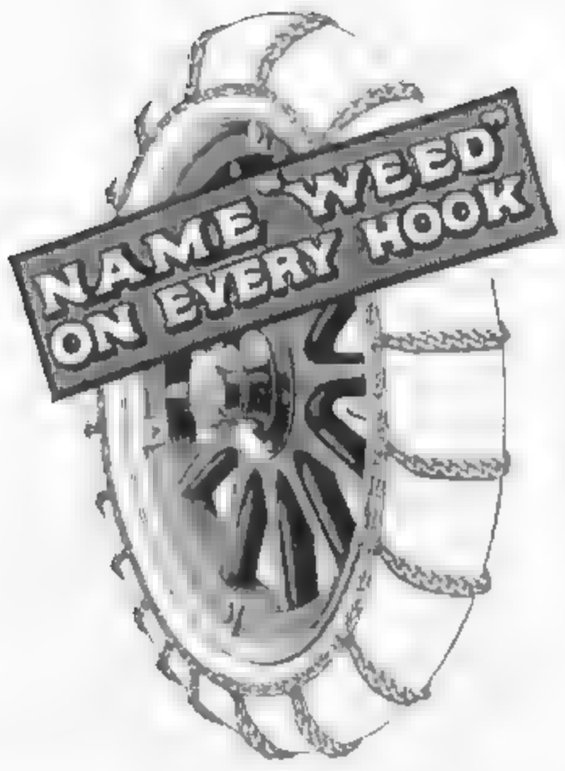

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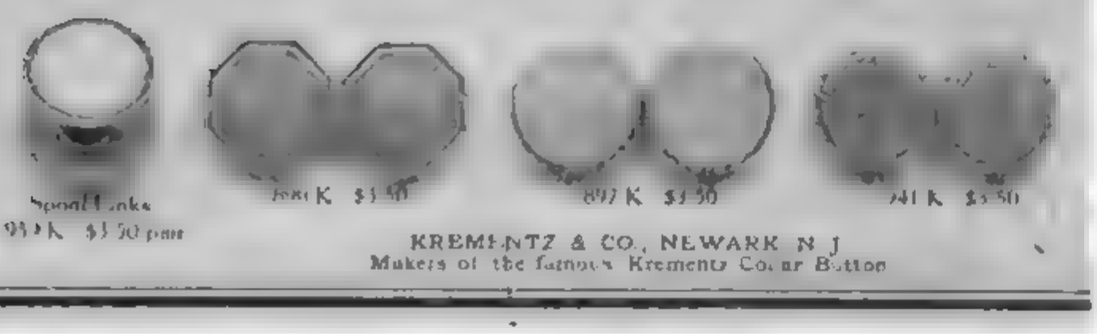

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(Continued from Page 82)

"That suits me," said Alice. As though it were all settled she leaped to her feet, began unstrapping her racket case, strolled to the court. "Shall I toss?" she asked over her shoulder. "Smooth. I'll take this court."

She was quite aware that all this amounted to playing unasked; and she found herself glorying in that. Somewhere within her burned a sense she had thought long dead but which these last three days of care and luxury had resurrected—the touch of patrician insolence, the self-sanction of a class that makes its own rules.

"Pass me a few," she said; and shut her mind to all reflections not pertinent to the game.

She had begun her lawn tennis in the days when it was mainly a sport of the rich. The game had followed the course of her own life; it had gone down among the people. And she had kept it up—the single thing she carried with her, she sometimes thought, from one world to the other. In spring and autumn week-ends, in late-summer afternoons, it had been her relief from work. She played it at first on the humpy park courts, then on a public pay court in a vacant lot next to the apartment house where she boarded, finally at a modest tennis club on the Heights; and more often against men than women. But these were all dirt courts; not three times in the past year had she played on turf. That skimming drive which seemed just to loop over the net, and which was her best stroke, behaved whimsically.

"Are you ready?" called Selby.

"One or two more, please," she replied; and fancied that she could see Thorpe's expression.

Her next stroke skimmed the net, went true to the corner. "All right—play!" she called.

Selby cut over a soft serve, which nevertheless overshot the line for a fault. She lowered her racket.

"Serve me as you would a man—or they can't handicap us fairly," she said.

"Oh, very well," laughed Selby, and put all his energy into a sweeping cut.

It, too, was a fault, but it traveled like lightning. Alice, crouched at the back line, her eyes intent, registered mentally two factors in his game. He did not use that twist service which, coming off grass, is so whimsical and so disturbing to a clay-court player; and this service, fast as it was, bounded with retarded speed from the turf. As she changed courts and primed her racket for the next service she reflected that it was no more severe, really, than shots she handled every day from the hard clay surfaces at the club. But the grass still bothered her; the return went into the net. Twice more he served; each time she drove out. On the fourth rally she made her return; it was soft; he sent it back with a whip and a sting, fair to the corner and out of her reach.

"One love!" laughed Selby. "Shall we have our handicap now?"

"No, thank you," replied Alice, still with her tone of meekness; and put over a cut service measurably fast for a woman.

Selby drove it to her backhand. He erred there; she was one of those players who are surer, though not so severe, on the backhand than on the natural side; moreover, she had a treacherous slice on that shot. Her return bounded erratically on the clutching turf; Selby netted his shot. But the next two drives were so strong that she made but weak returns, which he killed at the net. In trying for too much pace she double-faulted; and he killed the next service with a sharp drive to the corner. Love two—and she had won only two points. She managed to get just two points out of the next game; but she did return all of his service shots. Three love, Selby leading. And the voice of Thorpe came across the court:

"We'll handicap you at least fifteen, next set."

"Oh, I don't know; she's making me work!" said Joe Selby indulgently.

Alice said nothing. Her features had sharpened insensibly; her hazel eyes blazed; between her half closed lids they became points of light. She served; this time with a reverse cut to Selby's backhand; and ran in—a maneuver, by all canons of the game, reckless to folly when a woman is playing a man. Selby, a little fazed by the unexpected bound of the ball, had returned weakly to the center of the court; Alice, going at full speed, killed with a cross-court chop. Still using the reverse on her next service she dropped his uncertain backhand return over the net, drew him in. He just reached the ball, popped it weakly across the net. Instead of running forward to volley she deliberately took the ball on the bound, lobbed it neatly over his head. He ran back, pawed at it with his racket, sent it far out of court. He overshot the line in his next return; and again, on the first point, Alice tricked him to the net, lobbed over him. One three.

She had solved his service now; her returns were skimming the net, cutting the lines, keeping him racing back and forth. The game went to deuce, but she won. Again she served; again she lobbed whenever opportunity offered. Two of his big, sweeping smashes landed in court beyond possibility of return; the rest went wild. Now the games were even—three all. The match had settled down to a contest between force and precision, between speed and skill, between dominant spirit and cleverness. Selby was charging the ball; Alice was doing the unexpected. He was puffing a little, too, what with racing across the court for her corner shots, running back for her teasing lobs. The boyish smile he had worn during those first three games, when he was winning, had vanished now. His Balkan-king expression was on him—that, and a black look of annoyance. Alice changed tactics again, and began slicing. On the first two rallies her shots flew wild; then she got the range. The game went to deuce, to her vantage; she slipped over game point with another unexpected dash to the net.

"Three four, Miss Beeman leading," called Thorpe.

The blackness was growing in Selby's face as he turned to take service; and at this moment Alice spoke with startling suddenness—the first unsportsmanlike act of her twenty years at lawn tennis.

"What handicap will you give me now?" she asked on a slow, taunting note; and whisked over a cut service that landed an inch inside the far corner of the court. Selby, expecting a reverse bound, was caught on the wrong foot. He managed to reach it, but merely turned the flight with the wood of his racket. Instead of returning to the back line he stood stock-still; then with explosive suddenness hurled his racket over the back net.

"Damn this bat!" he bawled in a hoarse voice. "Get me that English racket, somebody!"

Two attendants sprang to action. Alice, waiting, stood with her racket drooped by her side, her tense expression still on her face; though a slight sweetness about her mouth might have indicated that she was struggling with a smile. She served again. If Selby had rushed like a bull before, he charged now like a buffalo. He fairly grunted as he swung a full-arm drive—and sent the ball into the back net. His form and skill were gone; he was merely taking out his rage on the innocent little sphere of rubber, air and cotton. Alice, cool, precise in every move, a woman turned into a machine, lobbed him set-ups for smash after smash. He beat himself in this game, in the remaining game. The set was hers—six three.

Deliberately as they changed courts she went around the net post opposite his course.

"You're playing beyond yourself, Miss Beeman," called Thorpe from the side lines. "Hadn't we better make a handicap, after all?"

Selby turned his black look on the group under the umbrella.

"Handicap — be — blowed — and then some!" he said with an angry pause between words.

"Oh, Joe!" breathed Mrs. Selby. But her lord and master merely threw at her a crushing glance.

That second set—it would be wearisome to record it in detail—was like a battle between one of Queen Elizabeth's light caravels and one of King Philip's heavy galleons. Only in this case the crew of the galleon was out of hand, fighting itself. Selby's tennis had gone all to pieces. After losing two straight games with his headless rushes, his uncontrolled smashes, he seemed momentarily to get a grip on himself and won his service, partly on unreturnable aces. But when in the next game she teased his returns into the net with eccentric slices, he brandished his racket and charged again. By the last two games he seemed worn out, as much with his own rage as with the fast footing into which she had drawn him. He simply stood and watched her last neat

drive in the corner, which gave her the set at six one, and the match.

Alice, smiling for the first time, walked to the net, her hand out. The strain of the past half hour had blown the color into her cheeks, giving her the one thing needed to make her beautiful. Selby, walking wearily, his head hanging, seemed for a moment about to ignore her. But he came forward; though when he shook her hand he said nothing and did not look up.

She turned to the group under the umbrella and was not surprised at a sense of a social crisis; of something awkward in the air. She caught Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers exchanging a smiling glance. Mrs. Selby was gazing into the face of her husband with something like apprehension in her eyes. Kerrigan and Thorpe, too, were looking not at her, the triumphant victress, but at Selby.

"You were off your game, Joe," said Thorpe.

Joe Selby turned on him a little savagely; and his black glance included Kerrigan.

"Alice can beat me any time," he said. "I'm going for a dip."

With its regular magic the car slid forward. Selby as he mounted into the tonneau made no gesture of invitation. The cloud of embarrassment settled on the group again. Alice, keeping a malicious silence, felt friendliness in the eyes only of the Carrutherses. Indeed Mrs. Carruthers seemed to be keeping down some pleasant emotion which threatened at any moment to draw up the corners of her mouth. Thorpe broke the silence; back of his cordial, jesting tone Alice felt that she read hollow insincerity.

"Kerry, we might as well settle that dispute in singles."

"I think I'll go up to the house for a tub, if no one minds," said Alice.

No one seemed to mind. Her back on the group, she could smile now; but her eyes were hard. Presently as she strode along swinging her racket, they softened. She was thinking of his answer to Thorpe, with its reluctant gallantry.

"His heart's still sound at any rate," she said to herself.

Selby was coming up the stone steps between the border of Italian evergreen shrubs as Alice, cool and fresh in white muslin, strolled out on the terrace. Evidently he had not taken the dip he promised himself—that had been merely an excuse to get away—for his hair was still matted with the perspiration of his four hard sets. His eyes met hers with a curious expression. Was it surly? Then he came up, half seated himself on the stone coping and faced her where she stood. She read the expression now. It was surly—the surliness of a bad little boy who is going to apologize. She found herself stifling a hysterical laugh.

"I'm sorry, Alice," he said, "I think I lost my temper—cut up a little rough—made an exhibition of myself."

Alice herself looked a little shamefaced.

"I was playing better than I could," she said; "and then, I was somewhat irritating—deliberately."

"Deliberately?" he asked. And Alice found herself answering with a question that brought the whole matter to a head.

"Joe, how long is it since you have been beaten at anything?"

"Beaten at anything?" he repeated; and the surly look in his eyes gave place to wonder, and then to reflection.

"A good while," he said finally, and as though reluctantly; "a good while."

Then two surges of red seemed to start from his throat and his temples, to meet in his cheeks. He dropped his eyes.

Alice felt afterward that he could not have done it if he had stood as he normally did, towering above her, with that bulk and stature which had so allured and bedeviled her when she was a young girl at the Springs. But there he sat looking up at her as a little, naughty boy looks up at a schoolmistress or at his mother. That tender patronage for the childishness of man which is an attribute to the divine motherliness of woman—it rose up in her, seemed to control her and her words.

"Joe," she said, "I want to sketch your life for you; you'll see why before I finish. You were born with everything. Your father gave you the business—a big, big fortune. You were wonderful at games—you were such a stalwart, alive, bonny boy! I don't wonder all us girls were crazy over you. I was myself. That's over long, long ago," she added hastily, "or I shouldn't be talking to you as I am now. You see life has changed me much more than it has you, Joe, and you're still bonny. You married the most beautiful woman in New York society. I've been watching her. She's so beautiful that it makes me want to cry—and wonderful as a wife. You don't half understand, I suppose, how smoothly this establishment runs. It takes a woman to see that, you know.

"Then you came out into the world. Everything you wanted—luxuries and decent pleasures and success and affection and admiration—they all came without your turning your hand. I was thinking of your life and mine last night after I went to bed. You know what happened to my people I don't have to go over that. I could have been taken up by one of mother's old friends and become a parasite until someone had the charity to marry me. But I went to work. I studied law on the few pennies we had left—and then at night school—until I got enough to do what I wanted to do. Now I'm head clerk in a law office, and I'm at least good enough for other firms to want to get me away. I don't like to think of those early years. After that I was too busy to stop to think whether I was happy—so I must have been! And in the past year I've been very definitely happy. This sounds ridiculous but I wondered if I hadn't been the success of us two after all? Because, Joe, I don't believe that since you left college—certainly not since your father left you the Selby works—you've ever been put up against a fair fight in anything. That's why I played clean beyond myself to-day, if you want to know. I was showing you up—to yourself."

The blush had died out of Joe Selby's cheeks by now; it was giving place to a pallor; but he still looked down at his feet.

"You mean ——" he began; and his cheeks went still more pale.

"I'm talking strangely for a casual week-end guest," said Alice. "However, I'm leaving this afternoon, and your world doesn't touch mine any more. All the rules seem off in this game anyhow. I mean that young Mr. Kerrigan, for example, could beat me at tennis with a handicap of fifteen, and one hand tied."

The blush returned to Selby's cheek.

"There, that's out," said Alice, "and I've eliminated myself from the party, even if I weren't going anyhow. Rightly and I don't care. I've gone too far not to say everything. There's what I call the kingly temperament. I've seen it once or twice before. It comes from having everything until a man begins to expect everything as his right. When the people around him see that—well, the king must win; not only at foolish little games but at everything. They have to. It's the only way to get along with him; they're all dependent on him in one way or another, you know. Then comes the stage when his whole life is his pleasures. Then there's a last stage."

She paused here and looked down at his face; she had been talking with her gaze over his head. He shifted his position uneasily, but made no move to speak or to meet her eyes.

"Probably this is the hardest thing I have to say—but that doesn't matter. Yesterday—when you beat Mr. Thorpe swimming—I saw your face. And the last stage was in it—cruelty. You're not cruel yet, Joe—but it will come."

She paused again, longer. Finally he looked up with eyes boyishly sheepish.

"Go on," he said.

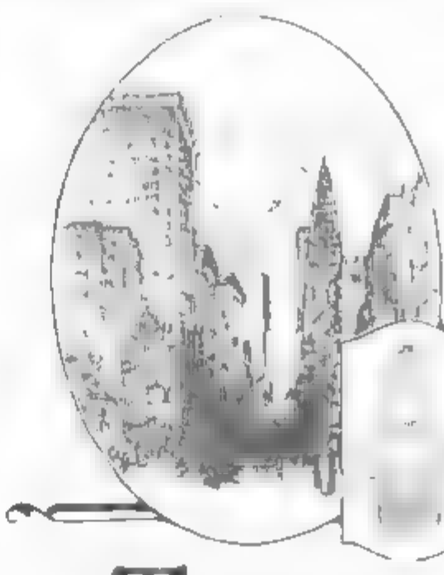
"I will go on," she replied. And then she added unaccountably, "Here's where I lose a good job. Joe, you held a business conference last night. Did you determine to give up the Patterson works?"

Now his glance stabbed her face. His expression of dominance flashed on for a second; and it was tinged with suspicion.

"What do you know about the Patterson works?" he asked sharply.

"I'll come to that before I finish," she said. "Your father worked out that by-product in overalls with his chemists and mechanics. He knew that it wouldn't pay for some years, but that it could break even for a while, and then the demand would come and you'd have—another fortune perhaps. Of course the Patterson works haven't been paying. It's easy for an interested person to make a factory like that run behind when the owner does business at his country place or on his yacht. How long has it been since ——"

Here Selby stopped her momentarily with an outward gesture not of command or impatience but rather of appeal. But he



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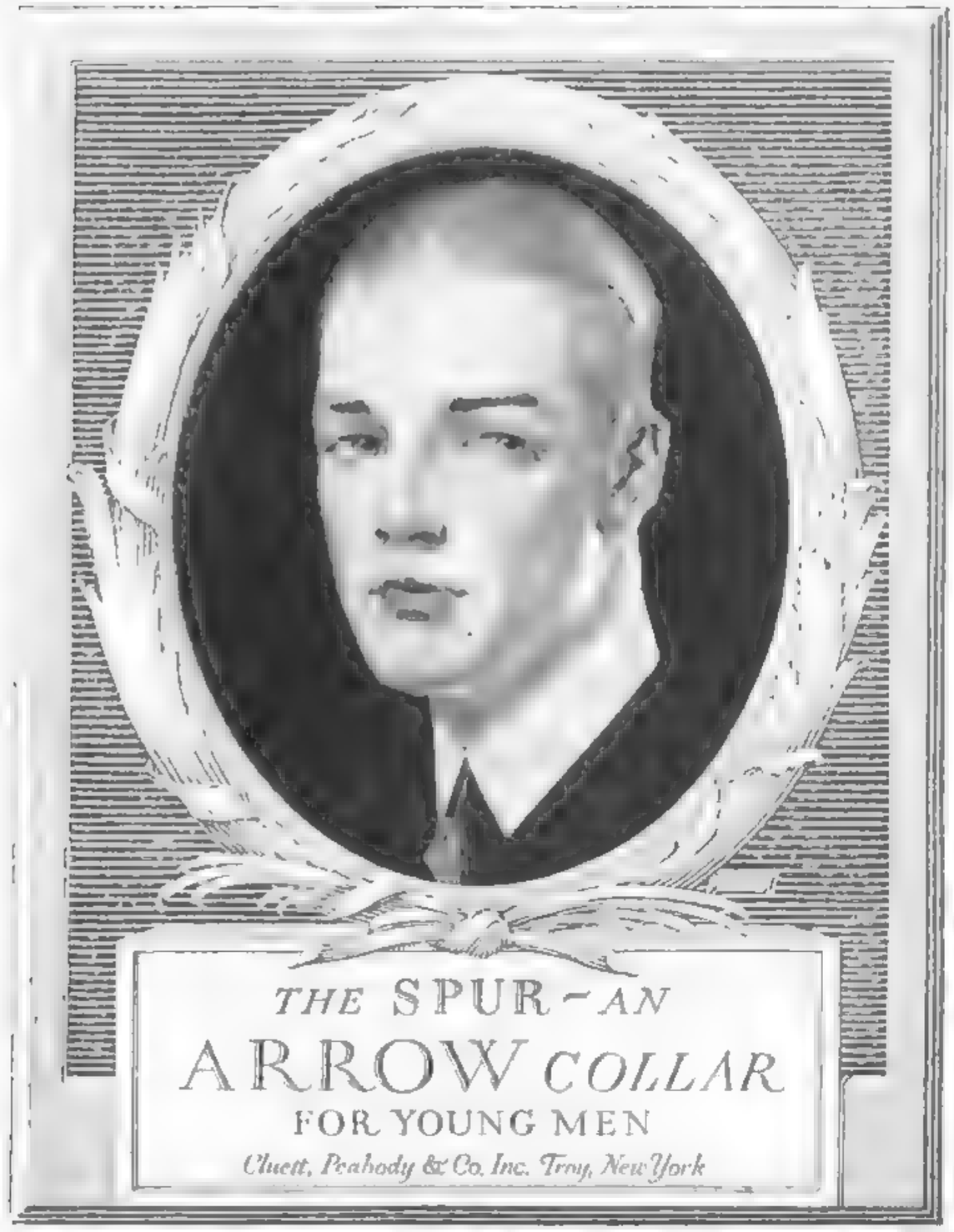

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did not speak; only lifted his face and looked her level in the eye.

"Joe," she continued, "I don't suppose it matters in the eternal scheme of things whether or not a rich man gets richer. But do you know who the minority stockholders are? They're those same mechanics and chemists who worked out the process with your father. They've been holding on—staying by the plant—some of them in the face of better offers—because it's their one big chance. But that will go glimmering for your camp in Canada. You'll visit it once or twice, I suppose. And, Joe"—her tone grew a little sharp—"have you looked into the purchasers? Have you found who's really behind those dummies?"

Expression played across his face, broke into a look of full realization.

"Yes," she said quietly; "exactly. Now I'll tell you why I know—and why I've guessed what I don't know. In private life I'm head clerk for your lawyers, Hard & Hard."

Here his expression stiffened; but she stopped speech with a gesture.

"You were going to ask who sent me here," she said. "Before heaven, this is all accidental. I took the whim to accept Mrs. Carruthers' invitation before I realized their place was next to yours—and that we'd be coming over here. What a lawyer's office doesn't know about the affairs of its star client isn't worth knowing I'm doing this on my own. It isn't playing the game either. That's why I'll be giving up the job when I go back. I don't have to worry; I have plenty of other places open. Besides, next winter I shall probably marry You've twice passed my desk in the office, and Mr. Thorpe a dozen times. But a business woman in her party clothes is disguised; men never recognize her, in my experience."

She dropped her shoulders as though relieved of a burden.

"I shall be indisposed at luncheon time. Good-by," she said, and turned and walked away.

She had reached the door before the voice of Selby came, low and husky: "Alice!"

She turned.

"I don't believe," said Selby slowly, "that it will be necessary to leave Hard & Hard—on account of me."

"Thank you, Joe," she replied, "but it's a matter of my private honor." And she was gone.

Selby's valet had been waiting at the foot of the terrace, a respectful distance out of earshot.

"Watkins!" called his master from above. "Find Mr. Thorpe and Mr. Kerrigan. Tell them I want to see them in the library—at once!"

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE PROVINCES

(Continued from Page 16)

In a controversy between a theorist and a practical man the theorist has the better of it; he may be so kind, so noble and forward-looking, while often the practical man must be brutal.

I should be willing to enlist as a soldier to prevent a change in this country from a republic to a monarchy; but it is nevertheless true that citizens of a republic must pay intelligent attention to their rights, or their rights will be ruthlessly violated.

What we need is everybody to behave a little better; reform in a few spots won't help much.

I am often astonished at the number of clever people now living; probably we have twenty to one, as compared with a hundred years ago. And as we know better, we should do better.

The majority is seldom fair in its methods; usually it takes more than is coming to it, and is finally compelled to give it back.

The people laugh at many things in private, laughter at them in public being prohibited.

For many years the bulk of men have been brothers-in-law to the church, and let their wives manage the family spiritual affairs. Now the men are turning their patriotism over to the newspapers and statesmen.

The champion heavyweight who can whip any other man cannot entirely get rid of a swagger. Rich men, popular actors and authors, and the particularly gifted and handsome, hate to have the people paw over them. How much more must kings and presidents dislike it!

People seem to be content with bad government so long as it is democratic.

A recent commission in the course of its investigations found a man with a wife and three children who was saving money on eight hundred dollars a year. I wish to enter a prediction: That man will finally amount to something.

If you wish to be good, God be with you. But the first principle in accomplishing real good is to do it quietly, and not push others around or force them by means of threats to perform tasks they do not believe are necessary.

My pet abomination is the man who claims to take a deeper view of life, and see the meaning of things more clearly than the rest of us. The big talk about little propositions is the dread of everyone compelled to associate much with the people.

I read in the papers recently of a boy able to do more work on a linotype than any other employe of printing offices, with possibly three exceptions. Probably this boy is already earning ten dollars a day. He is only sixteen years old, but the Associated Press has found him, and is looking for you.

A stream of talk pours in one ear and out the other, but you must consider it or risk missing something of value. The whale strains a lot of worthless sea water for its food, but it is fed.

There never was a man who cared to make fun of a worthy woman. The only talk about good women among men is praise.

Business has become so strenuous in modern times that every day a man engages in a prize fight for the championship. Win or lose, he must stand punishment; if he wins, a search at once begins for a man strong enough to pound him into insensibility. I never worsted an opponent that another did not promptly take his place; and people were always hoping I would get a blow that would lay me out.

If I have a call to make at a big business establishment I should rather meet the head of the house than the porter; the head man will be more polite than the porter. And you can't find in all this vast country a porter who is a better man, taking everything into consideration, than the head of the house for which he works.

There is prejudice against a certain class of men because they do not take advantage of industry, education and thrift; and ever greater prejudice against another class because they do take advantage of these things. Public sentiment does not seem to be consistent.

A sensational preacher in New York is trying to prove that a business man cannot be honest and succeed. The truth is, of course, a business man cannot succeed unless he is honest.

In my time I have known hundreds of capable business men to fail because they were naturally tricky, and could not overcome the disposition. On the other hand, I have known thousands of men of small ability to succeed because they established a reputation for reliability.

So long as people have money flattery will be handed out with the change.

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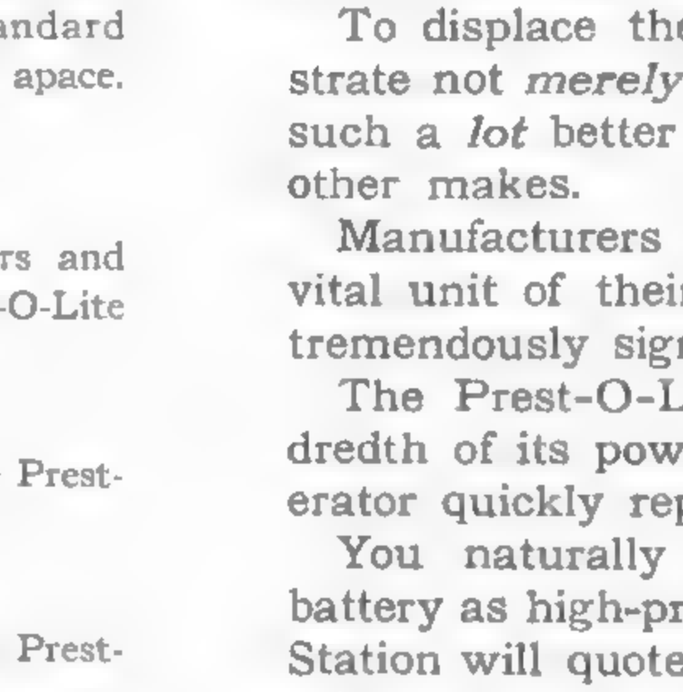

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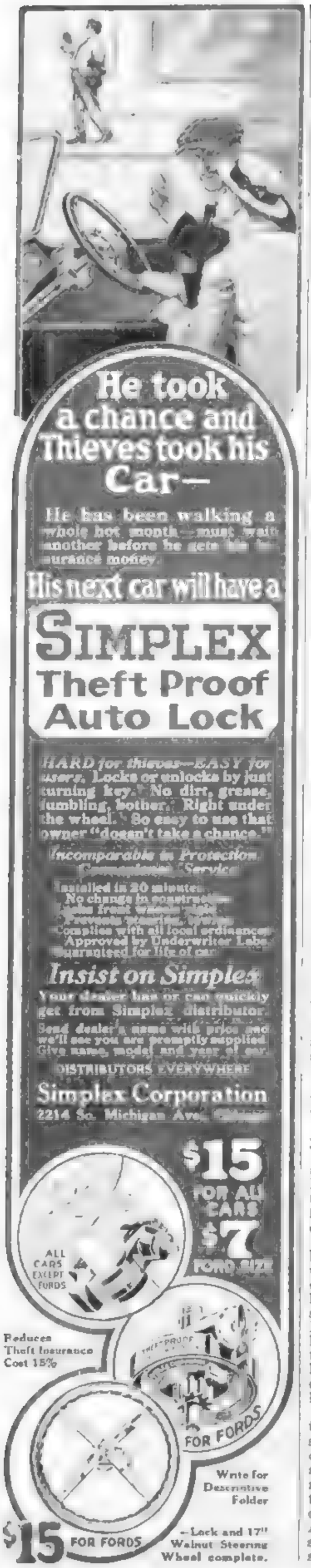
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THE MAKING OF A PATRIOT

(Continued from Page 15)

as an enemy or a friend—a most distinct personality. He was handsomer than he had ever been.

For six years he cleared and planned and built and sowed, and at length he could look out over an increasing sea of timothy and alfalfa, over paneled fences, just and well proportioned, over shimmering irrigation ditches and running laterals. To his original one hundred and sixty acres he had added in various ways many more, so that his holdings were large for a frontier country, and at the point where the bickering little stream ran into the river he had built his shining house of logs. Surely the Lord had been good to him and he could say, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." And he did say it—silently; having the ironic lips and the simple heart of his race. Every winter he had gone to California for a month to see his mother and father, but this winter he felt that he could afford a longer holiday; that he could go back to Baltimore and taste again the ten-year-forgotten fleshpots of that kindly city.

It was a very light-hearted and eager-to-be-amused David, therefore, that five weeks later got off the train at the Union Station. At four o'clock that same afternoon he came across Antoinette.

She was sitting by herself in the bow window of a country club, half turned away, her chin in her hand, staring out at the twilight verdure of a golf course not yet seared by the frost. In front of her was a little table with used tea things upon it. When David stooped over her she started as if a ghost had spoken, and slowly turned her head. They looked at each other with the appraising eyes of long absence. She had not changed much; her face had achieved more mobility, more humor; but her hair was still a luminous shadow and her eyes were equally big and her lips were still as red as he had remembered them.

"Were you going to look me up right away or was this purely accidental?"

"Do you think I'd interest you? I'm—I've been away so long. I'm feeling rather lost, you know."

She looked at him searchingly in the gathering darkness.

"You're not much cleverer than you used to be, are you?" she sighed.

She took him home in her car.

"Why aren't you married?" he asked.

"You wouldn't understand if I told you," she retorted with a little edge to her voice.

In April, David made plans to go West again. A night or two before he left he dined with Antoinette at her place in the Green Spring Valley. After dinner they sat before a log fire in the library.

"It's rather like ten years ago, isn't it?" said David.

"No," said Antoinette decisively; "at least it's not going to be." She leaned over and seized his hand. "Oh, David, David!" she said. "Stupid David! Why don't you tell me you love me? You do, don't you?"

He was startled by the swiftness with which his unaccustomed arms took a woman into them.

"But," he stammered, "I—I can't ask you to go West; and I'd—I'd die here."

She laughed without looking up. "I've always wanted to go West," she said; "but I've never been grown up enough until now to tell you so. And, oh, my dear, only a fool woman marries a man for his residence."

It occurred to David afterwards, when he got back to his ranch, that it was this which had been lacking to make full his cup of happiness. He realized now what it had been in the past that had troubled secretly even his most contented moments. In the growing length of the June twilights he sat upon his porch with Antoinette and thought about her. He wondered if there had ever been a woman just like her. He doubted it—by day so golden; by night kindly as a silver dream.

Their second ride together he took her to the most secret place of his heart—the most secret, that is, until she had come to make one even more secret—two little lakes set among the foothills. He had never taken anyone there before; he was as jealous of this sanctuary as a man is of his glimpses of eternity. He was even a trifle afraid lest Antoinette should find possibly not quite such a crescendo of beauty as he had himself. Not that he doubted her, but it was more than one could expect that in everything he and she should see completely eye to eye. You crossed an open sagebrush cattle range and came to the amber shadows of the forest, and went up along a height of land, through the aisles of the pines, and through mountain meadows knee-deep in grass and, later on, purple with lupine, until suddenly you came out on a small plateau and looked down upon the still sapphire of a lake, in which a single snow peak reflected itself. But this was not all, for a hundred yards to the right, invisible through the encircling trees, was another lake even more lovely and remote.

"I knew you would feel the way I did," said David after a while contentedly. He got off his horse and walked over to Antoinette. "You're just right. I'm glad you said nothing; I was watching your eyes."

She leaned over and stroked his hair.

"By thunder, I'm a lucky man!" said David, burying his head on her knee.

After a while he looked up. "It's hard to tell you," he said, "just what these lakes mean to me. I always come here when I'm lonely or dissatisfied or discouraged. They seem somehow to be God having his own way, unhampered by either Nature or man. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Antoinette gently; "I understand."

They rode home through the twilight, richly quiet with a contentment deeper than the source of ecstasy.

Shortly after this Mr. Steffens made his first appearance. Mr. Steffens was a meager, dry man, with a cold eye and an uneasy, ingratiating smile, rather like a soiled folded newspaper upon which has been scribbled a number of unintelligible business symbols. He got out of a small car, accompanied by a younger man who carried a surveyor's tripod.

"Could you put us up for a week or so?" he inquired.

David had the ready hospitality of the West. "Certainly!" He asked no questions, but Mr. Steffens volunteered information.

"I'm field manager for J. S. Lord & Co.," he announced in his crackling voice; "and this is Mr. Kronkheit, one of their civil engineers. J. S. and a party will be along in a day or so. Could you put them up too?"

"Certainly!" repeated David with equal readiness.

Nor was he aware of the purpose of the pilgrimage until four days later. Then, when his sickened and unwilling mind had been convinced, he walked in upon Lord and his five immediate companions, and Steffens and Kronkheit, as they were basking after dinner before his ample fireplace.

"Gentlemen ——" he began.

Lord turned his large, clean-shaved, small-eyed face in the direction of the voice and allowed his bowed pursy lips to part in the smile with which he patronized all those who were not what he called his business equals.

"Well, Mr. Alyward?"

David strode over to the fireplace and stood with his back to it, so that he could encompass the entire group with his eyes.

"I'm not going to talk sentiment to you," he said, "because you wouldn't understand what sentiment was; I'm not going to mention the fact that this ranch represents my sweat and my blood and my dreams—you might laugh at me; I'm merely going to talk common sense. You propose to dam Moon and Cougar Lakes for the purpose of watering the ten thousand or so acres of cattle range north of here, upon which I now run my stock. Any overflow water you will take down the river to the project you already have in operation a hundred miles south of here. To do this you will not only utterly and forever ruin the two lakes in question but you will take away the source of my livelihood. Good! But you know and I know that for all this destruction you'll get in return not one hundred acres of land worth farming. However, you are practical business men and have a plan in view. Certainly! You'll sell this land—the water rights, I mean—to other men, who know no more about farming than my wife; to mechanics and immigrants who have saved up the wages of a lifetime so that they might end their days on a little place of their own. You'll lie to them, in other words; you'll lie to them about the most fundamental thing there is next to a man's family, and that is

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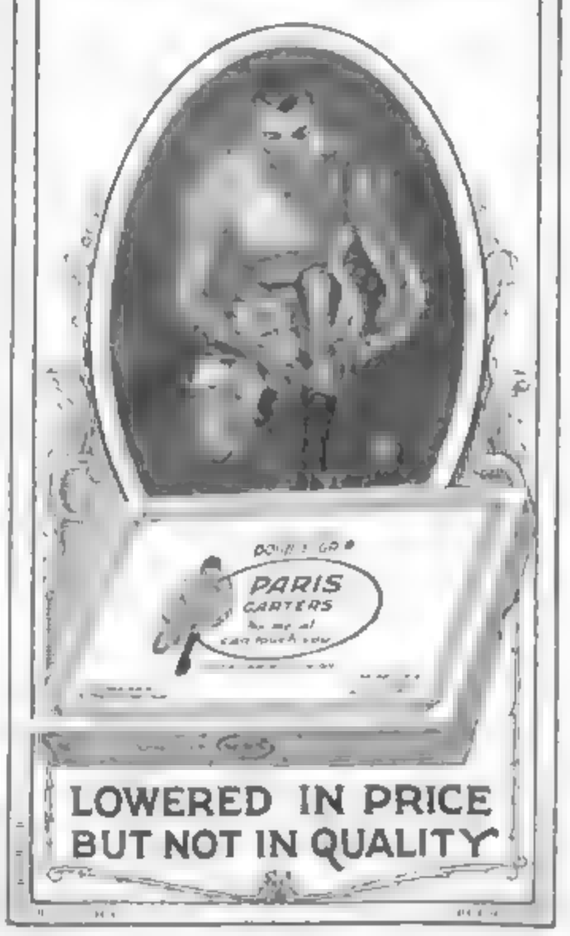

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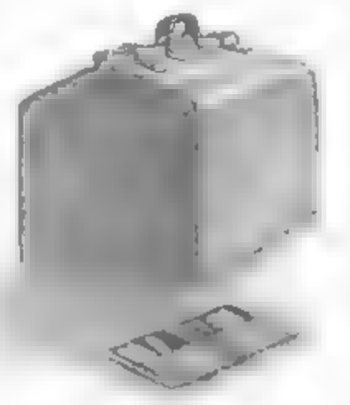

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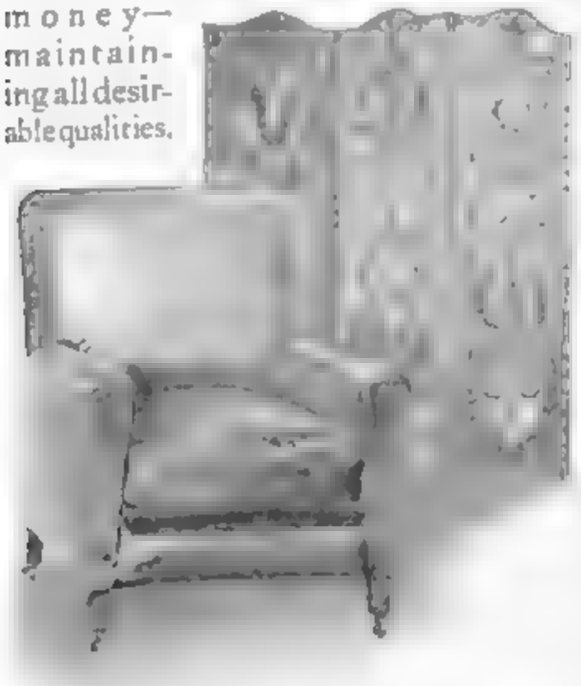

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his vision of a home. You'll get them out here—run them in by night if necessary—and when, after a year or so, they know you've lied and all their savings have been spent in first payments, you'll get the land back and repeat the process; until at length, the vicious circle complete, you'll sell back to me and the other cattlemen at a fancy price the ruined range that was once ours for the asking. Meanwhile, your wives can't understand why the price of meat is high. You've got a rotten scheme, and you know it. It's men like you who have spoiled the reputation of the West. It's men like you who hurt all the necessary and far-visioned irrigation schemes that real men want to put into operation." He spread out his arms. "I'm too much of a farmer," he said, "to stand in the way of decent development; but with thousands of acres of real land only needing water; with Western farmers needing all the money and moral support they can get; with the East scarred with abandoned farms only needing intelligent farming ——"

He interrupted himself. "Of course," he continued, "it has never occurred to you that you aren't even farsighted business men. At its lowest valuation beauty is as negotiable as a bond. Ask Switzerland or Canada. A few years from now, if they're left alone, thousands of people will be paying money to see these lakes. There isn't a ruined loveliness in the United States that doesn't represent a business error; there isn't a lake turned into a mud puddle where the dam couldn't have been put farther down, where it would have caused no harm. But that would cost more money, and so long as you can make a greasy dollar or two, or get the Government to give you something for nothing, what do you care? You're fools, gentlemen, and dishonest ones at that. Meanwhile, I won't argue with you further. You're my guests. Make yourselves at home. You mustn't mind, however, if you don't see much of me. If I want to consort with gamblers I'll choose tin horns; they at least give their victims a chance."

He turned on his heel and left the room.

Subsequently he was rather inclined to laugh at this outburst on his part. Thinking it over he remembered that he had lived for ten years now in an atmosphere of wildcat irrigation schemes; he knew the virulence of gossip concerning them; the solemn inspection of engineer and promoter that usually in the end amounted to nothing; the almost invariable petering out. This project would go the way of others. It was so manifestly absurd that even Lord eventually would see the absurdity. He filed a letter of protest with his senator and for the time being let the controversy rest where it was. Before long he and all like him were to find themselves occupied with sterner matters: That April America entered the war.

Word came up the valley on the melting snows; grimly jubilant, overladen with rumor. "Well, we're in! We're in!" "I voted for him last fall because he'd kept us out, but if he says so I'm with him!" Only here and there, on scattered ranches, a few Civil War veterans shook their heads like aged brooding eagles. They knew what all this meant; they had heard before the flapping of this black-winged thing.

It was a day in June that decided David; a day in June and an afternoon spent by his lakes. Heretofore he had been troubled, but he had put his doubts behind him. For a while at least this affair was not vitally his. He was thirty-four, he had a wife, he was head of a necessary business that just then, more than ever, needed his direction. Moreover, he had never had an opportunity, as had most men of his age, of going to a preliminary training camp. There were thousands of young unhampered recruits; conscription had entirely changed the emphasis.

But then, as I say, there came that day in June; a warm day, and an afternoon tender and thoughtful and intimate.

David lay in the grass upon the little plateau. There was no sound except the soft cropping of his horse near by and the faint rustling of the wind. Below him the valley lay shimmering in its early summer greenness. Suddenly David got to his feet and threw back his head and stared at the mountains. There had come up the valley to him the scent of fields and of river trees and the drowsy odor of pines, and a vision of the ranch that he had carved from the wilderness with his own hands had assailed him. There was not the slightest chance that an enemy foot would ever trample these acres, but he understood clearly now for the first time how many other men in the world there must be who felt as he did and whose hearts even then were being blurred with the agony of brute intrusion. Two things were beyond all possibility of bearing—that, helpless, you should see insulted the woman you loved; that, unable to resist, you should have in your home a guest who came by force.

David stood immovable for perhaps an hour. The long shadows began to creep across the waters of the lake and fill the hollows of the hills with mystery. Finally he got on his horse and rode back to his ranch. The next day he enlisted in the infantry company that was waiting to be joined up with its regiment.

David did not like war; he liked it even less than most of his companions. He lost his own division and regretted the kindly if not altogether military Western officers, who were replaced by indurate crop-headed youths. He never quite got over the idea that he was a bad Boy Scout being trained to kill other Boy Scouts. Drilling seemed a ludicrous occupation for grown-up men. He was constantly surprised at the seriousness with which gray-headed colonels and generals took their tasks. He rather expected the whole encampment to burst into shouts of simultaneous understanding laughter at some crucial moment. But the American, save for the enlisted man—overamused and underunderstood—seemed to have lost his national sense of humor, which never had existed, anyhow, once you got away from the cow-puncher and the mechanic. This apparently was not so with the French or the English.

Even when he got to France, David wasn't much better pleased, although, being an efficient soldier, he was now a sergeant and later on got his commission. At the front, where he found himself in a month or so, his sense of a sardonic interlude, if anything, increased. This sort of thing was no treat to a man who had had to shoot for his food for years and who spent most of his life out of doors. It was only by a conscious effort—except, of course, during the actual fighting, and then you became really angry—that he kept his mood up to battle pitch.

But even when he had accomplished his purpose his desire was not so much to kill some receding-foreheaded German private as to step upon, with one splendid final crunch, the emperors and the politicians who had made such horror possible. Squash! Like killing beetles!

And yet, ranged with this intuition of unreality, went a very somber hidden passion; the bitterness of the peaceable man who finds his quiet disturbed by some incarnadine murderous buffoon; the cold intention of the democrat who, having all his life trained himself in exactly the opposite direction, wishing for nothing so little in the world, suddenly finds himself a soldier. And with him always, as the foundation of his hold on life and of his willingness to die, went, of course, the initial impulse that had brought him where he was—the thought of a valley and of a ranch and of a warm day in June.

This matter of patriotism was a queer thing. David turned it over in his mind and was amused at what he found there. He was completely provincial. Honestly—if you told yourself the truth—you weren't so greatly concerned about the rest of the country, were you? Washington was different; that was a focus, a symbol, an idea in stone and mortar; but the possible fate of New York caused him no sleeplessness; and as for Philadelphia, the Germans could have it, if they removed it painlessly, with all the inhabitants out of it, and cleaned it up a little—added a beer garden or two. It was only when he thought of his own particular corner of the world that his heart tightened as if a fiddle string had been drawn tight.

What was it that Kipling had said? Oh, yes!

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all.

Well, that was true! There was no use talking to the average man about altruism, or making the world safe for democracy, or so on; he was interested in facts, not phrases; the fact that he lived in a certain street, loved a certain woman, dwelt in a certain house. Men fought for Sussex or New Hampshire, for London or New York. David was sorry for the Americans—and

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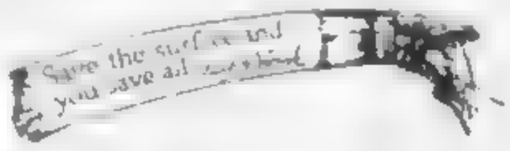

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that was the most of them—whose restlessness had made them only partially amenable to this essential compulsion; who saw in their land only a source of profit, not a source of tenderness. Men should be like trees, deep-rooted. Seeing something of the British later on, he recognized how deeply the love of place permeated their national consciousness; how it had molded their history; made them, despite stupidity, unconquerable. A little church somewhere, showing above hedges; a field; a cliff; a tranquil sun-shot river; an old room; lawns with elm trees taking the breeze. He was glad that he had had Princeton in his youth and Wyoming in his present.

He was wounded in the September fighting, badly, and was sent back to a hospital, from which he did not sail for the United States for many months after the armistice. Once back, he was held at another hospital, near New York, where Antoinette joined him, while his battered arm was being treated.

So it was not until late August of the following summer that he set foot once more upon a westbound train.

"Everything all right out there?" he asked Antoinette. He had asked her that a couple of hundred times before.

"Quite all right."

He grinned. "O good Lord! To get into an old flannel shirt again and a pair of chaps! The first ride we take we'll ride up to the lakes. I need them."

"Yes," said Antoinette, and caught her breath.

He could not understand later on why she was so uneager for the expedition, or why, when they finally set forth, she insisted upon taking, not the old trail, but a new way straight through the timber. As they were leaving the ranch gates Steffens came up the road in a dusty car.

"I would like to stay with you two or three days," he said.

"Sure!" agreed David, with the warmth of the returned wanderer towards anything he had known before.

"You must have had a wonderfully interesting experience."

David's lips twisted slightly. "Splendid!" he retorted. "Perfectly splendid! Only I didn't get quite as much time for the art galleries as usual.

"He's not such a bad fellow," he said as he rode on.

He and Antoinette came to the height of land about mid-afternoon. She had been unusually silent. David was a trifle hurt. He raised his head from a contemplation of his horse's mane.

"What's that smell of mud?" he asked suddenly.

"I don't know," said Antoinette.

A few yards farther on they came out of the forest on the plateau which looked down upon the larger of the lakes. David reined in his horse.

"But ——" he began. "But ——"

Then he slid from his saddle and, upright beside his horse, stared.

From the mud flats surrounding the lake, where what had been stately timber was now the desolation of standing death, a heron, gray as the trunks of the destroyed trees, rose somberly on creaking wings.

David heard Antoinette crying beside him. "Oh," she sobbed, "I couldn't tell you! I tried to write you, but I couldn't."

"That's all right," he said calmly. The back of his neck was cold with a curious little wind that stirred the short hairs. He remounted and touched his horse with his spurs. "Let's hurry," he suggested.

At the ranch he took off his saddle and bridle deliberately and slipped his chaps from his legs with precise slowness; then he went up to the house. Steffens was reading a newspaper in the sitting room.

"Would you mind coming into my office?" said David gently.

Once there, he turned the key in the lock. "Have a smoke, Steffens?" he asked.

"No, thanks."

"Well, I'll roll myself one if you don't mind. Take a chair." He sat on the edge of a desk and smiled down at his visitor. "Sort of put one over on me, didn't you?" he asked.

Steffens grinned uneasily. "You mean er—the lakes?"

"Yes. I congratulate you on getting so much done in wartime."

"That? Oh, that's only a temporary dam. Still, we did get a lot accomplished. We hope to get really started next summer."

"I only wish," said David thoughtfully and as if he was talking to himself, "you hadn't done it just when I was away." He raised his head. "What's the idea, Steffens?" he asked. "Think it a good business scheme?"

Steffens was on his own ground. "Now that the war is over," he said easily, "there'll be a rush back to the land."

"Any kind of land?"

Steffens was not quite so assured. "That's every man's own lookout," he said. "We're not running an orphanage."

"No," said David, "you're not. But I dare say you realize that every near-crooked water project eventually hurts every decent one, don't you?"

"I'm not a statesman," said Steffens coldly.

"No; that's right too. But we've got a big country and in order to run it decently everybody has to think a little bit of everybody else. You're not a philanthropist, and you're not a statesman. What are you, Steffens?"

"Well—er ——" Into Steffens' colorless eyes was beginning to creep the look of sly fear of the man who believes he is finding, in what had seemed an ordinary citizen, maniacal tendencies. "I'm—er—I'm a business man," he added hastily.

"Oh, are you?" said David with an interested smile. "Then, let me tell you something for your own benefit; if you are, you're a rotten one, for dirty business is bad business, and all good business men know it." He suddenly became sober again. "Well, never mind!" he said gravely. "How old are you, Steffens? Thirty-three?"

"Thirty-four."

"Married?"

"No."

"You didn't go to the war, did you?"

"Well, I was busy, you see; and ——"

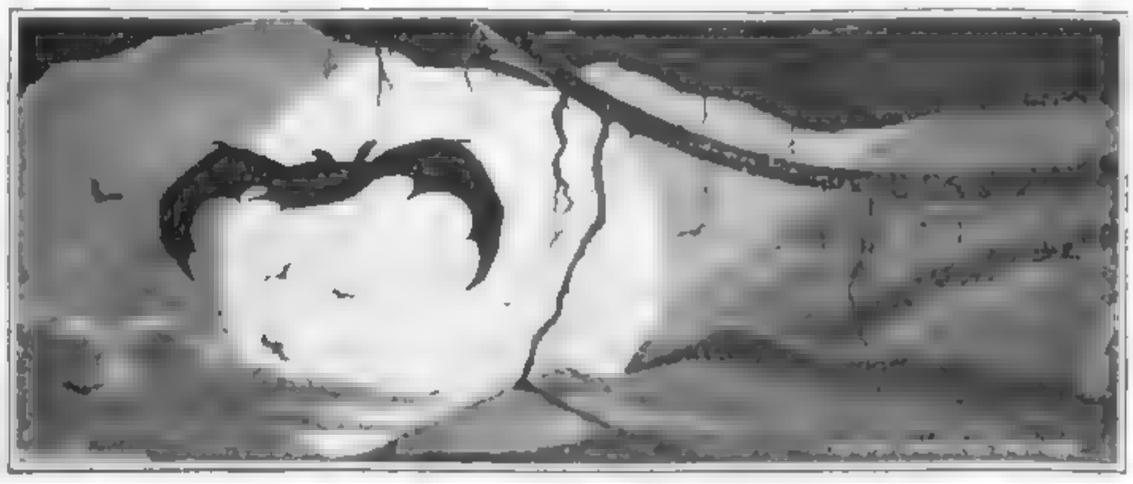
"Yes, I see," David interrupted him. "And you've never hurt yourself very much, have you—that is, you've never led a comparatively dangerous life, such as being a cow-puncher, or a miner, or a soldier, or anything like that? No, I thought not." He suddenly got down from the desk. "Well, then, Steffens," he said, "I'm going to make up to you for all you have missed. Take off your coat!"

Twenty minutes later David came out of the room and found Antoinette leaning wide-eyed against the separating wall.

"There's a man in there," he said curtly, "who needs hot water."

"Oh, what have you done?" she wailed. "What have you done?"

"Nothing!" David laughed shortly. "I've just sold my ranch to Mr. Steffens' syndicate. He knows that if they don't buy it at my figure I'll follow him around the world and thrash him every time I catch up to him, even if he has the whole police force of New York for protection." He reached over and grasped her arm unsteadily. "I'm going East," he said. "I'm going East. I'm not going ever again to own a foot of land for a man to tramp out my heart in. I'm going to be like other Americans."



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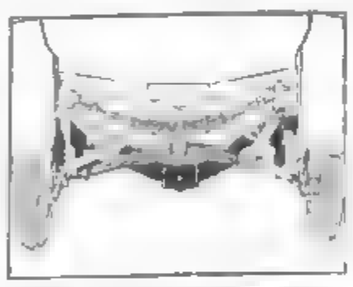

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HITTIN' THE GRIT

(Continued from Page 9)

sleep at the hotel, or bunk in vans specially constructed for that purpose. It ain't so bad where you have good roads an' the weather is clear. But boy, boy! It's one awful grind when you have to go against a cold sleety rain in the fall over roads full of ruts an' washouts.

"I know all about that; I served my apprenticeship. My first bed was in the bottom of a hand wagon. I made a bunk as best I could out of the banners for the side show. It was all right when they was dry, but when they got wet I used to lay there an' shiver all night. I often swore I would quit at the next town an' go home. But somehow when the sun came out next mornin' I got the troupin' bug all over again, an' you couldn't have got me into a bedroom with a roof on it unless you was to hog-tie me an' thrown me in.

"Did we have accidents, travelin' in the night, did you ask? That's what we did, brother, many a time. If you meet a wagon show on the road you will notice the hoss hostler ridin' up an' down along the line from one end of it to the other, an' he keeps that up as long as the show is movin'. You wouldn't know what his job is, I suppose. But it's mainly to keep the drivers awake, so he rides up an' down the line, an' whenever he sees a feller noddin' he just warms him a little between the shoulders with a long bull whip he carries. If he didn't do that there'd be many a feller missin' in the mornin', an' there ain't no use goin' back to look for a driver that falls off his seat durin' the night, because like as not every wagon followin' his has rolled over him. Oh, yes, many a poor guy has cashed in between towns an' suns with the wagon show!"

I was just about to put some other question which might leave Mr. Hamlin an opening for a further dissertation on the ways of the wagon show when he pulled the mare up abruptly and pointed to a poster which was pasted to a dead stump from which the bark had fallen.

"Whaddy you know about that?" he ejaculated. "You was wonderin' what a show was doin' up in this God-forsaken country; but here, you see, we have opposition. You wouldn't never guess th' territory was big enough for two shows, would you? Here's the old stuff. Ha-ha!"

MONKO & BRANCO
CIRCUS CHARMING
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ONLY CIRCUS COMING THIS SEASON!

Mr. Hamlin read this announcement slowly, giving his words added emphasis.

"Covered our paper too!" he exclaimed. "A flyin' brigade of pirates! Well, watch me fix him!"

Tricks of the Troupers

He dismounted, drew a flaming three-sheet poster from underneath the seat of the buggy, and after first having mutilated the opposition bill pasted the announcement of his own circus right on top of it.

"Lucky thing I come along," he remarked as he climbed back into the buggy. "You never know when them Judas Iscariots is prowlin' around. I knowed they was comin' up this way, because I read a telegram to them at the other town."

I did not ask how Mr. Hamlin obtained this information, but he volunteered the explanation himself.

"It's a old trick, when there's opposition an' you want to find out somethin' about 'em. All you got to do is to go to the office an' write out a telegram. Sign it with th' name of the other show's agent, an' if there's a message for him in th' office the guy in charge of the local telegraph will look at the name you've signed an' it's ten to one he'll say, 'Oh, Mr. Johnson, we've been holdin' a telegram here for you for two days,' an' he'll take an' pass you over the flimsy of it. Then you'll read it an' say, 'I guess there's a mistake. This ain't for me; it's for some other guy with the same name.' After stallin' a minute you'll say, 'By the way, I guess I won't send that telegram until to-morrow mornin',' an' kiss yourself out. The guy behind the desk don't never fall. He thinks it just happened so that there was two fellers with the same moniker."

"Looks like cutting it a little fine," I remonstrated.

"Everythin' is fair when you're out playin' an opposition show," defended my mentor. "It's as placid as a bowl of milk these days to what it used to be. Why, one time we was playin' day-an'-date opposition with a railroad show, an' we stole a bundle of their advertisin' paper off their Number One Car. We left one of our crew behind, an' the night before their show came in we plastered their paper all over the City Hall. You know, them guys didn't light in that burg! Many a night I've gone out with a trusty hayrake when it was rainin' cats an' dogs an' clawed the opposition banners down until my arms ached. Oh, opposition was real opposition when I joined out as a kid!"

"So you tell me that the wagon shows have changed in a great many ways," I interjected.

"That's what I said," nodded Mr. Hamlin. "But folks don't never know just what started the drift in the first place. An' I suppose you couldn't persuade 'em that if it didn't have official sanction and pertection it wouldn't have gone, anyway.

"When I was a kid 99 per cent of the town officials had to be mitted by the fixer before the show got on the lot. They regarded it as their perquisite, an' levied tribute on every circus just as they would have collected a legitimate tax. If you didn't stand for it, so much the worse for you. They'd trump up a charge against you, anyway, an' have some jack-leg lawyer attach the show before you had the cook tent up. That's mainly the way it all came about. The circus men knowed they had to pay the price in any event, an' if they didn't graft a little they were bound to go broke.

"Some of the wagon shows were run as clean as a hound's tooth, but others followed along the lines of least resistance."

The Lion Racket

"Supposin', for instance," he continued—"supposin' when the fixer went to interview the marshal he found out he had to mitt him a coupla hundred dollars. Well, what's the answer? That might be as much as you'd take in at the front door. Then where would you get off? So most of 'em, as I say, stood for this hold-up an' worked the shells or the soap or anythin' else that separated the suckers from their money. One showman had a great scheme. He'd advertise several days ahead of the comin' of his show that he wanted to buy three or four first-class teams. Naturally the farmers would flock to the town with them, an' if he saw some likely horses he'd buy 'em, all right, an' pay for 'em too. But it's a dollar to a doughnut that the horny-handed one never got home with the money. They'd just send him down along the line, an' if he didn't fall for the shells or the soap racket they'd introduce him to the big blonde who used to tell fortunes. Then if Venus flivvered, like as not they'd start in some kind of a ruction on the lot an' take it away from him anyway in the excitement.

"I seen a farmer once makin' a awful squawk because some of the gang trimmed him for a hundred. That agriculturist lost his money because he bet that the hand wasn't quicker than the eye, an' of course you know the rest. When he lifted the walnut shell, why, the innocent little pea wasn't there a-tall! So he goes to the gov'nor an' makes one horrible howl, an' it looks like as if he was goin' to raise some real trouble. But while he was argufyin' Bobby Cross slipped around an' touched off a big Fourth of July fire cracker underneath his horses. Of course they ran away and must of carried that farmer into the next county, for he never come back.

"One show I was with had a old Wallace lion which was as tame as a tabby cat. Whenever things got too warm and the populace was protestin' unduly we'd just turn him out of the cage. It takes a brave man to hold up his end of a argument when he sees a lion saunterin' toward him sort of casual.

"The lion racket worked fine until we got down into Oklahoma, an' then one day a drunken cowboy rode onto the lot and started to act real scand'lous. We turned ole Julius Caesar out of his cage an' began to holler an' yell that all the animals in the menagerie had broke loose. But we figgured wrong. That caballero was too

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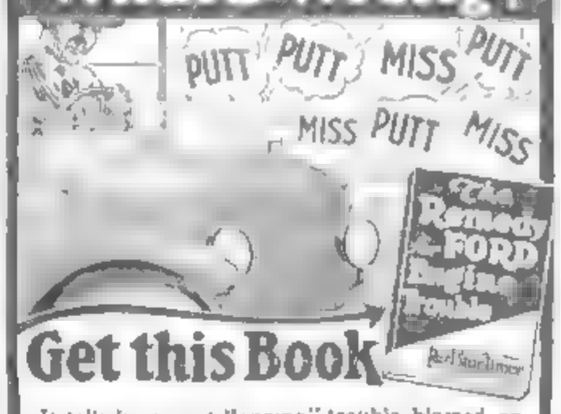

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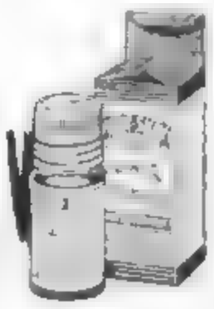

NEWSKIN COMPANY

New York Toronto London

stewed to be scared. He met that poor old lion with a whoop an' a yell, cut loose with his rifle, an' while you could clap your hands he'd [illegible] him around the neck an' one front paw. Then he put spurs to his cayuse and dragged Julius all over the surroundin' territory until there wasn't nothin' left of him but a memory. Yes, sir, that were a valuable lion while he lasted.

"Another good gag that we had was the solid-silver service we used to give away in every town. It were real goods direct from a well-known silversmith an' cost the old man five hundred bucks. We used to raffle it, an' every holder of a reserved seat was entitled to a chance on the service. Them women out in the bushes just eat it up. It was always displayed on a little table right beside the ticket wagon, an' you'd oughter see how they'd examine it an' assure themselves that it was the genuine article. It wasn't anythin' unusual for a woman to buy half a dozen tickets so's she'd have that many chances.

"Well, I needn't tell you that the drawin' was phony. We always had some canvas man planted in the reserves with a front that made him look like a farmer fresh from the fertile fields. When the drawin' come off, why, of course he held the winnin' ticket.

"It were a great frame-up, an' staged to a finish," continued the circus man with evident appreciation of work well done. "Our stunt was to have the mayor's daughter or some prominent kid in town do the drawin', an' the numbers was all shook up in the wheel in plain sight of everybody. Then the little girl was blindfolded, inserted her hand an' drew out a number. She stood entirely by herself an' read it off to the committee in charge. Great stuff, eh?"

"But," objected I, "how did you do that? Supposing she had pulled some number out other than the one you intended."

Mr. Hamlin looked me over with the tolerant expression of one who would excuse the ignorance and shortcomings of a friend.

"That was easy, brother," he vouchsafed. "You see, there was lots of tickets in there, but they all had the same number on them!

"That outfit of domestic jewelry was a winner from the start. The old man told me confidential once that he believed it increased the intake at least a hundred and fifty iron men a day. Things was goin' swimmin' until we got away out in a jerkwater town in North Carolina. The drawin' took place as usual, but when the winnin' number was announced a tall rawboned lady of doubtful years and questionable beauty come forward holding the ducat that entitled her to the prize."

A College Town Clem

"I'll never forget the old man's face when he handed her the tray with all that junk, an' we found out afterward that it was the canvas man's home town, an' this was an old maid he'd been tryin' to marry ever since he got his first pair of red-topped boots. I guess no matter what they say every feller in this world has his price, an' when he found that she had her heart set on winnin' that silver service, why, he was only human, an' his foot slipped. He fell for a frail like a good many wiser guys had before him.

"Oh, yes," sighed Mr. Hamlin, "the game is all different now. Everything goes like clockwork. Why, a clem on the lot is somethin' which circus folks have almost forgotten!"

My countenance evidently showed that I did not sense the meaning of this last reference, because Mr. Hamlin hastened to explain.

"I guess you ain't wise to the clem-on-the-lot idea," he vouchsafed. "Perhaps it's what in your lingo you'd call a fracas or a misunderstanding or a altercation. Well, 'clem' is the word—shorter, better an' more expressive. I mind one time we was all ready to tear down after the night show, an' it looked like as if there was nothin' to do but load up the pole wagon an' head the teams for the next town, when all at once, blooey, she came!

"The town we was playin' boasted of one of them half-baked country colleges, an' the students had come down to see our attraction. Somethin' went wrong. I don't know whether one of them dizzy boys got to monkeyin' with the short cards or drank too much pink lemonade; but, anyways, the audience wasn't hardly out of the big top when down come the canvas right about our ears. Them crazy coots had cut the guy ropes and was gone on the warpath.

"Lemme tell you, brother, that was some scrap! Them disciples from that temple of learning was all huskies an' right within'. No holds were barred, an' Marquess of Queensberry rules was throwed out of th' window before we started. Everything went from a tent stake to a meat ax."

Buccaneering Days

"I guess that argument must 'a' lasted more than a hour. Them pirates throwed the chariots into the creek and turned all the ring stock loose. But the worst thing they did was to kidnap Dolly Devoe, our principal equestrienne. They took her back to the college and locked her in a room. She didn't have nothin' on but her tights and tarlatan shirt. I dunno what would have happened if Dolly hadn't been a pretty wise kid. While they wuz givin' their college yells of triumph an' debatin', I suppose, whether or not they'd burn her at the stake on the campus, she tied a couple of sheets together, busted the sash out of the window an' let herself down hand over hand to the ground.

"Oh, yes," concluded Mr. Hamlin, stretching wearily, "the rest cure wasn't known in them days, an' in th' circus world somethin' was happenin' every minute."

"I suppose you fought shy of that inhospitable town ever after."

"Played it early the next season," chuckled Mr. Haines. "Yes, sir-ree, we come there goin' out in the spring an' made it again comin' home in the fall. But we changed the name of the show. You see, very few of the old shows kept the same monker for two successive seasons. You know what old Bill Shakspere said! 'There's nothin' in a name.' Bill wins by his lonely. All you need is a gallon of red paint an' a brush, an' you don't have to be gifted to any great extent to coin a new name for anything that's on wheels.

"You might call that the buccaneering days of the circus. Everybody thought that we was a lot of vagabonds. Whenever anything happened it was always laid to the circus. Folks didn't know that th' biggest pirates were often the men most looked up to in their home towns. I don't say they all had their price, because, like everything else in this world, some of 'em didn't. But you take the majority of them, an' they was wolves proper. Some cheaper than others, but every one of them with a cramp in his arm from holdin' out his hand for the coin."

We had come to a point at the top of a hill where the roads crossed each other, and Mr. Hamlin cast the eye of experience over his surroundings.

"Guess I'd better leave my trade-mark, so's the boss 'osler will know which way to head 'em for the town we are goin' to play," he explained as he climbed out of the buggy and opened a small sack of flour he had at the back.

He took a small scoop shovel, filled it with flour and made a rude arrow in the mud at the center of the road. It pointed to the right.

"Funny thing to do it with, ain't it?" he volunteered as he resumed his seat. "You might say why didn't I stick in a little flag or somethin', but experience has taught us that flour is really the only thing that lasts. Even if it rains, it sticks all the tighter. They'll find it when they come along."

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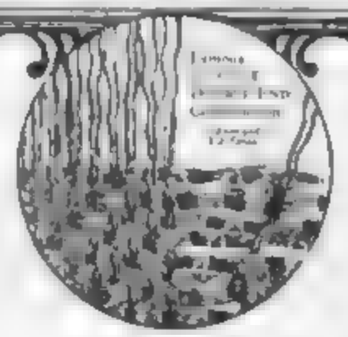

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We drove along in silence for a while, and then Mr. Hamlin again took up his reminiscences:

"I suppose you are wonderin' how many times the undertaker came near to gettin' me. I ain't kept track of 'em, but I do remember the closest call I ever had. We was playin' up around Montana in the minin' district. I forget the name of the town now, but whatever it was, them Dagos and Polaks was kind of opposed to circuses. We was short-handed, an' when we started to pull out I was elected to drive a four-horse team.

"Right at the outskirts of the town we had to pass under a bridge, an' mine was the first wagon off the lot. It was a cage containin' a couple of Bengal tigers. Well, I got under the bridge all right, but when I started to come out on the other side, blooey! Down comes a rock as big as a house!

"Them savages just waited on the bridge with the rock all set an' tipped it over with handspikes when I come along.

"It just missed me by a few inches, but it bust that cage to smithereens an' killed one of the big cats. The other got loose an' it was a week before we rounded it up. At that, it came near clawin' old Charlie Perkins to death. I guess that was about as close a shave as I ever had.

"Still, when you come to think of it, one of our riders was crossin' State Street in Chicago last winter an' got knocked down an' killed by a tin Lizzie. That feller had been all over the world—South America, Mexico, Australia, in railroad wrecks an' floatin' on rafts in the big drink. Still he had to cash in on the main drag of one of the biggest cities in the world, surrounded by what they are pleased to call law-abidin' citizens an' protected by a modern, up-to-date, high-powered, efficient, God-fearin' police force.

"But it's all changed now," concluded Mr. Hamlin as we turned the corner and the town came into sight. "Perhaps it's fer the best that we have more rules an' regulations an' laws an' restrictions. I'm not wise enough to adjudicate on that point, except that most people never grow up. They are like the kid you chastise for tryin' to set the cat on fire, an' he just ducks around the corner, grabs your prize poodle an' tries to choke him to death. But the main thing is, folks has got to be amused."

"Just one thing more and I won't trespass further upon your generosity, Mr. Hamlin," I ventured. "Perhaps it's a foolish question, but for a long time I have been very curious to know if there are any more boys carrying water for the elephants throughout this broad land. Are the little shavers still creeping under the canvas and helping to lead the extra ring stock in the parade, or has the spirit of the times so altered things that homely joys such as these no longer intrigue the youth of our beloved country?"

"It has not," vouchsafed Mr. Hamlin with profound conviction. "It has not. They can knock it all they like, but they'll never make it unpopular with the great masses of the small fry. It ain't changed a lick since you an' me was kids, an' if you ask me, I am goin' to go on record an' tell you that the spirit of the circus will never die."

So there you are! The oracle has spoken, and no matter what pessimists say, the old days of the water bucket and straining juvenile muscles and elephants with an amazing capacity for liquid comfort, and rich reward in the shape of free admission tickets are not gone. Oh, no, my brothers and little sisters!

Away out in what irreverent people are pleased to call the jungles there are still tow-headed boys lying awake half the night so they will be on hand at dawn to greet the hit-the-grit show and bring it into town.

There are still ambitious youngsters whose proudest boast is that they led six separate and distinct ponies down to the creek to water at one and the same time.

Future Presidents are probably at this very moment helping raucous-voiced canvas men to put up the seats while they drink deep at the fountain of knowledge regarding the mysterious ways of the brethren of the restless foot.

There are still localities where a clown is a personage passing in importance the pomp of a plenipotentiary and the equestrienne with her pink tights and blond locks is still a deity. Times such as these have only passed in the imagination of foolish people who have hearkened to the call of the city and hold that the sum of life is a three-room and kitchenette cubby-hole looking out on Riverside Drive.

Best of all, the tribe of Happy Hamlin still lives and prospers. They are with us with their religion of optimistic belief and abiding faith that the next town will always be the best town. Rest assured they are still journeying up and down the country, stoutly maintaining that the jug of joy is full to overflowing, and preserving all the ancient and honorable traditions of sawdust and sentiment.

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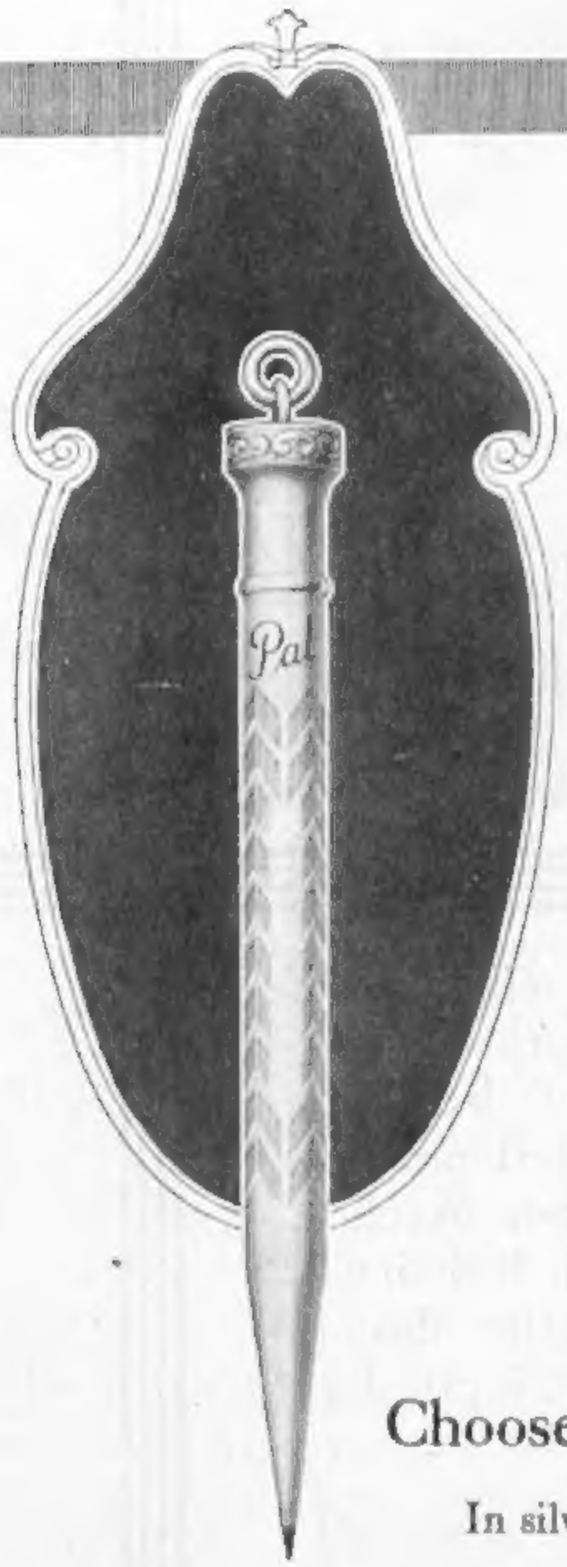

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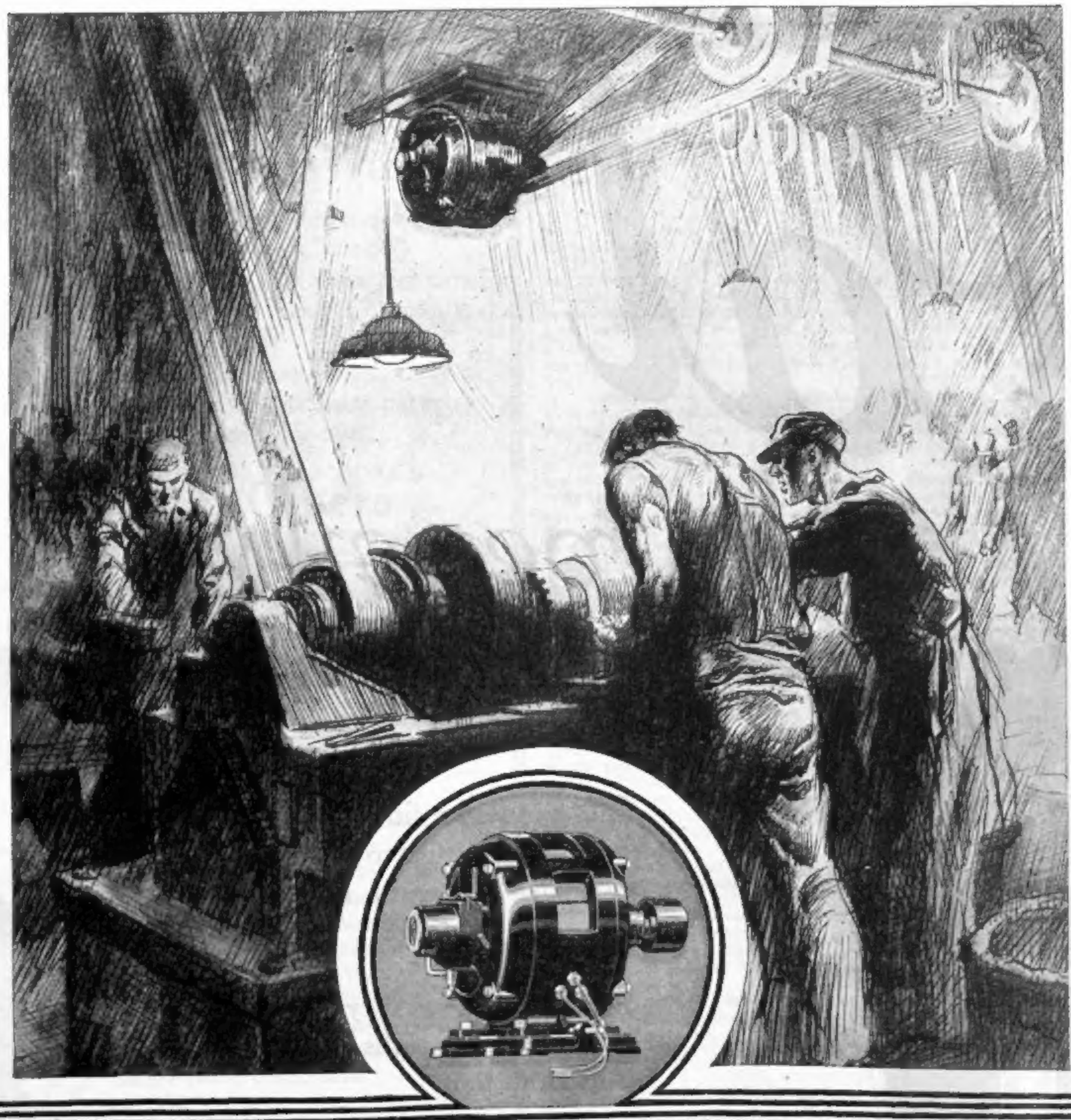

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